HORACE.

TRANSLATED BY

PHILIP FRANCIS, D.D.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

TRANSLATIONS OF VARIOUS ODES, &c.

BY

BEN JONSON, COWLEY, MILTON, DRYDEN, POPE, ADDISON, SWIFT, BENTLEY, CHATTERTON, G. WAKEFIELD, PORSON, BYRON, &c.

BY SOME OF THE MOST EMINENT POETS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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The version of Dr. Francis is highly Horatian · it is more without dulness, gay and spirited with propriety, and tender without whining. Hence, few translations have gone through more editions, or met with greater applause from the public.—MONTHLY REVIEW

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BOOK I.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

HORACE.

This great poet was born at Venusia, a town on the frontiers of Lucania and Apulia, sixty-three years before the Christian era, during the consulate of L. Aurelius Cotta and L. Manlius Torquatus. His father was a freedman and a tax-gatherer, who nevertheless gave him a liberal education at Rome under Orbilius Pupillus, of Beneventum. By him he was instructed in Greek literature, and had perused the Iliad, as he himself informs us, before he went to complete his education at Athens, which had long been a fashionable literary resort for the Roman youth. During his abode in that city the assassination of Cæsar and the consequent troubles occurred; and Brutus, on his march to Macedonia, among many other young Romans of similar pursuits, took with him Horace, who was then in his twenty-third year, and gave him the rank of military tribune. He freely confesses his cowardice at the battle of Philippi, where he left his shield, a circumstance which the ancients con-

sidered particularly ignominious. It is possible, however, that Horace has himself overcharged the picture, and has wished, by this stroke of apparent candour and simplicity, to persuade Augustus that his connection with the adverse party was less the result of political conviction than of the natural activity and restlessness of a youthful mind, ardent for adventure, and only brave while thoughtless of danger.

Before the triumvirate undertook their expedition against Brutus and Cassius, they had agreed at Mutina, in order to retain their soldiers in allegiance, to give them, in the event of success, eighteen principal towns of Italy, which had adhered to the opposite faction, among which were Venusium and Cremona. Thus, in the distribution which followed the consummation of the war, the paternal estate of Horace at the former place was confiscated; and Virgil, whose property was situated at Mantua, was placed in the same circumstances.

Horace made no solicitations to Augustus. Thrown on his own resources, his habits and pursuits allowed him no other subsistence than literature. Poverty, whose chilling influence on the fire of poetry this great satirist has so pathetically lamented, was his bold and stimulating muse. What were the productions of her inspiration, or whether any are now extant, is not known; but whatever were the merits of these compositions, his early talents procured for him the intimacy of Virgil and Varius, who recommended him to Mecænas, the most celebrated patron of literature. Horace has left us a pleasing and natural account

of his introduction to that illustrious man. In few and broken words he candidly explained his simple history: he received a brief answer; and in nine months after, that lordly monarch of wits called him to the number of his subjects.

Though Mecænas was slow in the formation of our poet's acquaintance, he soon showed himself forward in its improvement; and very shortly after Horace had been thus noticed, he accompanied the minister on his journey to Brundusium, whither he was sent by Augustus to treat with Antony, who was then menacing Italy with a renewal of the civil wars. On this occasion Horace had an opportunity of enjoying the society of his friends, Virgil, Varius, and Plotius. He appears at this time to have been what Suetonius tells us he was—a questor's secretary.

By Mecænas Horace was recommended to Augustus, with whom he lived on terms of the closest familiarity. How far he was qualified for the intimacy of princes, he has not left us in doubt. That wonderful versatility, which in the genius of Horace produced such diversified poetical excellence, seems to have extended to his inclinations. He appears to have enjoyed, with equal intensity, the tranquillity of literary rural seclusion, and the tumultuous pageantry of the court and city; while, from the precepts which he affords for the conduct of every part of life, and his known friendship with Augustus, we may conclude that in all his transactions with that prince he was neither importunate nor servile; that, while loaded with honours, he made no degrading compromise—no unseason-

able solicitation; but either complied with freedom, or dissented with modesty and respect.

For five years after the return of Augustus, Horace continued to enjoy an uninterrupted repose with the most perfect independence, although occasionally mingling among the great and powerful, who sought his society even to obsequiousness. He lived at the table of his illustrious patrons as if he were in his own house; and Augustus, while sitting at his meals, with Virgil at his right hand and Horace at his left, often ridiculed the short breath of the former and the watery eyes of the latter, by observing that he sat between sighs and tears. At the end of this period our author's felicity was interrupted by the death of his friend Virgil, which was shortly after succeeded by that of Tibullus. The latter poet had been associated with Horace, if not by the bonds of intimate friendship, yet by the sympathies of liberal pursuits. To his candour and discrimination Horace submitted his ethical writings, and from Horace he received counsel and consolation in the sufferings of disappointed love.

Horace was now approaching his fiftieth year, and the loss of two friends with whom he had been so long associated, threw back on his heart a tide of generous affection, which soon flowed towards his early and benevolent patrons, Augustus and Mecænas. The former, at once to prove his friendship for the poet and his admiration of his genius, selected him to compose the hymn to be sung in honour of Apollo and Diana at the Secular Games. This poem is, in all respects, extremely

valuable; for not only is it a composition of high intrinsic excellence, but is the only considerable extant specimen of the lyric part of the Roman worship. So pleased was Augustus with it, that he commanded Horace to celebrate in an ode the victory which Drusus and Tiberius obtained over the Rhæti and Vindelici; which poem, together with the book of which it forms a part, was published in the same year by the emperor's order. Nor was Augustus desirous alone of having his public successes emblazoned in the verses of Horace. He read the poet's epistles and satires, and felt chagrined and discontented because none of them were addressed to himself. "I am angry with you," he writes to Horace, "because you do not especially choose me to converse with in the principal part of your writings of this nature. Do you fear lest the appearance of my intimacy should injure you with posterity?" To this flattering reproof Horace replied by the first epistle of the second book, in which he extricates himself from the charge of neglect with a consummate skill and address peculiarly his own.

The fortitude of Horace was put to a severe trial by the death of his early friend and best patron, Mecænas; nor does it appear that it enabled him to recover the calamity, as he died within three weeks after, in the 57th year of his age, A.C. 9, during the consulate of C. Marcius Censorinus and C. Asinius Gallus. Horace had on one occasion declared the impossibility of long surviving his friend—that one day must bring with it the fall of both; and the prediction was very nearly fulfilled.

Never, perhaps, was death encountered with more genuine philosophy than by Horace. He employed his latter days exclusively in the investigation of moral good and the nature of happiness, which he conducted on the principles of right reason, without reference to the subtleties and mechanism of any of the philosophical systems then in vogue. He left all his possessions to Augustus.

The works of Horace have been always numbered among the most valuable remains of antiquity. If we may rely on the judgment of his commentators, he has united in his lyric poetry the enthusiasm of Pindar, the majesty of Alcæus, the tenderness of Sappho, and the charming levities of Anacreon. Yet he has beauties of his own genius and manner, that form his peculiar character. Many of his odes are varied with irony and satire, with delicacy and humour, with ease and pleasantry. Some of them were written in the first heat of imagination, when circumstances of time, places, and persons, were strong on him; in others, he rises in full poetical dignity; sublime in sentiments, bold in allusions, and profuse of figures; frugal of words, curious in his choice, and happily venturous in his use of them; pure in his diction, animated in his expressions, and harmonious in his numbers; artful in the plan of his poems, regular in their conduct, and happy in their execution. The satires and epistles of this writer, without the slightest appearance of dictation or assumed authority, contain more real good sense, sound morality, and true philosophy, than perhaps any single work of heathen antiquity; and their frequent perusal has

a tendency to make the reader satisfied with himself and others, and to produce on his part a conduct at once conciliatory towards the world, and consistent with his own independence and integrity. He has this advantage over the rigid Juvenal—that we receive him into our bosoms, while he reasons with good-humour, and corrects in the language of friendship. Nor will his satires be less useful to the present age than to that in which they were written; since he does not draw his characters from particular persons, but from human nature itself, which is invariably the same in all ages and countries.

Horace has left us in his writings complete materials for his own biography; and his life was so entirely passed with Augustus, Mecænas, and the poets his contemporaries, that its history is in itself the best commentary on the literary transactions of that brilliant period. He is, perhaps, the best historian also of his country's poetry: his sketches, it is true, are concise and incidental; but the outline is unbroken, and we have good reason to believe that it is correct.

Horace was buried next to the tomb of Mecænas, at the extremity of the Esquiline hill.

THE ODES.

BOOK I.

ODE I.—TO MÆCENAS.*

All men have different attachments: Horace's taste inclines to lyric poetry, for the success of which he depends on the patronage of Mæcenas.

Mæcenas, whose high lineage springs
From fair Etruria's ancient kings;
O thou, my patron and my friend,
On whom my life, my fame depend;
In clouds th' Olympic dust to roll,
To turn with kindling wheels the goal,
And gain the palm, victorious prize!
Exalt a mortal to the skies.
  This man, by faction and debate
Raised to the first employs of state:

* The word ode was not introduced into the Latin tongue until the third or fourth century, and was then first used to signify any pieces of lyric poetry.—*Sanadon.*

1 Caius Cilnius Mæcenas is distinguished in the Roman history by being so many years the favourite of Augustus, yet he is more famous by the protection and encouragement which he gave to men of genius and letters. To him the present world is in a great measure indebted for all the wit and learning of the Augustan age, and even at this day the name of Mæcenas is a title not unworthy of persons of the noblest character, who know, like him, how to animate, by their favour and generosity, the spirit of emulation among writers.—*San.*

9 The poet here describes the various conditions of life, but without any intention of comparing them, or determining which is really most eligible. It is sufficient, to the design of the ode, to prove that men have very different sentiments concerning

Another, who from Libya's plain
Sweeps to his barn the various grain:
A third, who with unwearied toil
Ploughs cheerful his paternal soil;
While in their several wishes bless'd,
Not all the wealth by kings possess'd
Shall tempt, with fearful souls, to brave
The terrors of the foamy wave.
When loud the winds and waters wage
Wild war with elemental rage,
The merchant praises the retreat,
The quiet of his rural seat;
Yet, want untutor'd to sustain,
Soon rigs his shatter'd bark again.
No mean delights possess his soul,
With good old wine who crowns his bowl;
Whose early revels are begun
Ere half the course of day be run,
Now, by some sacred fountain laid,
Now, stretch'd beneath some bowering shade.
The tented camps a soldier charm,
Trumpets and fifes his bosom warm;
Their mingled sounds with joy he hears,
Those sounds of war which mothers fear.
The sportsman, chill'd by midnight Jove,
Forgets his tender, wedded love,
Whether his faithful hounds pursue,
And hold the bounding hind in view;
Whether the boar his hunter foils,
And foaming breaks the spreading toils.
An ivy wreath, fair learning's prize,
Raises Mæcenas to the skies.
The breezy grove, the mazy round,
Where the light nymphs and satyrs bound,

happiness; but when once their choice is fixed, it were in vain to propose to them a change of the prevailing passion, or the use of other means for the gratification of it, than what they have already embraced.—*Glareanus. Dacier.*

If there the sacred nine inspire
The breathing flute, and strike the lyre,
There let me fix my last retreat,
Far from the little vulgar and the great.
But if you rank me with the choir,
Who tuned with art the Grecian lyre,
Swift to the noblest heights of fame
Shall rise thy poet's deathless name.

ODE II.—TO AUGUSTUS.

HORACE dissuades Augustus from resigning the empire, on account of the prodigies which happened at the beginning of the year.

ENOUGH of snow and hail in tempests dire
Have pour'd on earth, while heaven's eternal sire
With red right arm at his own temples hurl'd
His thunders, and alarm'd a guilty world,

Lest Pyrrha should again with plaintive cries
Behold the monsters of the deep arise,
When to the mountain summit Proteus drove
His sea-born herd, and where the woodland dove

Late perch'd, his wonted seat, the scaly brood
Entangled hung upon the topmost wood,
And every timorous native of the plain,
High-floating, swam amid the boundless main.

We saw, push'd backward to his native source,
The yellow Tiber roll his rapid course;
With impious ruin threatening Vesta's fane,
And the great monuments of Numa's reign;

3 Horace alludes to a superstitious opinion of the ancients, who believed that thunders, which portended any revolution in a state, were more inflamed than any other, as they fancied that the lightnings of Jupiter were red and fiery; those of the other gods pale and dark.—*Crag*

With grief and rage while Ilia's bosom glows,
Boastful, for her revenge, his waters rose;
But now th' uxorious river glides away,
So Jove commands, smooth-winding to the sea.

And yet, less numerous by their parents' crimes,
Our sons shall hear, shall hear to latest times,
Of Roman arms with civil gore imbrued,
Which better had the Persian foe subdued.

Among her guardian gods, what pitying power
To raise her sinking state shall Rome implore?
Shall her own hallow'd virgin's earnest prayer
Harmonious charm offended Vesta's ear?

To whom shall Jove assign to purge away
The guilty deed? Come, then, bright god of day,
But gracious veil thy shoulders beamy bright,
Oh! veil in clouds th' insufferable light.

Or come, sweet queen of smiles, while round thee rove,
On wanton wing, the powers of mirth and love;
Or hither, Mars, thine aspect gracious bend,
And powerful thy neglected race defend.

Parent of Rome, amid the rage of fight
Sated with scenes of blood, thy fierce delight,
Thou, whom the polish'd helm, the noise of arms,
And the stern soldier's frown with transport warms:

Or thou, fair Maia's winged son appear,
And human shape, in prime of manhood, wear;
Declared the guardian of th' imperial state,
Divine avenger of great Cæsar's fate:

Oh! late return to heav'n, and may thy reign
With lengthen'd blessings fill thy wide domain!
Nor let thy people's crimes provoke thy flight.
On air swift rising to the realms of light.

Great prince and father of the state, receive
The noblest triumphs which thy Rome can give;
Nor let the Parthian, with unpunish'd pride,
Beyond his bounds, O Cæsar, dare to ride.

ODE III.—TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VIRGIL SAILED TO ATHENS.*

HORACE wishes Virgil a prosperous voyage, and inveighs against the impious boldness of mankind.

So may the Cyprian queen divine,
And the twin-stars with saving lustre shine;
So may the father of the wind
All others, but the western breezes, bind,
As you, dear vessel, safe restore,
Th' intrusted pledge to the Athenian shore,
And of my soul the partner save,
My much-loved Virgil from the raging wave.
Or oak, or brass, with triple fold,
Around that daring mortal's bosom roll'd,
Who first, to the wild ocean's rage,
Launch'd the frail bark, and heard the winds engage

* We may look on this ode as the last farewell of Horace to Virgil, when that poet went to finish his Æneid at Athens The first eight lines are extremely soft and tender. From thence the poet, inspired by his affection for his friends, starts away, with a truly Pindaric spirit, to a description of all the terrors and dangers of the ocean, as if he were alarmed at sight of the vessel in which he fancies Virgil was exposed to all the hazards of the deep He detests navigation he thinks it a violation of the laws of nature; an impious defiance of the will and power of the gods In the remainder of the ode, with a noble moral spirit, he condemns in general the daring impiety of mankind, as if he saw it rise from the same principle which inspired their first attempts on the ocean. Thus we see how regular and strongly connected were the ancient Pindaric poems

Virgil went to Athens in the year of Rome 735, which fixes the date of this ode.—*Le Fev San.*

11 It is an idle curiosity to inquire who was the first sailor, since it is very probable navigation was known in the earliest

Tempestuous, when the south descends
Precipitate, and with the north contends;
Nor fear'd the stars portending rain,
Nor the loud tyrant of the western main.
Of power supreme the storm to raise,
Or calmer smooth the surface of the seas.
What various forms of death could fright
The man, who view'd with fix'd, unshaken sight,
The floating monster's, waves inflamed,
And rocks, for shipwreck'd fleets, ill famed?
Jove has the realms of earth in vain
Divided by th' inhabitable main,
If ships profane, with fearless pride,
Bound o'er th' inviolable tide.
No laws, or human or divine,
Can the presumptuous race of man confine.
Thus from the sun's ethereal beam
When bold Prometheus stole th' enlivening flame,
Of fevers dire a ghastly brood,
Till then unknown, th' unhappy fraud pursued;
On earth their horrors baleful spread,
And the pale monarch of the dead,
Till then slow-moving to his prey,
Precipitately rapid swept his way.
Thus did the venturous Cretan dare
To tempt with impious wings the void of air;
Through hell Alcides urged his course:
No work too high for man's audacious force.
Our folly would attempt the skies,
And with gigantic boldness impious rise;
Nor Jove, provoked by mortal pride,
Can lay his angry thunderbolts aside.

ages of the world. Jason has been thought the inventor of it, because before his time the Greeks and Phœnicians sailed in round ships. He built the Argo, which, in the Phœnician language, signifies a long vessel.—*Dac.*

A learned editor of Virgil's Georgics believes that an alder tree, grown hollow with age, and falling into the river on which it was planted (for this tree delights in a moist soil, and banks of rivers), gave the first hint towards navigation.

ODE IV.—TO SESTIUS.*

An exhortation to pleasure, with considerations on the approach of spring, and the brevity of life

Fierce winter melts in vernal gales,
And grateful zephyrs fill the spreading sails:
No more the ploughman loves his fire,
No more the lowing herds their stalls desire,
While earth her richest verdure yields,
Nor hoary frosts now whiten o'er the fields.
Now joyous through the verdant meads,
Beneath the rising moon, fair Venus leads
Her various dance, and with her train
Of nymphs and modest graces shakes the plain,
While Vulcan's glowing breath inspires
The toilsome forge, and blows up all its fires.
Now crown'd with myrtle, or the flowers
Which the glad earth from her free bosom pours,

* Although the subject of this ode be very common, yet there is nothing common in the manner in which Horace hath treated it. A certain gayety of spirit, under an air of seriousness, forms its peculiar character Even the view of death at the end of it is a strong Epicurean reason for living as cheerfully as we can. By the descriptions of flowers, groves, and the festivals of Venus, Faunus, and Death, which were celebrated in spring, the ode appears to have been written in the beginning of April, but in what year is uncertain. It is the only one of this form remaining to us.—*Dac. San*

8 We have here a very pretty opposition between the characters of Venus and Vulcan; the gay delights of the wife, and the laborious employment of the husband; who is here described working in spring, that he might forge thunderbolts enough for Jupiter to throw in summer —*Rodelius Das.*

13 These verses continue the description of the feasts of Venus, for flowers, and particularly myrtle, were consecrated to that goddess.

Lo! the queen of pleasing pains
Linking loves in mutual chains,
Wreathes, the myrtle bowers between,
Cottages of living green,

We'll offer, in the shady grove,
Or lamb, or kid, as Pan shall best approve.
With equal pace, impartial fate
Knocks at the palace, as the cottage gate,
Nor should our sum of life extend
Our growing hopes beyond their destined end.
When sunk to Pluto's shadowy coasts,
Oppress'd with darkness, and the fabled ghosts,
No more the dice shall there assign
To thee the jovial monarchy of wine;
No more shall you the fair admire,
The virgin's envy, and the youth's desire.

ODE V.—TO PYRRHA.

HORACE describes the wretched condition of those who are captivated by her charms, from the influence of which he has escaped, as from a shipwreck.

WHILE liquid odours round him breathe,
What youth, the rosy bower beneath,
Now courts thee to be kind?
Pyrrha, for whose unwary heart
Do you, thus dress'd with careless art,
Your yellow tresses bind?

How often shall th' unpractised youth
Of alter'd gods, and injured truth
With tears, alas! complain?
How soon behold with wondering eyes
The black'ning winds tempestuous rise,
And scowl along the main?

While by his easy fa th betray'd,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,

e
And commands her [illegible]rgins gay
Through the maz[illegible]oves to stray.—*D.*

Thus amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes, that you shall prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
Nor heeds the faithless wind.

Unhappy they, to whom untried
You shine, alas! in beauty's pride;
While I, now safe on shore,
Will consecrate the pictured storm,
And all my grateful vows perform
To Neptune's saving power.

ODE VI.—TO AGRIPPA.

Horace describes his genius as fitter for amorous subjects, than to celebrate the exploits of heroes.

Varius, who soars on Homer's wing,
Agrippa, shall thy conquests sing,
Whate'er, inspired by his command,
The soldier dared on sea or land.
But we nor tempt with feeble art
Achilles' unrelenting heart,
Nor sage Ulysses in our lays
Pursues his wanderings through the seas;
Nor ours in tragic strains to tell
How Pelops' cruel offspring fell.
The muse who rules th' unwarlike lyre
Forbids me boldly to aspire
To thine or sacred Cæsar's fame,
And hurt with feeble song the theme.
Who can describe the god of fight
In adamantine armour bright,
Or Merion on the Trojan shore
With dust, how glorious! cover'd o'er,
Or Diomed, by Pallas' aid,
To warring gods an equal made?

But whether loving, whether free,
With all our usual levity,
Untaught to strike the martial string,
Of feasts and virgin fights we sing;
Of maids, who when bold love assails,
Fierce in their anger—pare their nails.

ODE VII.—TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Description of the pleasant retreat of Tibur—The poet advises Plancus to drive away care with wine, after the example of Teucer.

Let other poets in harmonious lays
Immortal Rhodes or Mitylene praise;
Or Ephesus, or Corinth's towery pride,
Girt by the rolling main on either side:
Or Thebes, or Delphos, for their gods renown'd,
Or Tempe's plains, with flowery honours crown'd.
There are, who sing in everlasting strains
The towers where Wisdom's virgin goddess reigns,
And ceaseless toiling court the trite reward
Of olive, pluck'd by every vulgar bard.
For Juno's fame, th' unnumber'd, tuneful throng
With rich Mycene grace their favourite song,
And Argos boast, of pregnant glebe to feed
The warlike horse, and animate the breed:
But me, nor patient Lacedæmon charms,
Nor fair Larissa with such transport warms,
As pure Albunea's far-resounding source,
And rapid Anio, headlong in his course,
Or Tibur, fenced by groves from solar beams,
And fruitful orchards bathed by ductile streams.

* * * * * * *

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The south wind often, when the welkin lowers,
Sweeps off the clouds, nor teems perpetual showers,

So, Plancus, be the happy wisdom thine
To end the cares of life in mellow'd wine;
Whether the camp with banners bright display'd,
Or Tibur hold thee in its thick-wrought shade.
When Teucer from his sire and country fled,
With poplar wreaths the hero crown'd his head,
Reeking with wine, and thus his friends address'd,
Deep sorrow brooding in each anxious breast;
Bold let us follow through the foamy tides,
Where fortune, better than a father, guides;
Avaunt despair, when Teucer calls to fame,
The same your augur, and your guide the same.
Another Salamis, in foreign clime,
With rival pride shall raise her head sublime;
So Phœbus nods; ye sons of valour true,
Full often tried in deeds of deadlier hue,
To-day with wine drive every care away,
To-morrow tempt again the boundless sea.

25 The philosophy of Epicurus in the hand of Horace is a universal remedy It fortifies the mind in disgrace, it dissipates our cares, and cures superstition. It is a constant refuge from the cold of winter, and the heat of summer; the pains of sickness, and the terrors of death

ODE VIII.—TO LYDIA.*

HORACE blames Lydia for engaging Sybaris in dishonourable amours, and making him leave those manly exercises to which he had been accustomed.

By the gods, my Lydia, tell,
Ah! why, by loving him too well,
Why you hasten to destroy
Young Sybaris, too amorous boy?

* The design of this ode is not to reproach Sybaris with effeminacy, or his love of pleasure, but it seems to be written either in resentment or jealousy with regard to Lydia, who kept him disguised in a female dress.—*Dac.*

Why he hates the sunny plain,
While he can sun or dust sustain?
Why no more, with martial pride,
Does he among his equals ride;

Or the Gallic steed command
With bitted curb and forming hand?
More than viper's baleful blood
Why does he fear the yellow flood

Why detest the wrestler's oil,
While firm to bear the manly toil?
Where are now the livid scars
Of sportive, nor inglorious, wars,

When for the quoit, with vigour thrown
Beyond the mark, his fame was known?
Tell us, why this fond disguise,
In which, like Thetis' son he lies,

Ere unhappy Troy had shed
Here funeral sorrows for the dead,
Lest a manly dress should fire
His soul to war and carnage dire.

12 The Roman youth threw themselves into the Tiber after their exercises in the Campus Martius, and thought that such hardy discipline would strengthen them to bear the fatigues of war —*Ancient Scholiast*

17 This quoit was very large and heavy, made of wood or stone, but more commonly of iron or brass It was almost round, and somewhat thicker in the middle than at the edges. It was thrown by the sole force of the arm —*San*

ODE IX.—TO THALIARCHUS.*

HORACE exhorts Thaliarchus to pass the winter with gayety.

BEHOLD Soracte's airy height,
See how it stands a heap of snow;
Behold the winter's hoary weight
Oppress the labouring woods below;
And by the season's icy hand
Congeal'd, the lazy rivers stand.

Now melt away the winter's cold,
And larger pile the cheerful fire;
Bring down the vintage four years old,
Whose mellow'd heat can mirth inspire;
Then to the guardian powers divine
Careless the rest of life resign:

* Horace in this ode sets forth all his Epicurean philosophy, and so constant is he to his principles, that the different ages of man, and the various seasons of the year; the freshness of spring, and heat of summer, the ripeness of autumn, and coldness of winter, have their several engagements to pleasure. This ode was probably written at a country seat of Thaliarchus, near the mountain Soracte in Tuscany, six-and-twenty miles from Rome —*Dac*

11 Some commentators have found in these lines an air of Epicurean ridicule on the doctrine of the stoics, who asserted a Divine Providence even in events most inconsiderable They think the poet has raised his style with an affected pomp of expression, to render his ridicule more strong. That when the gods have commanded the raging of the winds to cease, all the wondrous effects of their power shall be, that the woods shall stand unshaken. On the contrary, there seems to be something just and noble in the thought, when taken in a moral sense, and which might naturally raise thus greatness of expression; that when the gods have appeased the winds, not a leaf shall fall to the ground; and even trees decayed and sapless with age, shall stand unshaken. Such is the care and power of Providence.

For when the warring winds arise,
And o'er the fervid ocean sweep,
They speak—and lo! the tempest dies
On the smooth bosom of the deep;
Unshaken stands the aged grove,
And feels the providence of Jove.

To-morrow with its cares despise,
And make the present hour your own,
Be swift to catch it as it flies,
And score it up as clearly won;
Nor let your youth disdain to prove
The joys of dancing and of love.

Now let the grateful evening shade,
The public walks, the public park,
An assignation sweetly made
With gentle whispers in the dark:
While age morose thy vigour spares,
Be these thy pleasures, these thy cares.

The laugh that from the corner flies,
The sportive fair one shall betray;
Then boldly snatch the joyful prize;
A ring or bracelet tear away,
While she, not too severely coy,
Struggling shall yield the willing toy.

ODE X.—HYMN TO MERCURY.*

I sing the god, whose arts refined
The savage race of humankind,

* This ode was probably written for a festival of Mercury; yet there is nothing extraordinary in it, excepting an elegance of expression; a flowing and harmony of numbers We have in it all the honourable titles of Mercury He is represented as fashioning the first race of men, and cultivating their understandings, by the study of sciences most proper to soften their natural fierceness; while he forms their bodies by exercises

By eloquence their passions charm'd,
By exercise their bodies form'd:
Hail, winged messenger of Jove,
And all th' immortal powers above,
Sweet parent of the bending lyre,
Thy praise shall all its sounds inspire.
  Artful and cunning to conceal
Whate'er in sportive theft you steal,
When from the god, who gilds the pole,
Even yet a boy his herds you stole,
With angry voice the threat'ning power
Bade thee the fraudful prey restore;
But of his quiver too beguiled,
Pleased with the theft, Apollo smiled.
  You were the wealthy Priam's guide
When safe from Agamemnon's pride,
Through hostile camps, which round him spread
Their watchful fires, his way he sped.
Unspotted spirits you consign
To blissful seats and joys divine,
And powerful with your golden wand
The light, unbodied crowd command;
Thus grateful does your office prove
To gods below, and gods above.

most capable of giving strength and grace. Such is the power of eloquence, such the effect of wrestling.—*San.*

21 The ode could not end more happily than by showing Mercury in his religious ministry. This god seems to have been particularly invented for the happiness of humankind. He forms both their minds and bodies; he raises them to the knowledge of the gods; he invents the innocent pleasures of life; he assists them in their distresses, and continues his beneficence to them even after death, by conducting the souls of the good to the happiness of heaven. For this reason we sometimes find his name in ancient epitaphs.—*San.*

ODE XI.—TO LEUCONOE.*

HORACE advises Leuconoë to indulge in pleasure, and to lay aside her anxiety to pry into futurity

STRIVE not, Leuconoë, to pry
Into the secret will of fate,
Nor impious magic vainly try
To know our lives' uncertain date;

Whether th' indulgent power divine
Hath many seasons yet in store,
Or this the latest winter thine,
Which breaks its waves against the shore.

Thy life with wiser arts be crown'd,
Thy filter'd wines abundant pour;
The lengthen'd hope with prudence bound
Proportion'd to the flying hour;

Even while we talk in careless ease,
Our envious minutes wing their flight;
Then swift the fleeting pleasure seize,
Nor trust to-morrow's doubtful light.

* This ode has much good sense in it to persuade us that all the arts of fortune-telling are a ridiculous, vain imposture, and that true wisdom consists in our enjoyment of the present hour, without too much anxiety for the future —*San*

1 All sciences of astrology and fortune-telling were forbidden, and considered as impious by the heathens; but the words mean also that impossibility of knowing the future events of life, and the folly of tormenting ourselves to discover what is impenetrable to all our inquiries.—*Cruq.*

ODE XII.—HYMN TO JOVE.

A HYMN in praise of gods and men.

WHAT man, what hero, on the tuneful lyre,
Or sharp-toned flute, will Clio choose to raise

Deathless to fame? What god? whose hallow'd name
The sportive image of the voice
Shall in the shades of Helicon repeat,
On Pindus, or on Hæmus, ever cool,
From whence the forests in confusion rose
To follow Orpheus and his song:
He, by his mother's arts, with soft delay
Could stop the river's rapid lapse, or check
The winged winds; with strings of concord sweet
Powerful the listening oaks to lead.
Claims not th' eternal sire his wonted praise?
Awful who reigns o'er gods and men supreme,
Who sea and earth—this universal globe
With grateful change of seasons guides;
From whom no being of superior power,
Nothing of equal, second glory, springs,
Yet first of all his progeny divine
Immortal honours Pallas claims:
God of the vine, in deeds of valour bold,
Fair virgin huntress of the savage race,
And Phœbus, dreadful with unerring dart,
Nor will I not your praise proclaim.
Alcides' labours, and fair Leda's twins,
Famed for the rapid race, for wrestling famed,
Shall grace my song; soon as whose star benign
Through the fierce tempest shines serene,
Swift from the rocks down foams the broken surge,
Calm are the winds, the driving clouds disperse,
And all the threat'ning waves, so will the gods,
Smooth sink upon the peaceful deep.
Here stops the song, doubtful whom next to praise,
Or Romulus, or Numa's peaceful reign,

34 We have in the following lines the most distinguished characters of the Roman story. The poet is doubtful whether he shall give the preference in fame to Romulus, who founded the monarchy of Rome; to Numa, who confirmed it by the arts of peace; to Tarquinius Priscus, who, having conquered the people of Etruria, introduced the usage of the fasces, which

The haughty ensigns of a Tarquin's throne,
  Or Cato, glorious in his fall.
Grateful in higher tone the muse shall sing
The fate of Regulus, the Scaurian race,
And Paulus, mid the waste of Cannæ's field,
  How greatly prodigal of life!
Form'd by the hand of penury severe,
In dwellings suited to their small demain,
Fabricius, Curius, and Camillus rose;
  To deeds of martial glory rose
Marcellus, like a youthful tree, of growth
Insensible, high shoots his spreading fame,
And like the moon, the feebler fires among,
  Conspicuous shines the Julian star.
Saturnian Jove, parent and guardian god
Of human race, to thee the Fates assign
The care of Cæsar's reign; to thine alone
  Inferior let his empire rise;
Whether the Parthian's formidable powers,
Or farthest India's oriental sons,
With suppliant pride beneath his triumph fall,
  Wide o'er a willing world shall he
Contented reign, and to the throne shall bend
Submissive. Thou in thy tremendous car
Shalt shake Olympus' head, and at our groves
  Polluted hurl thy dreadful bolts.

added such lustre and majesty to the empire, or to Cato, who died in defence of liberty, in opposition to a single magistrate. Nor should we be surprised that Horace mentions the defenders of liberty with so much honour. Virgil has done the same in the sixth book of his Æneid, and Cremutius Codrus, reciting his works to Augustus, called Brutus and Cassius "the last of the Romans." It seems to have been an established maxim of that emperor to indulge the people in a freedom of expressing in general their sentiments concerning liberty, that they might be less sensible of the slavery which was falling on them.—*San.*

ODE XIII.—TO LYDIA.

HORACE describes his own jealousy.

AH! when on Telephus his charms,
When on his rosy neck, and waxen arms,
Lydia with ceaseless rapture dwells,
With jealous spleen my glowing bosom swells,
My reason in confusion flies,
And on my cheek th' uncertain colour dies,
While the down-stealing tear betrays
The lingering flame, that on my vitals preys.
I burn, when in excess of wine,
Brutal, he soils those snowy arms of thine,
Or on thy lips the fierce-fond boy
Impresses with his teeth the furious joy.
If yet my voice can reach your ear,
Hope not to find him constant and sincere,
Cruel who hurts the fragrant kiss,
Which Venus bathes with quintessence of bliss.
Thrice happy they, whom love unites
In equal rapture, and sincere delights,
Unbroken by complaints or strife,
Even to the latest hours of life.

ODE XIV.—TO THE REPUBLIC.*

THE poet dissuades the Romans from reviving the civil war. The republic is represented under the allegory of a ship.

UNHAPPY vessel! shall the waves again
Tumultuous bear thee to the faithless main?

* In the year 725 Augustus consulted his favourites, Mæcenas and Agrippa, whether he should resign the sovereign authority. We have in Dion a speech of Mæcenas on that occasion, in which the allegory of a ship and the republic is so strongly maintained, and has something so extremely like this

What would thy madness, thus with storms to sport?
Cast firm your anchor in the friendly port.
Behold thy naked decks: the wounded mast
And sail-yards groan beneath the southern blast,
Nor without ropes thy keel can longer brave
The rushing fury of th' imperious wave:
Torn are thy sails, thy guardian gods are lost,
Whom you might call in future tempests toss'd.
What though majestic in your pride you stood
A noble daughter of the Pontic wood,
You now may vainly boast an empty name,
Or birth conspicuous in the rolls of fame.
The mariner, when storms around him rise,
No longer on a painted stern relies.
Ah! yet take heed, lest these new tempests sweep
In sportive rage thy glories to the deep.
Thou late my deep anxiety and fear,
And now my fond desire and tender care,
Ah! yet take heed, avoid these fatal seas,
That roll among the shining Cyclades.

ODE XV.*

NEREUS' prophecy of the destruction of Troy.

WHEN the perfidious shepherd bore
The Spartan dame to Asia's shore,

ode, that probably the poet took his design from thence as a compliment to his illustrious patron.

* In the year 722 Antony set sail with a numerous fleet from Egypt to Peloponnesus, intending to pass over into Italy with Cleopatra, and make his country the scene of a second civil war. Inflamed with a violent passion for that princess, aspiring to nothing less than making her mistress of the universe, and supported by the forces of the east, he declared war against Octavius. Horace therefore, in a noble and poetical allegory, represents to Antony the fatal effects of such conduct, by proposing to him the example of Paris, and the ruinous consequences which attended his passion for Helen.

Nereus the rapid winds oppress'd,
And calm'd them to unwilling rest,
That he might sing the dreadful fate
Which should their guilty loves await.
  Fatal to Priam's ancient sway,
You bear th' ill-omen'd fair away,
For soon shall Greece in arms arise,
Deep-sworn to break thy nuptial ties.
What toils do men and horse sustain!
What carnage loads the Dardan plain!
Pallas prepares the bounding car,
The shield and helm and rage of war.
  Though proud of Venus' guardian care,
In vain you comb your flowing hair;
In vain you sweep th' unwarlike string,
And tender airs to females sing,
For though the dart may harmless prove
(The dart that frights the bed of love,)
Though you escape the noise of fight,
Nor Ajax can o'ertake thy flight,
Yet shalt thou, infamous of lust,
Soil those adulterous hairs in dust.
  Look back and see, with furious pace,
That ruin of the Trojan race,
Ulysses drives, and sage in years
Famed Nestor, hoary chief, appears.
Intrepid Teucer sweeps the field,
And Sthenelus, in battle skill'd;
Or skill'd to guide with steady rein,
And pour his chariot o'er the plain.
Undaunted Merion shalt thou feel,
While Diomed with furious steel,

15 Cleopatra is here represented under the character of Venus. The court of that princess was the very dwelling of luxury and pleasure, where Antony plunged himself into the most infamous excesses Hence the poet raises a just and natural allusion without doing violence to history Pallas was the guardian of Menelaus, as Venus was the protectress of Paris. Thus Octavia supported Cæsar, as Cleopatra appeared in defence of Antony —*San*

In arms superior to his sire,
Burns after thee with martial fire.
As when a stag at distance spies
A prowling wolf, aghast he flies,
Of pasture heedless, so shall you,
High-panting, fly when they pursue.
Not such the promises you made,
Which Helen's easy heart betray'd
Achilles' fleet with short delay,
Vengeful protracts the fatal day,
But when ten rolling years expire,
Thy Troy shall blaze in Grecian fire.

ODE XVI.—TO TYNDARIS.*

HORACE attempts to appease Tyndaris, after having lampooned her mother Gratidia.

DAUGHTER, whose loveliness the bosom warms
More than thy lovely mother's riper charms,
Give to my bold lampoons what fate you please,
To wasting flames condemn'd, or angry seas.

But yet remember, nor the god of wine,
Nor Pythian Phœbus, from his inmost shrine,
Nor Dindymene, nor her priests possess'd,
Can with their sounding cymbals shake the breast,

Like furious anger in its gloomy vein,
Which neither temper'd sword, nor raging main,
Nor fire wide-wasting, nor tremendous Jove,
Rushing in baleful thunders from above,

* Horace had written, when he was young, some severe verses on Gratidia, but being now in love with her daughter, he gives them to her resentment with a submission, which has, perhaps, more poetry than sincerity. It is formed in very loose, superficial terms, with a commonplace on the effects of anger, which seems to be raised with an affected pomp of style. But whether his repentance was false or real, we find in the next ode that it was not unsuccessful.—*Dac. San.*

Can tame to fear. Thus sings the poet's lay—
Prometheus to inform his nobler clay
Their various passions chose from every beast,
And with the lion's rage inspired the human breast.

From anger all the tragic horrors rose,
That crush'd Thyestes with a weight of woes;
From hence proud cities date their utter falls,
When, insolent in ruin, o'er their walls

The wrathful soldier drags the hostile plough,
That haughty mark of total overthrow.
Me, too, in youth the heat of anger fired,
And with the rapid rage of rhyme inspired;

But now repentant, shall the muse again
To softer numbers tune her melting strain,
So thou recall thy threats, thy wrath control,
Resume thy love, and give me back my soul.

21 It was a custom among the Romans to drive a plough over the walls of a city, which they destroyed, to signify that the ground on which it stood should be for ever employed in agriculture.—*Torr*

ODE XVII.—TO TYNDARIS.*

Horace invites Tyndaris to a safe retreat from the audaciousness of Cyrus, in his Sabine villa.

Pan from Arcadia's hills descends
To visit oft my Sabine seat;
And here my tender goats defends
From rainy winds, and summer's fiery heat;

* Horace having by the last ode made his peace with Tyndaris, now invites her to his country-seat, and offers her a retirement and security from the brutality of Cyrus, who had treated her with an unmanly rudeness and cruelty.—*Cruq.*

For when the vales, wide-spreading round
The sloping hills, and polish'd rocks
With his harmonious pipe resound,
In fearless safety graze my wandering flocks;

In safety, through the woody brake,
The latent shrubs and thyme explore,
Nor longer dread the speckled snake,
And tremble at the martial wolf no more.

Their poet to the gods is dear;
They love his piety and muse;
And all our rural honours here
Their flow'ry wealth around thee shall diffuse.

Here shall you tune Anacreon's lyre,
Beneath a shady mountain's brow,
To sing frail Circe's guilty fire,
And chaste Penelope's unbroken vow.

Far from the burning dogstar's rage,
Here shall you quaff our harmless wine;
Nor here shall Mars intemperate wage
Rude war with him who rules the jovial vine.

Nor Cyrus' bold suspicious fear;
Not on thy softness shall he lay
His desperate hand, thy clothes to tear,
Or brutal snatch thy festal crown away.

ODE XVIII.—TO VARUS.*

HORACE recommends a moderate use of wine.

ROUND Catilus' walls, or in Tibur's rich soil,
To plant the glad vine be my Varus' first toil;

* This ode is an imitation of one written by Alcæus on the same subject, and in the same kind of verse

It is remarkable that the poet begins with great calmness to describe the fatal consequences which attend our excesses in

For God hath proposed to the wretch, who's athirst,
To drink; or with heart-gnawing cares to be cursed.
Of war, or of want, who e'er prates, o'er his wine?
For 'tis thine, Father Bacchus; bright Venus, 'tis thine,
To charm all his cares; yet that no one may pass
The freedom and mirth of a temperate glass,
Let us think on the Lapithæ's quarrels so dire,
And the Thracians, whom wine can to madness inspire
Insatiate of liquor, when glow their full veins,
No distinction of vice, or of virtue remains.
Great god of the vine, who dost candour approve,
I ne'er will thy statues profanely remove;
I ne'er will thy rites, so mysterious, betray
To the broad-glaring eye of the tale-telling day.
Oh! stop the loud cymbal, the cornet's alarms,
Whose sound, when the bacchanal's bosom it warms,
Arouses self-love, by blindness misled,
And vanity, lifting aloft the light head;
And honour, of prodigal spirit, that shows,
Transparent as glass, all the secrets it knows.

wine He then suddenly falls into a poetical disorder, which seems almost natural to his subject, and which breaks forth into stronger ideas, figurative expressions, and a style broken and unconnected Thus the difference of the two characters which divide this ode is not the meanest of its beauties, and the transition from one to the other is natural and well conducted.—*Dac San*

13 This poetical sally is admirable yet, sudden as it is, does not transport the poet out of his subject. He proposes to practise that moderation which he recommends to others, and intreats the god not to abandon him to the vices with which he afflicts those who profane his benefits by a sacrilegious abuse of them —*San.*

ODE XIX.—ON GLYCERA.

HORACE acknowledges that he is inflamed with the love of Glycera.

Venus, who gave the Cupids birth,
And the resistless god of wine,
With the gay power of wanton mirth,
Now bid my heart its peace resign;
Again for Glycera I burn,
And all my long-forgotten flames return.

Like Parian marble, pure and bright,
The shining maid my bosom warms
Her face, too dazzling for the sight,
Her sweet coqueting—how it charms!
Whole Venus rushing through my veins,
No longer in her favourite Cyprus reigns;

No longer suffers me to write
Of Scythians, fierce in martial deed;
Or Parthian, urging in his flight
The battle with reverted steed;
Such themes she will no more approve,
Nor aught that sounds impertinent to love.

Here let the living altar rise
Adorn'd with every herb and flower;
Here flame the incense to the skies,
And purest wine's libation pour;
Due honours to the goddess paid,
Soft sinks to willing love the yielding maid.

ODE XX.—TO MÆCENAS.*

THE poet promises to Mæcenas a frugal entertainment.

A POET's beverage, vile, and cheap
(Should great Mæcenas be my guest,)
Crude vintage of the Sabine grape,
But yet in sober cups, shall crown the feast:

'Twas rack'd into a Grecian cask,
Its rougher juice to melt away,
I seal'd it too—a pleasing task!
With annual joy to mark the glorious day,

When in applausive shouts thy name
Spread from the theatre around,
Floating on thy own Tiber's stream,
And Echo, playful nymph, return'd the sound.

From the Cæcubian vintage press'd
For you shall flow the racy wine;
But ah! my meager cup's unbless'd
With the rich Formian, or Falernian vine.

[The reader will find ode xxi in the second concert of the Secular Poem, at the end of the Odes.]

* Whatever pleasures Horace found in his country-seat, it was very ill situated for a poet, who was by no means an enemy to a glass of good wine. He therefore tells his illustrious guest, who was used to the richest wines of Greece and Italy, that he had none but of the Sabine growth, and seems to make the frank confession, that Mæcenas might either be contented with what he found, or rather, that he should bring better from Rome.—*San.*

ODE XXII.—TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.*

The poet attributes the preservation of his life to conscious innocence and Lalage's favour

The man, who knows not guilty fear,
Nor wants the bow, nor pointed spear;
Nor needs, while innocent of heart,
The quiver, teeming with the poison'd dart;

Whether through Libya's burning sands
His journey leads, or Scythia's lands,
Inhospitable waste of snows,
Or where the fabulous Hydaspes flows

For musing on my lovely maid,
While careless in the woods I stray'd,
A wolf—how dreadful ! cross'd my way,
Yet fled—he fled from his defenceless prey:

No beast of such portentous size
In warlike Daunia's forests lies;
Nor such the tawny lion reigns
Fierce on his native Afric's thirsty plains.

* Although the poet seems to have been in love with Lalage, yet he had too much friendship for Aristius to be his rival He therefore begins this ode with a profession of his innocence, and integrity of manners, to convince Aristius that he ought not to be jealous even while he is praising his mistress —*Dac*

1 The first cause, to which the poet attributes his preservation, is the innocence and integrity of his life; and he is of too careless and unaffected a character to be suspected of insincerity, whatever were his Epicurean principles With the worst speculative opinions, a man may be morally honest and virtuous

4 The Africans were obliged to poison their arrows to defend them from the wild beasts with which their country was infested This poison was a mixture of viper's and human blood, and Pliny tells us it was incurable.—*Dac*

Place me where never summer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever-lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year:

Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph, who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.

ODE XXIII.—TO CHLOE.

CHLOE being now marriagable, Horace reproves her affected coyness

CHLOE flies me like a fawn,
Which through some sequester'd lawn
Panting seeks the mother deer,
Not without a panic fear
Of the gently breathing breeze,
And the motion of the trees.
If the curling leaves but shake,
If a lizard stir the brake,
Frighted it begins to freeze,
Trembling both at heart and knees.
But not like a tiger dire,
Nor a lion, fraught with ire,
I pursue my lovely game
To destroy her tender frame.

1 We have a very pretty imitation of these lines in Spenser

Like as a hind——
Yet flies away, of her own feet affear'd,
And every leaf that shaketh with the least
Murmur of wind, her terrour hath encreast.

ODE XXIV.—TO VIRGIL.*

HORACE admonishes his friend to bear with patience the death of Quintilius

WHEREFORE restrain the tender tear?
Why blush to weep for one so dear?
Sweet muse, of melting voice and lyre,
Do thou the mournful song inspire.
Quintilius—sunk to endless rest,
With Death's eternal sleep oppress'd!
Oh! when shall Earth, of soul sincere,
Of Justice pure the sister fair,
And Modesty, unspotted maid,
And Truth in artless guise array'd,
Among the race of humankind
An equal to Quintilius find?
  How did the good, the virtuous mourn,
And pour their sorrows o'er his urn?
But, Virgil, thine the loudest strain;
Yet all thy pious grief is vain.
In vain do you the gods implore
Thy loved Quintilius to restore;
Whom on far other terms they gave,
By nature fated to the grave.
  What though you can the lyre command,
And sweep its tones with softer hand
Than Orpheus, whose harmonious song
Once drew the listening trees along,

* There is something very artful, and yet very natural, in the opening of this ode The design of the poet is to comfort Virgil for the death of their common friend, but instead of directly opposing his grief, he encourages him to indulge in it even to excess He sets the virtues of Quintilius in their strongest light, and joins with Virgil in his sorrows for the loss of a person so extraordinary A direct opposition of reason and comfort is an insult to the afflicted. We must seem to feel their sorrow, and make it our own, before we pretend to find a remedy for it

Yet ne'er returns the vital heat
The shadowy form to animate;
For when the ghost-compelling god
Forms his black troops with horrid rod,
He will not, lenient to the breath
Of prayer, unbar the gates of death.
'Tis hard; but patience must endure,
And sooth the woes it cannot cure.

25 The theology of the ancients taught, that when a man was dead, his soul, or the spiritual part of him, went to heaven, that his body continued in the earth, and his image or shadow went to hell The image was a corporal part of the soul, a kind of subtle body, with which it was clothed —*San*

ODE XXV.—TO LYDIA.

HORACE takes occasion to contrast the former haughtiness and present degradation of an antiquated belle.

THE wanton herd of rakes profess'd,
Thy windows rarely now molest
With midnight raps, or break thy rest
With riot.

The door, that kindly once could move
The pliant hinge, begins to love
Its threshold, and no more shall prove
Unquiet.

Now less and less assail thine ear
These plaints "Ah! sleepest thou, my dear,
While I, whole nights, thy truelove here
Am dying?"

You in your turn shall weep the taunts
Of young and insolent gallants,
In some dark alley's midnight haunts
Late plying:

Our youth, regardless of thy frown,
Their heads with fresher wreaths shall crown,
And fling thy wither'd garlands down
The river.

ODE XXVI.—TO HIS MUSE.

The poet implores his muse to enable him to celebrate the praises of Lamia

While in the muse's friendship bless'd,
Nor fear, nor grief, shall break my rest;
Bear them, ye vagrant winds, away,
And drown them in the Cretan sea.
Careless am I, or who shall reign
The tyrant of the Scythian plain;
Or with what anxious fear oppress'd,
Heaves Tiridates' panting breast.
Sweet muse, who lov'st the virgin spring,
Hither thy sunny flow'rets bring,
And let thy richest chaplet shed
Its fragrance round my Lamia's head,
For naught avails the poet's praise
Unless the muse inspire his lays.
Oh! string the Lesbian lyre again,
Let all thy sisters raise the strain,
And consecrate to deathless fame
My loved, my Lamia's honour'd name.

ODE XXVII.—TO HIS COMPANIONS.*

Horace exhorts his companions to refrain from wrangling over their liquor.

With glasses, made for gay delight,
'Tis Thracian, savage rage to fight.

* Horace was at an entertainment, when a dispute began to inflame some of the company, already heated with wine. Instead of endeavouring to restore peace by grave advice and

With such intemperate, bloody fray,
Fright not the modest god away.
Monstrous! to see the dagger shine
Amid the midnight joys of wine.
Here bid this impious clamour cease,
And press the social couch in peace.
Say, shall I drink this heady wine,
Press'd from the rough Falernian vine!
Instant, let yonder youth impart
The tender story of his heart,
By what dear wound he blissful dies,
And whence the gentle arrow flies.
What! does the bashful boy deny?
Then, if I drink it let me die.
Whoe'er she be, a generous flame
Can never know the blush of shame.
Thy breast no slave-born Venus fires,
But fair, ingenuous love inspires.
Then safely whisper in my ear,
For all such trusts are sacred here.
Ah! worthy of a better flame!
Unhappy youth! is she the dame?
Unhappy youth! how art thou lost,
In what a sea of troubles toss'd!
What drugs, what witchcraft, or what charms,
What god can free thee from her arms?
Scarce Pegasus can disengage
Thy heart from this Chimæra's rage.

sober reasoning, he makes them a gay proposal of drowning all quarrels in a bumper. It was cheerfully received, and probably the success of it made the poet think it worthy of being the subject of an ode.—*San*

9 Athenæus tells us there were two kinds of Falernian wine; one, strong and heady; the other, smooth and sweet. The poet therefore offers to drink a cup of the stronger kind, though he knew the strength of it, to show at what expense he would recover the good-humour of the company.

ODE XXVIII.

A MARINER AND THE GHOST OF ARCHYTAS.

UNDER the form of a dialogue between a sailor and the ghost of Archytas, he ridicules the opinions of the Pythagoreans, and recommends the care of the burial of the dead

Mariner. ARCHYTAS, what avails thy nice survey
Of ocean's countless sands, of earth and sea ?
In vain thy mighty spirit once could soar
To orbs celestial, and their course explore ;
If here, upon the tempest-beaten strand,
You lie confined, till some more liberal hand
Shall strow the pious dust in funeral rite,
And wing thee to the boundless realms of light.
Ghost. Even he, who did with gods the banquet share,
Tithonus, raised to breathe celestial air,
And Minos, Jove's own counsellor of state,
All these have yielded to the power of fate.
M. Even your own sage, whose monumental shield,
Borne through the terrors of the Trojan field,
Proved that alone the mouldering body dies,
And souls immortal from our ashes rise,
Even he a second time resign'd his breath,
Sent headlong to the gloomy realms of death.
G. Not meanly skill'd, even by your own applause,
In moral truth, and Nature's secret laws.
One endless night for all mankind remains,
And once we all must tread the shadowy plains.

6 The ancients believed that the souls, whose bodies were left unburied, were not permitted to pass over the river Styx, but wandered a hundred years on its banks In allusion to this opinion Horace says, " A little present of dust detains you ," that is, you are detained from the Elysian fields for want of a little present of dust

In horrid pomp of war the soldier dies;
The sailor in the greedy ocean lies;
Thus age and youth promiscuous crowd the tomb:
No mortal head can shun th' impending doom.
  When sets Orion's star, the winds, that sweep
The raging waves, o'erwhelm'd me in the deep:
Nor thou, my friend, refuse with impious hand
A little portion of this wandering sand
To these my poor remains; so may the storm
Rage o'er the woods, nor ocean's face deform:
May gracious Jove with wealth thy toils repay,
And Neptune guard thee through the watery way.
  Thy guiltless race this bold neglect shall mourn,
And thou shalt feel the just returns of scorn.
My curses shall pursue the guilty deed,
And all, in vain, thy richest victims bleed.
Whate'er thy haste, oh! let my prayer prevail,
Thrice strow the sand, then hoist the flying sail.

26 In allusion to a superstition of the ancients, who believed that no person could die until Proserpine or Atropos had cut off a lock of his hair. This ceremony was considered as a kind of first fruits consecrated to Pluto.—*Torr.*

40 It was sufficient for all the rites of sepulture that dust should be thrice thrown on an unburied body.—*Torr. Dac.*

ODE XXIX.—TO ICCIUS.*

THE poet banters Iccius for leaving his study of philosophy to become a soldier.

Iccius, the bless'd Arabia's gold
Can you with envious eye behold?

* In the year 729 Augustus sent an army against the Arabians. The expedition was unsuccessful by an unusual sickness among the soldiers. Horace, with a good deal of pleasantry, ridicules Iccius for leaving the quiet and easy study of philosophy to pursue the dangers and fatigues of war, while he supposes him to meditate some mighty proofs of his courage, and to subdue all Arabia in his first campaign.—*San.*

Or will you boldly take the field,
And teach Sabæa's kings to yield,
Or meditate the dreadful Mede
In chains triumphantly to lead?
  Should you her hapless lover slay,
What captive maid shall own thy sway?
What courtly youth with essenced hair
Shall at thy board the goblet bear,
Skilful with his great father's art
To wing with death the pointed dart?
  Who shall deny that streams ascend,
And Tiber's currents backward bend,
When you have all our hopes betray'd;
You. that far other promise made;
When all your volumes, learned store!
The treasures of Socratic lore,
Once bought at mighty price, in vain,
Are sent to purchase arms in Spain?

ODE XXX.—TO VENUS.*

HORACE invokes Venus to be present at Glycera's private sacrifice.

QUEEN of beauty, queen of smiles,
Leave, oh! leave thy favourite isles:
A temple rises to thy fame
Where Glycera invokes thy name,
And bids the fragrant incense flame.
With thee bring thy love-warm son,
The graces bring with flowing zone,

* The versification and images of this little ode are beautiful and harmonious; nor is it possible to have given Venus a more gallant, as well as modest retinue. We may conjecture, not without probability, that it was written when Horace was about six-and-forty years of age —*San*

7 The Graces were the most amiable divinities of the heathen mythology. They presided over benefits, and the gratitude due to them; they bestowed liberality, wisdom, and

The nymphs, and jocund Mercury,
And sprightly youth, who without thee
Is naught but savage liberty.

ODE XXXI.—TO APOLLO.*

HORACE asserts that a sound state of the body and mind, together with a taste for poetry, exceeds all other blessings of life

WHEN at Apollo's hallow'd shrine
The poet hails the power divine,
And here his first libations pours,
What is the blessing he implores?
He nor desires the swelling grain,
That yellows o'er Sardinia's plain;
Nor the fair herds, that lowing feed
On warm Calabria's flowery mead;
Nor ivory, of spotless shine;
Nor gold, forth-flaming from its mine;

eloquence, they dispensed that gayety of humour, that easiness of manners, and all those amiable qualities, which render society delightful and pleasurable They alone could give that certain happiness of manner, which we all can understand, yet no one is able to express, which often supplies the place of real merit, and without which merit itself is imperfect To temper the vivacity of Cupid, the Graces are here made his companions, and appear with their garments flowing and ungirded, to show that the festival should be celebrated with the greatest modesty and discretion —*San*

* We have in this ode a fund of morality sufficient to prove the vanity of our desires, and the worthlessness of what we usually call business Reason and nature know but few necessities, while avarice and ambition are for ever finding out imaginary wants

In the year 726 Octavius dedicated to Apollo a library and temple in his palace on mount Palatine, which having been struck with lightning, the augurs said the god demanded that it should be consecrated to him Horace was then thirty-nine years old.—*San.*

Nor the rich fields, that Liris laves,
And eats away with silent waves.
Let others quaff the racy wine,
To whom kind fortune gives the vine;
The golden goblet let him drain
Who vent'rous ploughs the Atlantic main,
Bless'd with three safe returns a year,
For he to every god is dear.
To me boon Nature frankly yields
Her wholesome sallad from the fields;
Nor ask I more, than sense and health
Still to enjoy my present wealth.
From age and all its weakness free,
O son of Jove, preserved by thee,
Give me to strike the tuneful lyre,
And thou my latest song inspire!

17 When the poet has described a crowd of votaries who fatigue the god with their petitions, he now prefers his own prayer, in which his wishes are bounded by good sense and modesty He leaves to others the views of an imaginary happiness, and wisely asks for the real blessings which he is capable of enjoying "Oh, ye gods," says a wise heathen, "deny us what we ask if it shall be hurtful to us, and grant us whatever shall be profitable for us, even though we do not ask it!"

ODE XXXII.—TO HIS LYRE.*

Being desired to write a secular ode, Horace invokes his lyre to assist him with strains equal to the subject.

If with thee beneath the shade
Many an idle air I play'd,

* Augustus commanded Horace to write the secular poem. The poet, justly sensible of an honour which declared him the first lyric poet of his age, in this ode invokes his lyre to inspire him with something worthy of such a mark of distinction, and which might deserve the care and regard of posterity.—*Hamelius. San.*

Now the Latian song, my lyre,
With some immortal strain inspire,
Such as once Alcæus sung,
Who, fierce in war, thy music strung,
When he heard the battle roar,
Or moor'd his sea-toss'd vessel on the shore.
Wine and the muses were his theme,
And Venus, laughter-loving dame,
With Cupid ever by her side,
And Lycus, form'd in beauty's pride,
With his hair of jetty dye,
And the black lustre of his eye.
Charming shell, Apollo's love,
How grateful to the feasts of Jove!
Hear thy poet's solemn prayer,
Thou soft'ner of each anxious care.

ODE XXXIII.—TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

HORACE endeavours to console Tibullus by instancing others who were in love without a mutual return.

No more in elegiac strain
Of cruel Glycera complain,
Though she resign her faithless charms
To a new lover's younger arms.
The maid, for lovely forehead famed,
With Cyrus' beauties is inflamed;
While Pholoe, of haughty charms,
The panting breast of Cyrus warms;
But wolves and goats shall sooner prove
The pleasures of forbidden love
Than she her virgin honour stain,
And not the filthy rake disdain.
  So Venus wills, whose power controls
The fond affections of our souls;
With sportive cruelty she binds
Unequal forms, unequal minds.

Thus, when a better Venus strove
To warm my youthful breast to love,
Yet could a slave-born maid detain
My willing heart in pleasing chain,
Though fiercer she than waves that roar
Winding the rough Calabrian shore.

ODE XXXIV.*

In a pretended recantation, Horace overthrows the arguments in favour of the providence of the gods.

A fugitive from heaven and prayer,
I mock'd at all religious fear,
Deep scienced in the mazy lore
Of mad philosophy; but now
Hoist sail, and back my voyage plough
To that bless'd harbour which I left before.

For lo! that awful heavenly sire,
Who frequent cleaves the clouds with fire,
Parent of day, immortal Jove!
Late through the floating fields of air,
The face of heaven serene and fair,
His thund'ring steeds, and winged chariot drove;

* The commentators are much divided about the design and intention of this ode, whether the poet has made a sincere recantation of the Epicurean philosophy, or whether he laughs at the stoics by a pretended conversion to their doctrine. The last opinion is supported by the following reasons

If Horace really abjured the sect of Epicurus, it must have been in the last ten years of his life, as appears by the fourth epistle of the first book, and as it was a frequent argument against atheists, that although clouds are naturally the cause of thunder, yet it is sometimes heard in a clear sky Horace must have early known an instance of this kind of reasoning, as well as the stoical conclusion drawn from it. But, besides the weakness of the reason which he gives for changing his religious principles, it is a little extraordinary that we should not have any other the least proof of his conversion in his whole works.

When, at the bursting of his flames,
The ponderous earth, and vagrant streams,
Infernal Styx, the dire abode
Of hateful Tænarus profound,
And Atlas to his utmost bound,
Trembled beneath the terrors of the god.

The hand of Jove can crush the proud
Down to the meanest of the crowd,
And raise the lowest in his stead;
But rapid fortune pulls him down,
And snatches his imperial crown,
To place, not fix it, on another's head.

ODE XXXV.—TO FORTUNE.*

Our poet prays for Augustus, the commonwealth, and the Roman armies

Goddess, whom Antium, beauteous town, obeys,
Whose various will with instant power can raise
Frail mortals from the depths of low despair,
Or change proud triumphs to the funeral tear;

Thee, the poor farmer, who with ceaseless pain
Labours the glebe; thee, mistress of the main,

* The subject of this ode is perfectly noble, well designed, and well executed. Its versification is flowing and harmonious, its expression bold and sublime.

In the year 719 Augustus was on his march to Britain, but was recalled by a revolt of the Dalmatians. In 727, having ended the civil wars by the defeat of Antony, he again resolved to turn his arms against that island, but was satisfied with an embassy from thence, and a promise of obedience to any conditions which he pleased to impose on them These conditions not being well observed he was determined to make the Britons feel the effects of his displeasure, yet was again obliged to employ the forces of the republic in suppressing an insurrection of the Sallassi, Cantabri, and Austrii —*San*

It is indifferent on which of these occasions this ode was written, and it is impossible to determine with any exactness.

The sailor, who with fearless spirit dares
The rising tempest, courts with anxious prayers:

Thee, the rough Dacian, thee, the vagrant band
Of field-born Scythians, Latium's warlike land,
Cities and nations, mother-queens revere,
And purple tyranny beholds with fear.

Nor in thy rage with foot destructive spurn
This standing pillar, and its strength o'erturn;
Nor let the nations rise in bold uproar,
And civil war, to break th' imperial power.

With solemn pace and firm, in awful state
Before thee stalks inexorable Fate,
And grasps empaling nails, and wedges dread,
The hook tormentous, and the melted lead:

Thee, hope and honour, now, alas, how rare!
With white enrobed, attend with duteous care,
When from the palace of the great you fly
In angry mood, and garb of misery.

Not such the crowd of light companions prove,
Nor the false mistress of a wanton love,
Faithless who wait the lowest dregs to drain,
Nor friendships equal yoke with strength sustain.

Propitious guard our Cæsar, who explores
His venturous way to farthest Britain's shore;
Our new-raised troops be thy peculiar care,
Who dreadful to the east our banners bear.

23 This passage has some difficulty Fortune never leaves any person. When she is favourable, the poet represents her under the idea of a woman finely dressed, who fills her house with happiness and abundance, but when she changes her temper, she is represented as changing her dress, and leaving the house to destruction and misery Thus she still continues a companion, even to them whom she has rendered miserable.—*Dac*

31 In the end of the year 727 Ælius Gallus marched with

Alas! the shameless scars! the guilty deeds,
When by a brother's hand a brother bleeds!
What crimes have we, an iron age, not dared?
In terror of the gods what altar spared?

Oh! that our swords with civil gore distain'd,
And in the sight of gods and men profaned—
Sharpen again, dread queen, the blunted steel,
And let our foes the pointed vengeance feel.

ODE XXXVI.*

HORACE congratulates Numida on his happy return from Spain.

WITH incense heap the sacred fire,
And bolder strike the willing lyre.
Now let the heifer's votive blood
Pour to the gods its purple flood;
Those guardian gods, from farthest Spain,
Who send our Numida again.
  A thousand kisses now he gives,
A thousand kisses he receives.
But Lamia most his friendship proves;
Lamia with tenderness he loves.
At school their youthful love began,
Whence they together rose to man.
  With happiest marks the day shall shine,
Nor want th' abundant joy of wine;

an army to succeed Cornelius in the government of Egypt, and as he wanted a fleet for his expeditions against the Arabians, he ordered a number of ships to be built in the ports of the Red Sea As this army alarmed all the countries of the east, so the Romans had the greatest expections that it would revenge all the insults which the republic had received from the Parthians

* It is probable that this ode was written in the year 730, when Numida returned with Augustus from the war of Spain, and we may judge with how much tenderness Horace loved his friends, when he celebrated their return with sacrifices, dances, and songs.—*San.*

Like Salian priests the dance we'll lead,
And many a mazy measure tread.
Now let the Thracian goblet foam,
Nor in the breathless draught o'ercome
Shall Bassus yield his boasted name
To Damalis, of tippling fame.
Here let the rose and lilly shed
Their short-lived bloom; let parsley spread
Its living verdure o'er the feast,
And crown with mingled sweets the guest.
On Damalis each amorous boy
Shall gaze with eyes that flow with joy,
While she, as curls the ivy plant,
Shall twine luxuriant round her new gallant.

18 This signifies a custom among the Thracians of drinking a certain measure of wine without closing the lips or taking breath —*Lamb*

20 The ancient Romans had such an abhorrence of a woman's drinking to excess, that the laws of the twelve tables permitted a husband to punish his wife with death who was guilty of that crime —*San*

26 The eye, by excess of wine, is loose and flowing, or almost dissolved and broken. As love has the same effect, Anacreon desires a painter to draw the eyes of his mistress, like those of Venus, "flowing in moisture."—*Turner*

ODE XXXVII.—TO HIS COMPANIONS.*

HORACE exhorts his companions to rejoice on account of Cleopatra's death

Now let the bowl with wine be crown'd,
Now lighter dance the mazy round,
And let the sacred couch be stored
With the rich dainties of a priestly board.

* The death of Cleopatra put an end to the war between Octavius and Antony. Horace composed six odes on this subject, and although this be the last, yet it is not the least beautiful.

Sooner to draw the mellow'd wine,
Pressed from the rich Cæcubian vine,
Were impious mirth, while yet elate
The queen breathed ruin to the Roman state.

Surrounded by a tainted train,
Wretches enervate and obscene,
She raved of empire—nothing less—
Vast in her hopes, and giddy with success.

But, hardly rescued from the flames,
One lonely ship her fury tames:
While Cæsar, with impelling oar,
Pursued her flying from the Latian shore:

Her, with Egyptian wine inspired,
With the full draught to madness fired,
Augustus sobered into tears,
And turned her visions into real fears.

As, darting sudden from above,
The hawk attacks a tender dove;
Or sweeping huntsman drives the hare
O'er wide Æmonia's icy deserts drear;

As if the success of Octavius had given him new strength, the poet and hero are equally triumphant The character of Cleopatra is perfectly finished, and her death represented in very natural and lively colours All her passions are in violent motion, her ambition is drunkenness—her love is madness—and her courage is despair, while the soul of the poet seems to be animated with all her transports, which break forth into a grandeur of sentiments, a boldness of figures, and an energy of expression —*Torr San*

13 The fleet of Antony, even after his flight, made such an obstinate resistance, as obliged Augustus to send for fire from his camp to destroy it —*Dac*

16 Cleopatra left Egypt with a numerous and formidable fleet, and sailed, as to a certain conquest, towards Italy, which, from being an object of her hopes, was now become a scene of terror, from which she fled, in the greatest disorder, with all the speed of sails and oars —*San*

So Cæsar through the billows press'd
To lead in chains the fatal pest.
But she a nobler fate explored,
Nor woman-like beheld the deathful sword,

Nor with her navy fled dismay'd,
In distant realms to seek for aid;
But saw unmoved her state destroy'd,
Her palace desolate—a lonely void.

With fearless hand she dared to grasp
The writhings of the wrathful asp,
And suck the poison through her veins,
Resolved on death, and fiercer from its pains

Then, scorning to be led the boast
Of mighty Cæsar's naval host,
And armed with more than mortal spleen,
Defrauds a triumph, and expires a queen.

26 Octavius had given particular directions to Proculeius and Epaphroditus to take Cleopatra alive, that he might make himself master of her treasures, and have the glory of leading her in triumph Justly sensible of this ignominy, she had reserved a dagger for her last extremities, and when she saw Proculeius enter, she raised it to stab herself, but he dexterously wrenched it from her --*Lamb*

40 Thus died the most beautiful and most ambitious princess in the world, at the age of thirty eight years, of which she reigned seventeen. With her fell the Egyptian monarchy, which had subsisted two hundred fourscore and fourteen years, under thirteen kings of the family of the Lagidæ --*San*

ODE XXXVIII.—TO HIS SLAVE.*

HORACE forewarns his servant against any extravagance at his entertainment

I TELL thee, boy, that I detest
The grandeur of a Persian feast,
Nor for me the linden's rhind
Shall the flowery chaplet bind.
Then search not where the curious rose
Beyond his season loitering grows,
But beneath the mantling vine,
While I quaff the flowing wine;
The myrtle's wreath shall crown our brows,
While you shall wait, and I carouse.

* This little piece has nothing remarkable either in the subject or the composition It is rather a song than an ode, and yet the genius and manner of a great master appears in the smallest works We find here an expression easy and natural, verses flowing and harmonious, and a little stroke of pleasantry, which very happily ends the song Horace had probably invited some of his friends to supper, and his slave was making an extraordinary preparation for t[illegible]ertainment But our poet, in his epicurean wisdom, d[illegible]hat pleasures more simple and less extravagant were b[illegible]ted to his taste —*San*

9 The ancients used to cr[illegible] their heads with myrtle in their feasts, not only because it was sacred to Venus, but because they thought it dispelled the vapours of their wine —*Lamb.*

BOOK II.

ODE I.—TO ASINIUS POLLIO.*

HORACE entreats Pollio to quit tragedy for the present, that he may apply himself wholly to the history of the civil wars

O, POLLIO thou the great defence
Of sad, impleaded innocence;
On whom, to weigh the grand debate,
In deep consult the fathers wait;
For whom the triumphs o'er Dalmatia spread
Unfading honours round thy laurell'd head,

Of warm commotions, wrathful jars,
The growing seeds of civil wars;
Of double fortune's cruel games,
The specious means, the private aims,
And fatal friendships of the guilty great,
Alas! how fatal to the Roman state!

Of mighty legions late subdued,
And arms with Latian blood imbrued,

* Pollio, since the year 715, lived in a private manner at Rome, and, in his retirement, had written several tragedies, which, in the judgment of Horace and Virgil, had equalled the stage of Rome to that of Athens But a work better meriting his whole strength and attention was a history of the civil wars. It was already far advanced when the poet wrote this ode, and being apprehensive lest that applause which Pollio received from the stage might interrupt a history so interesting to the republic, he urges him in the strongest manner to continue it, yet tells him, at the same time, how delicate and dangerous a work he had undertaken.

Yet unatoned (a labour vast!
Doubtful the die, and dire the cast!)
You treat adventurous, and incautious tread
On fires, with faithless embers overspread:

Retard a while thy glowing vein,
Nor swell the solemn, tragic scene;
And when thy sage, historic cares
Have form'd the train of Rome's affairs,
With lofty rapture reinflamed, infuse
Heroic thoughts, and wake the buskin'd muse.

Hark! the shrill clarion's voice I hear,
Its threatening murmurs pierce mine ear;
And in thy lines, with brazen breath,
The trumpet sounds the charge of death;
While the strong splendours of the sword affright
The flying steed, and mar the rider's sight!

Panting with terror, I survey
The martial host in dread array;
The chiefs, how valiant and how just!
Defiled with not inglorious dust,
And all the world in chains, but Cato, see
Of spirit unsubdued, and dying to be free.

Imperial Juno, fraught with ire,
And all the partial gods of Tyre,
Who, feeble to revenge her cries,
Retreated to their native skies,
Have in the victor's bleeding race repaid
Jugurtha's ruin, and appeased his shade.

35 All the praises which this republican hero has received from different authors are not equal to this single character, that Cæsar found it easier to subdue the whole world than the inflexible spirit of Cato.—*Bond.*

What plain, by mortals traversed o'er,
Is not enrich'd with Roman gore?
Unnumber'd sepulchres record
The deathful harvest of the sword,
And proud Hesperia, rushing into thrall,
While distant Parthia heard the cumbrous fall.

What gulf, what rapid river flows
Unconscious of our wasteful woes?
What rolling sea's unfathom'd tide
Have not the Daunian slaughters died?
What coast, encircled by the briny flood,
Boasts not the shameful tribute of our blood?

But thou, my muse, to whom belong
The sportive jest, and jocund song,
Beyond thy province cease to stray,
Nor vain revive the plaintive lay
Seek humbler measures, indolently laid
With me beneath some love-sequester'd shade.

43 The poet no longer confines himself to the quarrel between Cæsar and Pompey, but exposes in general the melancholy effects of the whole civil war The images of these two strophes are very nobly spirited Rivers and gulfs appear animated and enlivened, and Italy is represented as a vast body, the fall of which is heard to nations most distant —*San. Dac*

ODE II.—TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.*

In this ode the proper use of riches is delineated, together with the happiness of the man who can subdue his passions

Gold hath no lustre of its own,
It shines by temperate use alone,

* Sallust was a courtier of a philosophical character Contented with the rank in which he was born, like a faithful follower of Epicurus he knew how to join an open, unbounded luxury to a laborious care of the public affairs, and the poet, in setting forth the maxims of Epicurean philosophy, seems indirectly to applaud the person who could thus bound his desires, and enjoy with honour the considerable fortune his uncle had raised —*San*

And when on earth it hoarded lies,
My Sallust can the mass despise.
With never-failing wing shall fame
To latest ages bear the name
Of Proculeius, who could prove
A father, in a brother's love.
By virtue's precepts to control
The furious passions of the soul
Is over wider realms to reign,
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain
You could to distant Lybia join,
And both the Carthages were thine.
The dropsy, by indulgence nursed,
Pursues us with increasing thirst,
Till art expels the cause, and drains
The wat'ry languor from our veins.
But virtue can the crowd unteach
Their false mistaken forms of speech;
Virtue, to crowds a foe profess'd,
Disdains to number with the bless'd
Phraates, by his slaves adored,
And to the Parthian crown restored,
But gives the diadem, the throne,
And laurel wreath to him alone,
Who can a treasured mass of gold
With firm, undazzled eye behold.

7 Proculeius had two brothers, Terentius and Licinius. Terentius was designed consul in the year seven hundred and thirty, but died before he could enter on his office. Licinius unfortunately engaged himself in a conspiracy against Augustus, nor could all the interest of his brother Proculeius and Mæcenas, who had married their sister Terentia, preserve him from banishment. An old commentator relates a particular story, which greatly enlightens this passage. He says that Proculeius divided his patrimony with his brothers, whose fortunes were ruined in the civil wars.—*Dac. San.*

18 The ancients frequently compared the covetous and ambitious to persons affected with a dropsy. Water only irritates the thirst of the one, as honours and riches provoke the insatiable appetite of the other. Indeed great fortunes rather enlarge, than fill our desires.—*Dac.*

19 Philosophy, which is here called virtue, instructs us to

ODE III.—TO DELLIUS.*

THE poet here asserts that the happiness of life consists in serenity of mind and virtuous enjoyments

IN adverse hours an equal mind maintain,
Nor let your spirit rise too high,
Though fortune kindly change the scene—
Remember, Dellius, you were born to die.

Whether your life in sorrows pass,
And sadly joyless glide away;
Whether, reclining on the grass,
You bless with choicer wine the festal day,

Where the pale poplar and the pine
Expel the sun's intemperate beam,

reconcile our passions with reason and our pleasure with duty · but the crowd, in a false use of words, disguise the real nature of things by mistaken names

* Dellius was a true picture of inconstancy. After Cæsar's death he changed his party four times in the space of twelve years The peace that succeeded the civil wars gave him an opportunity of establishing his affairs, which must naturally have been greatly disordered by so many changes At this time Horace wrote this ode, in which he instructs him in the purest maxims of Epicurean philosophy The soul and body, in the opinion of Epicurus, were two parts, composed of the same matter, which ought to unite in the harmony and agreement of their pleasures, for the happiness of man Horace, therefore, after advising Dellius to possess his soul in tranquillity by the moderation of his passions, allows him to indulge his senses with innocent diversions. This is all that an Epicurean can reasonably say, according to his own principles —*San*

1 Virtue finds dangers and difficulties in all extremes of life Prosperity exalteth us too high, adversity depresseth us too low The last effort therefore of reason is to support us equally between presumption and despair, nor is any reflection more capable of producing this equality of soul than the thoughts of death, which shall one day put an end to all the changes of fortune Such a reflection may furnish us with motives of patience in our affliction, and of moderation in our pleasures.—*San.*

9 The leaf of the poplar is white below, and of a deep green

In hospitable shades their branches twine,
And winds with toil, though swift, the tremulous stream.

Here pour your wines, your odours shed,
Bring forth the rose's short-lived flower,
While fate yet spins thy mortal thread,
While youth and fortune give th' indulgent hour.

Your purchased woods, your house of state,
Your villa, wash'd by Tiber's wave,
You must, my Dellius, yield to fate, 19
And to your heir these high-piled treasures leave.

Whether you boast a monarch's birth,
While wealth unbounded round you flows,
Or poor, and sprung from vulgar earth,
No pity for his victim Pluto knows;

We all must tread the paths of fate,
And ever shakes the mortal urn,
Whose lot embarks us, soon or late,
On Charon's boat, ah! never to return.

above The mythologists give a pleasant reason for it Hercules having descended to hell, crowned with j eq lar, his sweat witl red the leaves on one side, and the smoke blackened the othe —*San*

2(As it was customary among the ancients to decide affairs of the utmost importance by lot, they feigned that the names of all mankind were written on billets, and thrown into an urn, which was perpetually in motion, and that they whose billets were first drawn should die first —*Dac*

ODE IV.—TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.*

FROM the example of many great men, Horace exhorts his friend to feel no shame at being in love with his maid.

LET not my Phoceus think it shame
For a fair slave to own his flame;

* Horace, with an air of irony and pleasantry, encourages Phoceus to indulge his passion for his slave

A slave could stern Achilles move,
And bend his haughty soul to love:
Ajax, invincible in arms,
Was captived by his captive's charms
Atrides, mid his triumphs mourn'd,
And for a ravish'd virgin burn'd,
What time the fierce barbarian bands
Fell by Pelides' conquering hands,
And Troy (her Hector swept away)
Became to Greece an easier prey.
Who knows, when Phyllis is your bride,
To what fine folk you'll be allied?
Her parents dear, of gentle race,
Shall not their son-in-law disgrace.
She sprung from kings, or nothing less,
And weeps the family's distress.
Think not, that such a charming she
Can of the wretched vulgar be,
A maid, so faithful and so true
To love, to honour, and to you.
Her dear mamma, right virtuous dame,
Could ne'er have known the blush of shame.
While thus with innocence I praise,
Let me no jealous transports raise.
Heart-hold and sound I laud her charms,
Her face, her taper legs, her arms,
For trembling on to forty years,
My age forbids all jealous fears.

3 Dares Phrygius has left us the following picture of Briseis: "Briseis was beautiful, tall, fair-complexioned, her hair yellow and delicate her eyebrows joined, her eyes modestly sweet; and her whole person exactly proportioned She was gentle, affable, modest, simple of manners, and pious" He has also given a description of Cassandra "Cassandra was of middle stature, her mouth little and round, her complexion ruddy; her eyes sparkling."

ODE V.*

THE person to whom this ode is inscribed is advised to recall his affection from a young girl, as yet unripe for his addresses.

SEE, thy heifer's yet unbroke
To the labours of the yoke,
Nor hath strength enough to prove
Such impetuous weight of love.
Round the fields her fancy strays,
O'er the mead she sportive plays,
Now beneath the sultry beam
Cools her in the passing stream,
Now with frisking steerlings young
Sports the sallow groves among.
  Do not then commit a rape
On the crude unmellow'd grape.
Autumn soon, of various dies,
Shall with kinder warmth arise,
Bid the livid clusters glow,
And a riper purple show.
  Time to her shall count each day,
Which from you it takes away,
Till with bold and forward charms,
She shall rush into your arms,
Pholoe, the flying fair,
Shall not then with her compare;
Nor the maid of bosom bright,
Like the moon's unspotted light,

* The twenty-second ode of the first book of Fuscus Aristius commends the beauties of Lalage, and if we believe with Mr Dacier that this is the same Lalage, it will be a proof that the odes of Horace, in general, are not ranged in that order in which they were written. She is here represented as too young for marriage, and her lover is advised to wait until he may with more decency pay his addresses to her.

O'er the waves, with silver rays,
When its floating lustre plays;
Nor the Cnidian, fair and young,
Who, the virgin choir among,
Might deceive, in female guise,
Strangers, though extremely wise,
With the difference between
Sexes hardly to be seen,
And his hair of flowing grace,
And his boyish, girlish face.

ODE VI.—TO SEPTIMIUS.

HORACE invites Septimius to reside in the country with him

SEPTIMIUS, who hast vow'd to go
With Horace e'en to farthest Spain,
Or see the fierce Cantabrian foe,
Untaught to bear the Roman chain,
Or the barbaric syrts, with mad recoil
Where Mauritanian billows ceaseless boil:

May Tibur to my latest hours
Afford a kind and calm retreat;
Tibur, beneath whose lofty towers
The Grecians fix'd their blissful seat;
There may my labours end, my wanderings cease,
There all my toils of warfare rest in peace.

1 Septimius, according to the old scholiast, was a Roman knight. He attended Tiberius in his eastern expedition in 731, and we may believe he was well esteemed by Augustus, since he is mentioned with regard by him in a letter to Horace —*San*

7 The poet says in general, that whether he should be obliged to travel by sea or land, or to bear arms again, he wishes that Tibur may be the retreat of his old age He had not only served under Brutus, but attended Mæcenas to the second congress at Brundusium, and through all the war of Sicily. These violent motions were by no means agreeable to his humour and complexion. He was a poet, a philosopher, and of a constitution too delicate to bear such fatigues.—*San*

But should the partial Fates refuse
That purer air to let me breathe,
Galesus, thy sweet stream I'll choose,
Where flocks of richest fleeces bathe:
Phalantus there his rural sceptre sway'd,
Uncertain offspring of a Spartan maid.

No spot so joyous smiles to me
Of this wide globe's extended shores;
Where nor the labours of the bee
Yield to Hymettus' golden stores,
Nor the green berry of Venafran soil
Swells with a riper flood of fragrant oil.

There Jove his kindest gifts bestows,
There joys to crown the fertile plains,
With genial warmth the winter glows,
And spring with lengthen'd honours reigns,
Nor Aulon, friendly to the clustering vine,
Envies the vintage of Falernian wine.

That happy place, that sweet retreat,
The charming hills that round it rise,
Your latest hours and mine await;
And when at length your Horace dies,
There the deep sigh thy poet-friend shall mourn,
And pious tears bedew his glowing urn.

16 The sheep of Tarentum and Attica had a wool so fine, that they were covered with skins to preserve it from the inclemency of the weather. Pliny says, these covertures were brought from Arabia.—Cruq.

29 It is probable that Aulon was a little hill, near Tarentum, famous for its vines. It is mentioned by Martial as equally remarkable for its wool.

Famed for its wool, and happy in its vines,
Yours be its fleeces, and be mine its wines.

36 The poet here requires the last office of friendship from Septimius, that he would sprinkle his ashes with a tear; and the more strongly to mark his friendship, says that he shall perform this last pious office before his ashes shall be cold; while they shall be yet glowing from the funeral pile.—Dac.

ODE VII.—TO POMPEIUS VARUS.*

OUR poet congratulates his friend on being restored to him and his country.

VARUS, from early youth beloved,
And oft with me in danger proved,
Our daring host when Brutus led,
And in the cause of freedom bled,
To Rome and all her guardian powers
What happy chance the friend restores,
With whom I've cheer'd the tedious day,
And drunk its loitering hours away,
Profuse of sweets while Syria shed
Her liquid odours on my head?
With thee I saw Philippi's plain,
In fatal rout, a fearful scene!
And dropp'd, alas! th' inglorious shield,
Where valour's self was forced to yield,

* When a peace was concluded, in the year 715, between Sextus Pompeius and the triumvirate, a general amnesty was granted to all who had followed the party of Pompey. This seemed to Varus a favourable occasion of quitting the profession of arms, and returning to Rome, when probably this ode was written. Horace was then twenty six years of age —*Masson*

3 Brutus took with him from Athens, eight or nine months after Cæsar's death, a number of young gentlemen, who were willing to follow his fortunes in the cause of liberty. Our poet then began his warfare. He continued two years under the command of that great man, and we may believe with some merit, since he was raised to the tribuneship of a legion.

9 The use of crowns and essences were first introduced into the Roman entertainments by the ladies —*Dac.*

13 There is something ingenuous in the poet's recording this instance of his own cowardice, which possibly might never have been known to posterity. Archilochus, Alcæus, and Demosthenes, are examples of the same ingenuity of spirit. Next to true courage, says a French commander, nothing is more brave than a confession of cowardice.—*San.*

14 The poet, by doing justice to the vanquished, pays the

Where soil'd in dust the vanquish'd lay,
And breath'd th' indignant soul away.
  But me, when dying with my fear,
Through warring hosts, inwrapp'd in air,
Swift did the god of wit convey;
While thee, wild war's tempestuous sea,
In ebbing tides, drove far from shore,
And to new scenes of slaughter bore.
  To Jove thy votive offerings paid,
Beneath my laurel's sheltering shade,
Fatigued with war, now rest reclined,
Nor spare the casks for thee design'd.
Here joyous fill the polish'd bowl,
With wine oblivious cheer thy soul,
And from the breathing vials pour
Of essenced sweets a larger shower.
  But who the wreath unfading weaves
Of parsley, or of myrtle leaves?
To whom shall beauty's queen assign
To reign the monarch of our wine?
For Thracian-like I'll drink to-day,
And deeply Bacchus it away.
Our transports for a friend restored,
Should e'en to madness shake the board.

highest compliment to their conquerors, and in reality the better troops were on the side of Brutus and Cassius, although fortune declared for Octavius and Antony —*Dac*

31 The Romans in their entertainments usually appointed a person, whom they called king, with a power to regulate the feast and govern the guests His office was decided by the best cast on the dice

ODE VIII.—TO BARINE.*

HORACE denies that the oath of Barine should induce him to believe her; for the gods never punished the perjuries of beauties

If e'er th' insulted powers had shed
Their vengeance on thy perjured head;
If they had mark'd thy faithless truth
With one foul nail, or blacken'd tooth,
Again thy falsehood might deceive,
And I the faithless vow believe,
But when, perfidious, you engage
To meet high heaven's vindictive rage,
You rise, with heighten'd lustre fair,
Of all our youth the public care.
It thrives with thee to be forsworn
By thy dead mother's hallow'd urn.
By heaven, and all the stars that roll
In silent circuit round the pole;
By heaven, and every nightly sign,
By every deathless power divine.
Yes; Venus laughs, the nymphs with smiles,
The simple nymphs! behold thy wiles,
And with the blood of some poor swain,
By thy perfidious beauty slain,
Fierce Cupid whets his burning darts,
For thee to wound new lovers' hearts.
Thy train of slaves grows every day,
Infants are rising to thy sway,

* The gallantry of this ode is of a very particular kind. The poet pays such compliments to Barine's beauty as are almost worth a woman's perjury to deserve, especially when every new instance of deceiving gives a new charm

4 The ancients believed that a lie was always attended with some immediate punishment,—the loss of a tooth, a blister on the tongue, &c.

And they, who swore to break thy chain,
Yet haunt those impious doors again.
Thee for their boys the mothers fear,
The frugal father for his heir,
And weeping stands the virgin bride,
In Hymen's fetters lately tied,
Lest you detain, with brighter charms,
Her perjured husband from her arms.

ODE IX.—TO VALGIUS.*

Horace comforts his friend for the loss of his son

Nor everlasting rain deforms
The squalid fields, nor endless storms,
Inconstant, vex the Caspian main,
Nor on Armenia's frozen plain
The loit'ring snow unmelting lies,
Nor loud when northern winds arise,
The labouring forests bend the head,
Nor yet their leafy honours shed:
Yet still in elegiac strains
My Valgius for his son complains,

* To know how to comfort the afflicted is a talent which few people possess, while every one is willing to make trial of his skill! But indeed it were better in losses that are without remedy to talk to the heart than the understanding, for motives of consolation, which are most natural and obvious, are frequently more successful than the gravest maxims of morality, and the most curious refinements of reason Such is the method of Horace in comforting a father afflicted for the death of a son whom he tenderly loved He does not condemn his grief, but proposes to him to stop the continuance of it, or at least to suspend its course. It is not difficult to ascertain the date of this ode. The two last strophes show that it was written in 734, the year after Augustus's Armenian expedition —*San.*

4 Armenia is surrounded with mountains continually covered with snow The nature of the soil which is impregnated with salt, contributes to the coldness of the climate, nor is it uncommon to see frost and snow there in the month of June.—*San*

When Vesper lifts his ev'ning ray,
Or flies the rapid beam of day.
Not for his son the Grecian sage,
Renown'd for thrice the mortal age:
Not for their youthful brother dead
Such sorrows Priam's daughters shed.
At length these weak complaints give o'er,
Indulge th' unmanly grief no more,
But let us bolder sweep the string,
And Cæsar's new-raised trophies sing;
The Tigris, and its freezing flood,
Euphrates, with its realms, subdued;
Whose waves are taught with humbler pride
Smoother to roll their lessening tide:
The Scythians, who reluctant yield,
Nor pour their squadrons o'er the field.

ODE X.—TO LICINIUS MURENA.*

The poet advises Licinius to moderate his desires, and to maintain an evenness of temper

Licinius, would you live with ease,
Tempt not too far the faithless seas,
And when you hear the tempest roar,
Press not too near the unequal shore.

* Licinius was a young man of an ardent, restless, and ambitious spirit. He had ruined his fortune in the civil wars, when his brother Proculeius, with an uncommon generosity, divided his patrimony with him and Terentius But a state of dependance and mediocrity was by no means suited to his humour, and having engaged himself in a conspiracy against Augustus, he was banished, and afterward put to death, notwithstanding all the interest of Proculeius and Mæcenas, who had married his sister Terentia. Horace, who knew his temper, lays down some general rules for his conduct, but without any application which could either disoblige or injure him. The sentiments of this ode are entirely moral, but enlivened by different metaphors and animated by different comparisons; for if morality be not treated with art and spirit, it will disgust by its dryness, or grow tedious by its length.—*San.*

The man, within the golden mean,
Who can his boldest wish contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell,
Where sordid want, and sorrow dwell,
And in himself serenely great,
Declines an envied room of state.
When high in air the pine ascends,
To every ruder blast it bends.
The palace falls with heavier weight,
When tumbling from its airy height;
And when from heaven the lightning flies,
It blasts the hills that proudest rise.
Whoe'er enjoys th' untroubled breast,
With virtue's tranquil wisdom bless'd,
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
And temper happiness with fear.
If Jove the winter's horrors bring,
Yet Jove restores the genial spring.
Then let us not of fate complain,
For soon shall change the gloomy scene.
Apollo sometimes can inspire
The silent muse, and wake the lyre:
The deathful bow not always plies,
Th' unerring dart not always flies.
When fortune, various goddess, lowers,
Collect your strength, exert your powers;
But when she breathes a kinder gale,
Be wise, and furl your swelling sail.

ODE XI.—TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.*

HORACE endeavours to divert the mind of Quintius to a taste for gayety and enjoyment.

BE not anxious, friend, to know
What our fierce Cantabrian foe,

* The design of this ode is well supported. The opening is serious, but the scene grows lively by degrees, and the two actors at the end are seated in a rural arbour near a river's side, calling for wine and music.—*San.*

What intends the Scythian's pride,
Far from us whom seas divide.
Tremble not with vain desires,
. Few the things which life requires.
Youth with rapid swiftness flies,
Beauty's lustre quickly dies,
Wither'd age drives far away
Gentle sleep, and amorous play.
When in vernal bloom they glow,
Flowers their gayest honours show.
Nor the moon with equal grace
Always lifts her ruddy face.
Thus while nature's works decay,
Busy mortal, prithee say,
Why do you fatigue the mind,
Not for endless schemes design'd?
Thus beneath this lofty shade,
Thus in careless freedom laid,
While Assyrian essence sheds
Liquid fragrance on our heads,
While we lie with roses crown'd,
Let the cheerful bowl go round:
Bacchus can our cares control,
Cares that prey upon the soul.
Who shall from the passing stream
Quench our wine's Falernian flame?
Who the vagrant wanton bring,
Mistress of the lyric string,
With her flowing tresses tied,
Loosely, like a Spartan bride?

11 Nothing is less durable than flowers in spring; nothing more changeable than the moon, yet these are the best images of human life. Why then should creatures, by nature formed to mortality, fatigue themselves with endless and uncertain projects? From these grand principles a cheerful enjoyment of the present hour is a conclusion not unworthy of an Epicurean moralist.— *Torr. an.* ib

ODE XII.—TO MÆCENAS.

HORACE acknowledges that he was so given up to Licymnia that he was unable to rise to more serious subjects

Numantia's wars, for years maintain'd,
Or Hannibal's vindictive ire,
Or seas with Punic gore distain'd,
Suit not the softness of my feeble lyre;

Nor savage centaurs, mad with wine,
Nor earth's gigantic rebel brood,
Who shook old Saturn's seat divine,
Till by the arm of Hercules subdued.

You in historic prose shall tell
The mighty power of Cæsar's war;
How kings beneath his battle fell,
Or dragg'd indignant his triumphal car.

Licymnia's dulcet voice, her eye,
Bright-darting its resplendent ray,
Her breast, where love and friendship lie,
The muse commands me sing in softer lay;

In raillery the sportive jest,
Graceful her mien in dancing charms,
When playful at Diana's feast
To the bright virgin choir she winds her arms.

Say, shall the wealth by kings possess'd,
Or the rich diadems they wear,
Or all the treasures of the East,
Purchase one lock of my Licymnia's hair?

4 The poet does not mean, as some commentators understand him, that grave or tragic subjects do not agree with lyric poetry. This assertion would be absolutely false, and the odes of Pindar and Horace are a proof of the contrary. He only says that his own lyre has no other sounds but what are proper for love, and refuses all subjects of grandeur and sublimity.

While now her bending neck she plies
Backward to meet the burning kiss,
Then with an easy cruelty denies,
Or wishes you would snatch, not ask the bliss.

ODE XIII.*

EXECRATIONS on a tree, by the fall of which our poet had been nearly crushed.

WHOEVER raised and planted thee,
Unlucky and pernicious tree,
In hour accursed with impious hand,
(Thou bane and scandal of my land,)
Well may I think the parricide
In blood his guilty soul had died,
Or plunged his dagger in the breast,
At midnight, of his sleeping guest,
Or temper'd every baleful juice,
Which poisonous Colchian glebes produce,
Or if a blacker crime be known,
That crime the wretch had made his own,
Who on my harmless grounds and me
Bestow'd thee, luckless falling tree.
While dangers hourly round us wait,
No caution can prevent our fate.
All other deaths the sailor dares,
Who yet the raging ocean fears;
The Parthian views with deep dismay
The Roman chains, and firm array;
The Roman dreads the Parthian's speed,
His flying war, and backward reed;

* It may be worth observing that there is no subject, however trivial or inconsiderable, which poetry cannot raise into grandeur and dignity. The fall of a tree might have alarmed a writer of prose, who would coldly have described his danger; but the terrors of a poetical imagination have transported Horace to the very regions of death, where he sings the power of music and poetry

While death, unheeded, sweeps away
The world, his everlasting prey.
  How near was I those dreary plains,
Where Pluto's auburn consort reigns;
Where awful sits the judge of hell;
Where pious spirits blissful dwell;
Where Sappho's sweet complaints reprove
The rivals of her fame and love,
Alcæus bolder sweeps the strings,
And seas, and war, and exile sings.
  Thus while they strike the various lyre,
The ghosts the sacred sounds admire;
But when Alcæus tunes the strain
To deeds of war, and tyrants slain,
In thicker crowds the shadowy throng
Drink deeper down the martial song.
What wonder? when with bending ears
The dog of hell astonish'd hears,
And in the furies' hair entwined,
The snakes with cheerful horror wind,
While charm'd by the melodious strains,
The tortured ghosts forget their pains,
Orion quits his bold delight
To chase the lion's rage, or lynx's flight.

31 Alcæus was contemporary, countryman, and friend of Sappho His style was close, magnificent, and chaste. He is frequently like to Homer, but he descends into sports and love, although naturally formed to more exalted subjects

45 Orion, who had loved hunting when he lived, is here described pursuing the same sport when he died. The ancients believed that the ghosts of the departed retained the same passions as those with which they were animated on earth

ODE XIV.—TO POSTUMUS.

Reflections on the shortness of life and certainty of death.

How swiftly glide our flying years!
Alas! nor piety, nor tears

Can stop the fleeting day;
Deep-furrow'd wrinkles, posting age,
And death's unconquerable rage,
Are strangers to delay.

Though every day a bull should bleed
To Pluto, bootless were the deed,
The monarch tearless reigns,
Where vulture-tortured Tityus lies,
And triple Geryon's monstrous size
The gloomy wave detains.

Whoever tastes of earthly food
Is doomed to pass the joyless flood,
And hear the Stygian roar;
The scepter'd king, who rules the earth,
The labouring hind, of humbler birth,
Must reach the distant shore.

The broken surge of Adria's main,
Hoarse sounding we avoid in vain,
And Mars in blood-stain'd arms;
The southern blast in vain we fear,
And autumn's life-annoying air
With idle fears alarms;

For all must see Cocytus flow,
Whose gloomy water sadly slow
Strays through the dreary soil.
The guilty maids, an ill-famed train!
And, Sisyphus, thy labours vain,
Condemn'd to endless toil.

Your pleasing consort must be left,
And you of villas, lands bereft,
Must to the shades descend;
The cypress only, hated tree!
Of all thy much-loved groves, shall thee,
Its short-lived lord attend.

Then shall your worthier heir discharge,
And set th' imprison'd casks at large,
And die the floor with wine,
So rich and precious, not the feasts
Of holy pontiffs cheer their guests
With liquor more divine.

ODE XV.*

In this ode Horace opposes the ancient frugality to the modern luxury.

In royal pride our buildings rise;
The useless plough neglected lies;
Ponds, broad as lakes, our fields o'erspread;
Th' unmarried plane high waves the head
Above the elm, while all around,
Wafting their fragrance o'er the ground,
Where once the olive pour'd its shade,
And its rich master's cares repaid;
The violet and myrtle greets
The senses with a waste of sweets;
While vainly would Apollo's ray
Through our thick laurels pour the day.
Not such were Cato's sage decrees,
Nor Romulus by arts like these

* The poet in this ode opposes the magnificence and expense of the present Romans, in their buildings, plantations, and gardens, to the simplicity and frugality of their ancestors, by whom the public edifices and temples of the gods were thought the noblest monuments of true grandeur, as well as of piety

The wealth brought into Rome by ravaging and plundering the world was employed, with a wantonness almost incredible, in the last excesses of extravagance and luxury These excesses vitiated the minds, corrupted the understandings and broke the resolution of a people, not less glorious for their spirit of liberty, than for their conquest of the world Thus, at length, they were debased to a violence of slavery unknown to the nations whom they had conquered, and infamous to all posterity

13 Valerius Maximus has given us this glorious character of

[Wi]th wisdom form'd th' imperial sway,
And bid th' unwilling world obey.
Though small each personal estate,
The public revenues were great;
Arcades were then by law confined,
Nor open'd to the northern wind:
Or turf, or brick, where fortune pleased,
The private dwelling humbly raised;
While awful to the powers divine
Rose high to heaven the sacred shrine,
And all the public structures shone,
Enrich'd with ornamental stone.

ODE XVI.—TO POMPEIUS GROSPHUS.*

THE poet describes happiness as consisting in bridling our affections

CAUGHT in the wild Ægean seas,
The sailor bends to heaven for ease;
While clouds the moon's fair lustre hide,
And not a star his course to guide.
Furious in war the Thracian prays,
The quiver'd Mede, for ease, for ease,

the ancient Romans, that every one was earnest to increase the wealth of his country, not his own private fortune, and chose rather to be poor in a rich state, than to be rich when the commonwealth was poor "They aimed," says Cicero, "at the praises of frugality in their domestic affairs, and of dignity in all that concerned the public"

* When Horace draws the morals of Epicurus at their source, it must be confessed that human wisdom never produced any system more reasonable The pleasure of that philosopher, a pleasure abused by libertinism, and condemned by ignorance, consisted in a tranquillity of mind, resulting from the practice of virtue. From this principle are derived all those beautiful maxims which our poet has dispersed through his whole works, and which appear particularly in this ode, where he gives such counsel to his friend as seems to be dictated by reason itself

A blessing never to be sold
For gems, for purple, or for gold.
Nor can the consul's power control
The sickly tumults of the soul;
Or bid the cares to stand aloof
That hover round the vaulted roof.
Happy the man, whose frugal board
His father's plenty can afford;
His gentle sleep nor anxious fear
Shall drive away, nor sordid care.
Why do we aim with eager strife
At things beyond the mark of life?
To climates warm'd by other suns
In vain the wretched exile runs;
Flies from his country's native skies,
But never from himself he flies;
Corroding cares incessant charge
His flight, and climb his armed barge,
Or though he mount the rapid steed,
Care follows with unerring speed,
Far fleeter than the timorous hind,
Far fleeter than the driving wind.
The spirit, that, serenely gay,
Careless enjoys the present day,
Can with an easy, cheerful smile,
The bitterness of life beguile,
Nor fears the approaching hour of fate,
Nor hopes for human bliss complete.
Achilles perish'd in his prime;
Tithon was worn away by time;
And fate, with lavish hand, to me
May grant what it denies to thee.
A hundred bleating flocks are thine;
Around thee graze thy lowing kine;
Neighing, thy mares invite the reins;
Thy robes the twice-died purple stains:
On me, not unindulgent fate
Bestow'd a rural, calm retreat,

Where I may tune the Roman lyre,
And warm the song with Grecian fire;
Then scorn, in conscious virtue proud,
The worthless malice of the crowd.

ODE XVII.—TO MÆCENAS.*

HORACE comforts Mæcenas labouring under a fever, and denies that he can possibly survive him.

WHY will Mæcenas thus complain?
Why kill me with the tender strain?
Nor can the gods, nor I consent
That you, my life's great ornament,
Should sink untimely to the tomb,
While I survive the fatal doom.
Should you, alas! be snatch'd away,
Wherefore, ah! wherefore should I stay,
My value lost, no longer whole,
And but possessing half my soul?
One day (believe the sacred oath)
Shall lead the funeral pomp of both:
With thee to Pluto's dark abode;
With thee I'll tread the dreary road.
Nor fell Chimæra's breath of fire,
Nor hundred-handed Gyas dire,
Shall ever tear my friend from me;
So justice and the fates decree.

* Mæcenas, as we are informed by Pliny, laboured from his infancy under a perpetual fever, which must necessarily have changed the natural gayety of his temper, especially towards the latter end of his life. It is probable that he frequently, and with some impatience, lamented to his favourite poet his approaching death. Horace, justly sensible to his complainings, in this ode entreats him to talk no more in such affecting language; he tells him, that he is determined not to survive him, and proves it to be impossible by the conformity of their destinies, particularly those accidents by which their lives had been endangered; from whence he proposes that they should perform their sacrifices in gratitude to the gods, who had preserved them.—*San.*

Whether fair Libra's kinder sign,
Or Scorpius with an eye malign
Beheld my birth, (whose gloomy power,
Rules dreadful o'er the natal hour,)
Or Capricorn, with angry rays,
Who shines the tyrant of the seas;
With equal beams our stars unite,
And strangely shed their mingled light.
Thee, Jove's bright influence snatch'd away
From baleful Saturn's impious ray,
And stopp'd the rapid wings of fate
When the full theatre, elate,
With joyful transports hail'd thy name,
And thrice uprais'd the loud acclaim.
A tree, when falling on my head,
Had surely crush'd me to the dead;
But Pan, the poet's guardian, broke
With saving hand the destined stroke.
For thee, let the rich victim's blood
Pour forth to Jove its purple flood,
For thee, the votive temple rise;
For me, an humble lambkin dies.

ODE XVIII.

HORACE inveighs against Roman luxury and covetousness.

No walls, with ivory inlaid,
Adorn my house; no colonnade
Proudly supports my citron beams,
Nor rich with gold my ceiling flames;
Nor have I, like an heir unknown,
Seized upon Attalus's throne;
Nor dames, to happier fortunes bred,
Draw down for me the purple thread
Yet with a firm and honest heart,
Unknowing or of fraud or art,
A liberal vein of genius bless'd,
I'm by the rich and great caress'd.

My patron's gift, my Sabine field,
Shall all its rural plenty yield;
And happy in that rural store,
Of Heaven and him I ask no more.
Day presses on the heels of day,
And moons increase to their decay;
But you, with thoughtless pride elate,
Unconscious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to rise,
When, lo! thy tomb forgotten lies:
And, though the waves indignant roa
Forward you urge the Baian shore;
While earth's too narrow bounds in vain
Your guilty progress would restrain.
The sacred landmark strives in vain
Your impious avarice to restrain
You break into your neighbour's grounds,
And overleap your client's bounds.
Driven out by thee, to new abodes
They carry their paternal gods:
The wife her husband's sorrow shares,
And on her breast her squalid infants bears.
Yet destined by unerring fate,
Shall death this wealthy lord await:
Then whither tend thy wide domains?
For Earth impartial entertains
Her various sons, and in her breast
Princes and beggars equal rest.
Nor gold could bribe, nor art deceive
The gloomy life-guard of the grave,

17 The poet begins here, although the transition and connection be not very strongly marked, directly to attack the manners of his age, and unites in the same subject both their avarice and prodigality; for these two passions, however opposite they may seem, are frequently found in the same character — *Sanadon*

35 The poet opposes to the rapine of this invader the total ruin which death shall cause, in leaving him no more than he leaves to them he has plundered

41 The poet, by allusion to some fable of Prometheus no

Backward to tread the shadowy way,
And waft Prometheus into day.
Yet he, who Tantalus detains,
With all his haughty race in chains,
Invoked or not, the wretch receives,
And from the toils of life relieves.

ODE XIX.—TO BACCHUS.*

THE poet celebrates the praises of Bacchus, being filled and animated by his divinity.

I SAW (let future times believe)
The god of wine his lectures give;
Mid rocks far distant was the scene.
With ears erect the satyrs stood,
And every goddess of the wood
Listen'd th' instructive solemn strain.

The recent terror heaves my breast;
Yet with th' inspiring power possess'd,
Tumultuous joys my soul have warm'd:
Dreadful, who shak'st the ivy spear,
Thy votary thus prostrate hear,
And be thy rage, thy rage disarm'd.

longer known, insinuates to this avaricious lord how useless the wealth, which he had purchased by violence and rapine, shall prove after death, for death to the poor is the beginning of their repose, to the rich an end of their pleasures.—*San.*

* This ode probably was written for some festival of Bacchus, and the poet with a kind of bacchanalian enthusiasm has impressed the marks of his divinity on all parts of this vast universe. Earth, sea, hell, and heaven have felt the effects of his power.—*San.*

1 This beginning is truly sublime. It is a picture capable of alarming and filling the imagination by a natural mixture of the rural and majestic. The scene is happily chosen, for the mysteries of gods ought to be performed in places distant from the commerce of profane mortals.—*San.*

12 The poet imagines that he beholds Bacchus raising his ivy

Give me to sing, by thee inspired,
Thy priestesses to madness fired:
Fountains of wine shall pour along,
And, melting from the hollow tree,
The golden treasures of the bee,
And streams of milk shall fill the song.

Fair Ariadne's crown shall rise,
And add new glories to the skies;
While I to listening nations tell
How impious Pentheus' palace burn'd,
With hideous ruin overturn'd,
And how the mad Lycurgus fell.

Indus and Ganges own thy sway,
Barbaric seas thy power obey,
And o'er the pathless mountain's height,
(Her head with horrid snakes enroll'd,
Which harmless writhe their angry fold,)
Thy raptured priestess speeds her flight.

When rising fierce in impious arms,
The giant race with dire alarms
Assail'd the sacred realms of light,
With lion wrath, and dreadful paw,
With blood-besmear'd and foaming jaw,
You put their horrid chief to flight.

For dancing form'd, for love and wit,
You seem'd for war's rude toils unfit,
And polish'd to each softer grace:
But dreadful when in arms you shone,
You made the fatal art your own,
In war excelling as in peace.

spear to strike him for daring to reveal his awful mysteries without his permission. He asks pardon for his temerity, and calms the anger of the god by the most artful praises. The ode is divided into three parts: the first includes the benefits which the god has bestowed on humankind, the second shows some instances of his vengeance; and the third describes his exploits.

With golden horn supremely bright
You darted round the bending light,
  Far beaming through the gloom of hell:
When Cerberus, with fear amazed,
Forgot his rage, and fawning gazed,
  And at thy feet adoring fell.

ODE XX.—TO MÆCENAS.

HORACE promises himself eternal fame from his verses

WITH strong unwonted wing, I rise,
A two-form'd poet, through the skies.
Far above envy will I soar,
And tread this worthless earth no more
For know, ye rivals of my fame,
Though lowly born, a vulgar name
I will not condescend to die,
Nor in the Stygian waters lie.
  A rougher skin now clothes my thighs,
Into a swan's fair form I rise,
And feel the feather'd plumage shed
Its down, and o'er my shoulders spread.
Swift as with Dædalean wing,
Harmonious bird, I'll soaring sing,
And in my flight the foamy shores
Where Bosphorus tremendous roars,
The regions bound by northern cold,
And Libya's burning sands behold.
Then to the learned sons of Spain;
To him, who ploughs the Scythian main;

1 A poet without wings, is a poet without genius This unusual flight of Horace alludes to his imitation of the Grecian lyric writers, and the next line represents him in the beginning of this metamorphosis, half man and half bird —*San*

19 In the time of Augustus learning and the sciences flourished in Spain, whither they were carried from Asia, and where the Roman colonies contributed greatly to their encouragement —*Dac.*

To him, who with dissembled fears,
Conscious, the Roman arms reveres;
To him, who drinks the rapid Rhone,
Shall Horace, deathless bard! be known.
My friends, the funeral sorrow spare,
The plaintive song, and tender tear;
Nor let the song of grief profane
With loud laments the solemn scene,
Nor o'er your poet's empty urn
With useless, idle sorrows mourn.

BOOK III.

ODE I.*

Horace asserts that happiness consists neither in honours nor riches

Monarchs on earth their power extend;
Monarchs to Jove submissive bend,
And own the sovereign god;
With glorious triumph who subdued
The Titan race, gigantic brood!
And shakes whole nature with his nod.

When rival candidates contend,
And to the Field of Mars descend
To urge th' ambitious claim,

* Horace in this and the next book shows forth all his poetical abilities. Poetry itself appears in its native original character, employed in celebrating the power of the gods, and the praises of men, in supporting the sacred truths of religion, and encouraging the practice of moral virtue. In this ode the poet asserts the sovereignty of Jupiter, and descending from him, on whom they all depend, through the various degrees of life, he teaches us that true happiness can only be found in a contented and frugal enjoyment of the blessings we possess.

7 Horace here descends to the conditions of life which are most exalted next to that of kings. Among the Romans there was nothing above their first magistracies, and the poet makes a short and just enumeration of the qualities which ought to be considered in the candidates. Virtue alone should decide in all elections, but riches, popularity, and birth, in all ages and countries, too frequently corrupt the suffrages.—*San. Dac.*

8 The Field of Mars, where the popular assemblies were held for elections, was in the lowest ground of Rome.

Some of illustrious birth are proud,
Some of their clients' vassal crowd,
And some of virtue's fame.

Others the rural labour love,
And joy to plant the spreading grove,
The furrow'd glebe to turn;
Yet with impartial hand shall fate
Both of the lowly and the great
Shake the capacious urn.

Behold the wretch, with conscious dread,
In pointed vengeance o'er his head
Who views th' impending sword;
Nor dainties force his pall'd desire,
Nor chant of birds, nor vocal lyre
To him can sleep afford;

Heart-soothing sleep, which not disdains
The rural cot, and humble swains,
And shady river fair;
Or Tempe's ever-blooming spring,
Where zephyrs wave the balmy wing,
And fan the buxom air.

Who nature's frugal dictates hears,
He nor the raging ocean fears,
Nor stars of power malign,
Whether in gloomy storms they rise,
Or swift descending through the skies,
With angry lustre shine;

Whether his vines be smit with hail;
Whether his promised harvests fail,

19 The commentators understand these words of Damocles, yet, as he is charged with no other crime than that of praising the happiness of Dionysius, they seem more justly to be applied to the tyrant himself, whom Horace considers in the same danger to which Damocles was exposed, and under whose person he describes the dangerous and wretched situation of all tyrants, amid their pomp and appearances of happiness.—*Dac.*

Perfidious to his toil;
Whether his drooping trees complain
Of angry winter's chilling rain,
Or stars that burn the soil.

Not such the haughty lord, who lays
His deep foundations in the seas,
And scorns earth's narrow bound:
The fish, affrighted, feel their waves
Contracted by his numerous slaves,
Ev'n in the vast profound.

High though his structures rise in air,
Pale menaces, and black despair,
This haughty lord shall find
O'ertake his armed galley's speed,
And when he mounts the flying steed
Sits gloomy care behind.

If purple, which the morn outshines,
Or marble from the Phrygian mines,
Though labour'd high with art;
If essence, breathing sweets divine,
Or flowing bowls of generous wine,
Ill sooth an anxious heart,

On columns raised in modern style,
Why should I plan the lofty pile
To rise with envied state?
Why, for a vain superfluous store,
Which would encumber me the more,
Resign my Sabine seat?

ODE II.—TO HIS FRIENDS.*

THE poet here extols military bravery, probity, and fidelity in keeping a secret

OUR hardy youth should learn to bear
Sharp want, to rein the warlike steed,
To hurl the well-directed spear
With pointed force, and bid the Parthian bleed.

Thus form'd in war's tumultuous trade
Through summer's heat, and winter's cold,
Some tyrant's queen, or blooming maid,
Shall from her walls the martial youth behold,

"Let not, alas! my royal spouse,
Untaught the deathful sword to wield,
That lion, in his anger rouse,
Whom furious rage drives through th' ensanguined field."

* The design of Horace in this ode is to recommend fortitude in bearing the distresses of war, virtue in the pursuit of the honours of peace, and silence in preserving the mysteries of religion Thus the ode is composed of three parts, regularly and naturally connected We may believe, by the fourth line, that it was written before the conquest of Parthia, but in what particular year is uncertain —*Dac*

2 The poet is not contented with saying that youth should be taught to suffer want but strengthens it with an epithet, "severe want" Such was the discipline of the Romans by which they subdued the world, but we follow other maxims, for luxury and good cheer dwell in the camps of our soldiery

8 This description is perfectly beautiful, and finely imagined to animate a young warrior to bear the fatigues of his profession His rising valour could not appear in a nobler theatre. It is probable that the tyrant here mentioned was the Parthian king, whose daughter was betrothed to some prince of that country, and the image seems to have been taken from the passage of Homer, where Helen and the Trojan dames appear on the walls, and view the Grecian camp.—*Dac. San.*

What joys, what glories round him wait
Who bravely for his country dies,
While with dishonest wounds shall fate
Relentless stab the coward as he flies!

With stainless lustre virtue shines,
A base repulse, nor knows, nor fears;
Nor claims her honours, nor declines,
As the light air of crowds uncertain veers;

To him, who not deserves to die,
She shows the paths which heroes trod,
Then bids him boldly tempt the sky,
Spurn off his mortal clay, and rise a god.

To silence due rewards we give,
And they, who mysteries reveal,
Beneath my roof shall never live,
Shall never hoist with me the doubtful sail.

When Jove in anger strikes the blow,
Oft with the bad the righteous bleed:
Yet with sure steps, though lame and slow,
Vengeance o'ertakes the trembling villain's speed.

17 Horace begins here the second part of the ode, with the praises of political or moral virtue, which is ever independent of a capricious, inconstant people, and by its own strength rises to places of greatest eminence.—*Dac.*

26 He who discovered the mysteries of Ceres was driven out from the society of humankind, and detested as a wretch unworthy of the common offices of humanity. It was thought dangerous to converse with him, lest Jupiter in his anger should confound the innocent with the guilty. The Greeks not only punished with death the person who revealed these mysteries, but even those who listened to them.—*Dac.*

ODE III.*

HORACE dissuades Augustus from transferring the seat of empire to Troy

THE man, in conscious virtue bold,
Who dares his secret purpose hold,
Unshaken hears the crowd's tumultuous cries,
And the impetuous tyrant's angry brow defies.

Let the wild winds, that rule the seas
Tempestuous, all their horrors raise;
Let Jove's dread arm with thunders rend the spheres,
Beneath the crush of worlds undaunted he appears.

* The boldness of designing, and singularity of invention, the sublimity of poetry, and artifice of conduct, the force of expression, and richness of figures, the choice of sentiments, and sweetness of numbers, in this poem, have compelled the critics to agree that it is one of the noblest odes of Horace

Julius Cæsar, according to Suetonius, had formed a design of transporting the seat of empire to Troy, or Alexandria, after having exhausted Italy of its treasures and inhabitants This was strongly reported a little before the dictator was put to death, and as Augustus seemed willing to enter into all the schemes of his predecessor, and as Troy was usually esteemed the seat of the Julian family, the Romans were apprehensive that he had resolved to carry this project into execution It is certain that both Julius Cæsar and Augustus, on many occasions, showed a very remarkable inclination in favour of Troy. The first ordered it to be rebuilt, the second settled a colony there; and they both granted it considerable privileges. Thus the report concerning the dictator's intention might naturally make the people attentive to the actions of his successor, and their apprehensions might have engaged the poet to write this ode, in which he boldly attempts to dissuade Augustus from his design, by representing Juno, in a full assembly of the gods, threatening the Romans with her resentment, if they should dare to rebuild the walls of a city which had been always an object of her displeasure and revenge.

Thus to the flamy towers above,
The vagrant hero, son of Jove,
Upsoar'd with strength his own, where Cæsar lies,
And quaffs, with glowing lips, the bowl's immortal joys.

Lycæus thus his tigers broke,
Fierce and indocile to the yoke:
Thus from the gloomy regions of the dead,
On his paternal steeds, Rome's mighty founder fled;

When heaven's great queen, with words benign
Address'd th' assembled powers divine—
Troy, hated Troy, an umpire lewd, unjust,
And a proud foreign dame, have sunk thee to the dust.

To me, and wisdom's queen decreed,
With all thy guilty race to bleed,
What time thy haughty monarch's perjured sire
Mock'd the defrauded gods, and robb'd them of their hire.

The gaudy guest of impious fame
No more pursues th' adulterous dame,
Hector no more his faithful brothers leads
To break the Grecian force; no more the victor bleeds.

Since the long war now sinks to peace,
And all our heavenly factions cease;
Instant to Mars my vengeance I resign,
And here receive his son, though born of Trojan line.

11 Divine honours were decreed to Augustus in the year 725, and the poet here appoints him a seat in heaven among the heroes who were deified for their resolution and constancy to show that his statue was placed in Rome with those of Pollux, Hercules, and Bacchus The Romans painted the faces of these statues with vermilion

Here, with encircling glories bright,
Free let him tread the paths of light,
And rank'd among the tranquil powers divine,
Drink deep the nectar'd bowl, and quaff celestial wine.

From Rome to Troy's detested shores,
While loud a length of ocean roars,
Unenvied let th' illustrious exiles reign,
Where fate directs their course, and spreads their wide domain.

On Priam's and th' adulterer's urn,
While herds the dust insulting spurn,
Let the proud capitol in glory stand,
And Rome, to triumph'd Medes, give forth her stern command:

Let the victorious voice of fame
Wide spread the terrors of her name
Where seas the continents of earth divide,
And Nilus bathes the plain with his prolific tide.

Let her the golden mine despise;
For deep in earth it better lies,
Than when by hands profane, from nature's store,
To human use compell'd, flames forth the sacred ore.

Where nature's utmost limits end,
Let her triumphant arts extend;

37 Juno is not contented with saying that a length of ocean shall roll between Troy and Rome, but shall be ever enraged with storms to hinder all commerce between the two nations. However, it is remarkable that all her threats are confined to the Trojans, nor ever fall on their descendants.—*Dac. San.*

39 The queen of the gods, in sign of reconciliation, begins to foretell the Romans the most glorious ages of their empire, in repeating the conditions expressed in the former verses, as if all their glory depended absolutely on those conditions. This turn has something so truly sublime, that perhaps the marvellous of poetry cannot rise higher.

Or where the sun pours down his madding beams,
Or where the clouds are dark, and rain perpetual
streams.

Thus let the warlike Romans reign,
(So Juno and the fates ordain,)
But on these terms alone, no more to dare
Through piety or pride, their parent Troy repair;

For Troy rebuilt, ill-omen'd state!
Shall feel the same avenging fate;
Again my Grecians shall victorious prove,
By me led on to war, the sister-wife of Jove.

Thrice should Apollo raise her wall,
Thrice shall her brazen bulwarks fall,
Thrice shall her matrons feel the victor's chain,
Deplore their slaughter'd sons, deplore their husbands slain.

But whither would the muse aspire?
Such themes nor suit the sportive lyre,
Nor should the wanton, thus in feeble strain,
The councils of the gods, immortal themes! profane.

60 The two principal motives which made the Romans apprehensive that Augustus intended to make Troy the capital of the world, were his piety and the confidence of his power. He was descended from the Trojans by Æneas, and the natural tenderness for his ancestors, joined to the flattering idea of such an ancient origin, seemed to call him to Troy. The present conjuncture gave him an opportunity of executing this change with the greatest ease. His power was raised to its highest pitch, and confirmed by almost a continual peace of nine years, in which he had twice shut the temple of Janus. He had now entered the East with two numerous armies, one of which he commanded in person, the other was marching towards Asia Minor under the conduct of Tiberius.—*San.*

69 Horace could not push the subject further without displeasing Augustus; for it is dangerous to let the great perceive that we have discovered what they are willing to conceal. He therefore stops short, and ends with a kind of artificial vanity, which is always pardonable in a poet.—*Dac. San.*

ODE IV.—TO CALLIOPE.

THE poet describes the happiness of those who are under the protection of the gods.

DESCEND from heaven, and in a lengthen'd strain,
Queen of melodious sounds, the song sustain;
Or on the voice high-raised, the breathing flute,
The lyre of golden tone, or sweet Phœbean lute.
Hark! some celestial voice I raptured hear!
Or does a pleasing phrensy charm my ear?
Through hallow'd groves I stray, where streams beneath
From lucid fountains flow, and zephyrs balmy breathe.
Fatigued with sleep, and youthful toil of play,
When on a mountain's brow reclined I lay
Near to my natal soil, around my head
The fabled woodland doves a verdant foliage spread:
Matter, be sure, of wonder most profound
To all the gazing habitants around,
Who dwell in Acherontia's airy glades,
Amid the Bantian woods, or low Ferentum's meads;
By snakes of poison black, and beasts of prey,
That thus, in dewy sleep, unharm'd I lay;
Laurels and myrtle were around me piled,
Not without guardian gods an animated child.

9 Horace endeavours to persuade his friends, by the miracles which the muses performed in his favour when he was a boy, that all this agreeable prospect is real He begins, therefore, to number the benefits for which he was indebted to them, and thus insensibly proceeds to speak of the pardon which he had received by their means He proposes himself as the first example of their protection, from whence he rises to their affection and care for Augustus —*Dac San.*

15 Horace calls Acherontia a nest, because it was situated on rocks, on the frontiers of Lucania Cicero says of Ulysses, "so powerful is the love of our country, that the wisest of the Greeks preferred his Ithaca, fixed like a nest on rocks, to the enjoyment of immortality."—*Dac.*

Yours, I am ever yours, harmonious Nine,
Whether I joy in Tibur's vale supine;
Whether I climb the Sabine mountain's height,
Or in Præneste's groves, or Baian streams delight.
Nor tree devoted, nor tempestuous main,
Nor flying hosts, that swept Philippi's plain
In fearful rout, your filial bard destroy'd,
While in your springs divine and choral sports he joy'd.
If by the muse's faithful guidance led,
Or Libya's thirsty sands I'll fearless tread,
Or climb the venturous bark, and launch from shore,
Though Bosphorus in storms with madding horrors roar.
Nor Britons, of inhospitable strain;
Nor quiver'd Scythians; nor the Caspian main;
Nor he, who joyous quaffs the thirsty bowl,
Streaming with horses' blood, shall shake my dauntless soul.

26 The poet here collects three facts, to show that the gods particularly watched over his preservation He fled from the battle of Philippi in 712, he escaped being killed by the fall of a tree, 731, and he was preserved from shipwreck, probably in the year 716, when he went aboard the fleet with Mæcenas, to pass over into Sicily against Pompey He never mentions any danger of shipwreck to which he had been exposed in his return from Philippi, as Acron and some commentators have imagined, who suppose him wandering, with a tedious and uncertain voyage, through the Sicilian seas, instead of going directly to Brundusium Besides, such a voyage must have been as dangerous as tedious, those seas being covered with the fleets of Pompey and Domitius, to whom he was at that time an enemy, by his accepting an amnesty from Octavius —*San*

33 On the authority of the scholiast Acron, the commentators believed that the Britons sacrificed strangers to the gods, and Torentius tells us that in his time they were rather malevolent than cruel to foreigners, but that such a disposition must be expected in a people separated from the whole world

Mr. Baxter very dexterously applies these human sacrifices to the Irish, of whom the character he tells us is better to be understood, and gives this excellent reason for his decision: that St Jerome (about three hundred years after this ode was written) saw two Irishmen devouring a human carcass in Gaul

When Cæsar, by your forming arts inspired,
Cheerful disbands his troops, of conquest tired,
And yields to willing peace his laurell'd spoils,
In the Pierian cave you charm the hero's toils;
Gracious from you the lenient councils flow,
Which bid the hero spare his prostrate foe;
For Cæsar rules like Jove, whose equal sway
The ponderous mass of earth and stormy seas obey:
O'er gods and mortals, o'er the dreary plains,
And shadowy ghosts, supremely just he reigns:
But, dreadful in his wrath, to hell pursued,
With thunder's headlong rage, the fierce Titanian brood,
Whose horrid youth, elate with impious pride,
Unnumber'd, on their sinewy force relied;
Mountain on mountain piled they raised in air,
And shook the throne of Jove, and bade the thunderer fear.
But what could Mimas, of enormous might;
Typhœus or Porphyrion's threatening height;
Or bold Enceladus fierce-darting far
The trunks of trees uptorn, dire archer of the war;
Though with despair and rage inspired they rose,
To sage Minerva's sounding shield oppose?
While Vulcan here in flames devour'd his way.
There matron Juno stood, and there the god of day,

38 It is a noble encomium of Augustus, that he was fatigued with conquest, which he was always willing to end by an honourable peace Piso having happily terminated the Thracian war in 743, Augustus returned to Rome in the beginning of the year following, with Tiberius and Drusus, who had reduced the Germans, the Dacians, and other nations bordering on the Danube. The empire being thus at peace, Augustus executed a decree of the senate to shut the temple of Janus. This naturally supposes the disbanding of his armies, of which Horace speaks.—*San*

60 The Roman or Matron Juno is here introduced by the poet supporting the empire of heaven, in compliment to her, as patroness and protectress of his country. In ancient gems and marbles she is always represented in a modest dress, as the Juno Regina, and Juno Moneta in a magnificent. She is cov-

Resolved, till he had quell'd the aspiring foe,
Never to lay aside th' unerring bow.
He the pure dew of fair Castalia loves,
There bathes his flowing hair, and haunts his natal groves.
Ill-counsell'd force, by its own native weight,
Precipitately falls; with happier fate
While the good gods upraise the just design,
And bold unhallow'd schemes pursue with wrath divine.
This truth shall hundred-handed Gyas prove,
And warm Orion, who with impious love
Tempting the goddess of the sylvan scene,
Was by her virgin darts, gigantic victim! slain.
On her own monsters hurl'd with hideous weight,
Fond mother Earth deplores her offspring's fate;
By thunders dire to livid Orcus doom'd,
Nor fire can eat its way through Ætna unconsumed.
Such are the pains to lawless lust decreed;
On Tityus' liver shall the vulture feed
With rage ungorged, while Pluto stern detains
His amorous rival bound in thrice a hundred chains.

ODE V.—THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS.

HORACE praises Augustus, who had subdued the Britons and Parthians

DREAD Jove in thunder speaks his just domain;
On earth, a present god, shall Cæsar reign,
Since world-divided Britain owns his sway,
And Parthia's haughty sons his high behests obey.

ered with a long robe, like that of the Roman matrons, who held it scandalous to have any part uncovered but their faces. The figures of the Roman empresses were often formed under this character of Juno.

3 Strabo informs us that the princes of Britain gained his friendship by their embassies and submission. They carried their presents into the capitol, and made the Roman people masters of their whole island. Thus, although the Romans

Oh name of country, once how sacred deem'd!
Oh sad reverse of manners, once esteem'd!
While Rome her ancient majesty maintain'd;
In his own capitol while Jove imperial reign'd,
Could they to foreign spousals meanly yield,
Whom Crassus led with honour to the field?
Have they, to their barbarian lords allied,
Grown old in hostile arms beneath a tyrant's pride,
Basely forgetful of the Roman name,
The heaven-descended shields, the vestal flame,
That wakes eternal, and the peaceful gown;
Those emblems, which the fates with boundless empire crown?
When Regulus refused the terms of peace
Inglorious, he foresaw the deep disgrace,
Whose foul example should in ruin end,
And e'en to latest times our baffled arms extend,
Unless the captive youth in servile chains
Should fall unpitied. In the Punic fanes
Have I not seen, the patriot captain cried,
The Roman ensigns fix'd in monumental pride?
I saw our arms resign'd without a wound;
Our freeborn citizens in fetters bound;
The gates of Carthage open; and the plain,
Late by our war laid waste, with culture clothed again.

never triumphed for the conquest of Britain, yet Augustus was considered as having subdued it.

9 It was a double infamy to a Roman soldier to marry a foreign woman, and by such an alliance to confound the blood of Rome with that of her enemies

14 The poet aggravates the cowardice of the Romans by this very strong reflection, that they had forgotten the sacred bucklers, the Roman habit and name, and Vesta's eternal fire; as if they had renounced the divine protection, and that universal empire which was promised to them by these sacred pledges.

28 At once to raise the courage and indignation of the Romans, Regulus tells them that, the Carthaginians were so persuaded of their weakness, that although the war was not finished, they lived as if in perfect peace, and even cultivated those lands which he himself had laid waste.—*Dac.*

Ransom'd, no doubt, with nobler sense of fame
The soldier shall return—ye purchase shame.
When the fair fleece imbibes the dier's stain,
Its native colour lost it never shall regain;
And valour, failing in the soldier's breast,
Scorns to resume what cowardice possess'd.
When from the toils escaped, the hind shall turn
Fierce on her hunters, he the prostrate foe may spurn
In second fight, who felt the fetters bind
His arms enslaved; who tamely hath resign'd
His sword unstain'd with blood; who might have died,
Yet on a faithless foe, with abject soul, relied;
Who for his safety mix'd poor terms of peace
Even with the act of war; oh foul disgrace!
Oh Carthage, now with rival glories great,
And on the ruins raised of Rome's dejected state!
The hero spoke; and from his wedded dame
And infant children turn'd, oppress'd with shame
Of his fallen state; their fond embrace repell'd,
And sternly on the earth his manly visage held,
Till, by his unexampled counsel sway'd,
Their firm decree the wavering senate made;
Then while his friends the tears of sorrow shed,
Amid the weeping throng the glorious exile sped.
Nor did he not the cruel tortures know,
Vengeful, prepared by a barbarian foe;
Yet, with a countenance serenely gay,
He turn'd aside the crowd, who fondly press'd his stay;
As if, when wearied by some client's cause,
After the final sentence of the laws,
Cheerful he hasted to some calm retreat,
To taste the pure delights that bless the rural seat.

ODE VI.—TO THE ROMANS.

In this ode the poet inveighs against the contempt of religion and corruption of morals among the Romans.

Though guiltless of your fathers' crimes,
Roman, 'tis thine, to latest times,
The vengeance of the gods to bear,
Till you their awful domes repair,
Profaned with smoke their statues raise,
And bid the sacred altars blaze.
That you the powers divine obey,
Boundless on earth extend your sway;
From hence your future glories date,
From hence expect the hand of fate.
Th' offended gods, in horrors dire,
On sad Hesperia pour'd their ire:
The Parthian squadrons twice repell'd
Our inauspicious powers, and quell'd
Our boldest efforts, while they shone
With spoils, from conquer'd Romans won.
The Dacians, whose unerring art
Can wing with death the pointed dart;
Th' Egyptian, for his navies famed,
Had Neptune's boundless empire claim'd,
And almost in their rage destroy'd
Imperial Rome, in civil strife employ'd.
Fruitful of crimes, this age first stain'd
Their hapless offspring, and profaned
The nuptial bed, from whence the woes,
That various and unnumber'd rose
From this polluted fountain-head,
O'er Rome, and o'er the nations spread.

14 The aruspices and inspectors of the victims foretold to Crassus that his expedition should prove unfortunate. Many prodigies, which happened while he stayed at Zeugma, seemed to confirm their predictions. Crassus despised all those presages, and hurried forward to his ruin.

With pliant limbs the tender maid
Now joys to learn the shameless trade
Of wanton dancing, and improves
The pleasures of licentious loves;
Then soon amid the bridal feast
Boldly she courts her husband's guest;
Her love no nice distinction knows,
But round the wandering pleasure throws,
Careless to hide the bold delight
In darkness, and the shades of night.
Nor does she need the thin disguise,
The conscious husband bids her rise,
When some rich factor courts her charms,
And calls the wanton to his arms,
Then, prodigal of wealth and fame,
Profusely buys the costly shame.
Not such the youth, of such a strain,
Who died with Punic gore the main;
Who Pyrrhus' flying war pursued,
Antiochus the great subdued,
And taught that terror of the field,
The cruel Hannibal, to yield:
But a rough race, inured to toil,
With heavy spade to turn the soil,
And, by a mother's will severe,
To fell the wood, and homeward bear
The ponderous load, even when the sun
His downward course of light had run,
And from the western mountain's head
His changing shadows lengthening spread,
Unyoked the team, with toil oppress'd,
And gave the friendly hour of rest.
What feels not time's consuming rage?
More vicious than their fathers' age
Our sires begot the present race,
Of manners, impious, bold, and base;
And yet, with crimes to us unknown,
Our sons shall mark the coming age their own.

ODE VII.—TO ASTERIE.

HORACE comforts Asterie, troubled for the absence of her husband, and exhorts her to persevere in her fidelity to him

AH! why does Asterie thus weep for the youth
Of constancy faithful, of honour and truth,
Whom the first kindly zephyrs, that breathe o'er the spring,
Enrich'd with the wares of Bithynia shall bring?
Driven back from his course by the tempests, that rise
When stars of mad lustre rule over the skies,
At Oricum now poor Gyges must stay,
Where sleepless he weeps the cold winter away;
While his landlady Chloe, in sorrow of heart,
Bids her envoy of love exert all his art,
Who tells him how Chloe, unhappy the dame!
Deep sighs for your lover, and burns in your flame.
He tells him how Prœtus, deceived by his wife,
Attempted, ah, dreadful! Bellerophon's life,
And urged by false crimes, how he sought to destroy
The youth for refusing, too chastely, the joy:
How Peleus was almost despatch'd to the dead,
While the lovely Magnesian abstemious he fled.
Then he turns every tale, and applies it with art,
To melt down his virtue, and soften his heart;
But constant and heart-whole young Gyges appears,
And deafer than rocks the tale-teller hears.
Then, fair one, take heed, lest Enipeus should prove
A little too pleasing, and tempt thee to love;
And though without rival he shine in the course,
To rein the fierce steed though unequal his force,

13 Homer calls this wife of Prœtus, Antæa, and by the tragic poets she is called Sthenobœa. Her story is related at length in the sixth book of the Iliad.—*Cruq.*

Though matchless the swiftness, with which he
divides,
In crossing the Tiber, the rough-swelling tides,
Yet shut the fond door at evening's first shade,
Nor look down to the street at the soft serenade,
Or if cruel he call thee in love-sighing strain,
Yet more and more cruel be sure to remain.

ODE VIII.—TO MÆCENAS.

HORACE invites Mæcenas to a domestic entertainment, which he was resolved to celebrate joyously.

THE Greek and Roman languages are thine,
Their hallow'd customs, and their rites divine,
And well you might the flowery wreath admire,
The fragrant incense, and the sacred fire,
Raised on the living turf to hail the day,
To which the married world their homage pay.
When on my head a tree devoted fell,
And almost crush'd me to the shades of hell,
Grateful I vow'd to him, who rules the vine,
A joyous banquet, while beneath his shrine
A snow-white goat should bleed, and when the year
Revolving bids this festal morn appear,
We'll pierce a cask with mellow juice replete,
Mellow'd with smoke, since Tullus ruled the state.

5 A festival was observed by the Roman ladies with much religious pomp, on the first of March, in memory of the day when the Sabine women, having reconciled their husbands with their fathers, dedicated a temple to Juno. In this temple they offered sacrifices and flowers to the goddess, and waited at home the rest of the day to receive the presents which their friends and husbands made them, as if to thank them for that happy mediation

11 The ancients usually sacrificed to the gods the beasts which they hated. Thus a goat is sacrificed to Bacchus, because it destroyed the vine The victims of the celestial gods were white; those of the infernal deities were black.—*Cruq.*

Come, then, Mæcenas, and for friendship's sake,
A friend preserved, a hundred bumpers take.
Come drink the watchful tapers up to-day,
While noise and quarrels shall be far away.
No more let Rome your anxious thoughts engage,
The Dacian falls beneath the victors' rage,
The Medes in civil wars their arms employ,
Inglorious wars! each other to destroy;
Our ancient foes, the haughty sons of Spain,
At length, indignant, feel the Roman chain;
With bows unbent the hardy Scythians yield,
Resolved to quit the long-disputed field.
No more the public claims thy pious fears,
Be not too anxious then with private cares,
But seize the gifts the present moment brings,
Those fleeting gifts, and leave severer things.

19 Augustus was not yet returned from his eastern expedition; and when Agrippa went to Spain, Pannonia, and Syria, Mæcenas possessed alone the government of Rome and Italy, until September, 738, when he resigned it to Statilius Taurus, that he might follow Augustus into Gaul.—*Torr San.*

25 It was the custom of all the northern nations to hold their bows unstrung, when they offered proposals of peace or truce, and when they retired off the field of battle.

ODE IX.—TO LYDIA.*

A Dialogue between Horace and Lydia.

Horace. While I was pleasing to your arms
Nor any youth of happier charms
Thy snowy bosom blissful press'd,
Not Persia's king like me was bless'd.
Lydia. While for no other fair you burn'd,
Nor Lydia was for Chloe scorn'd,
What maid was then so bless'd as thine?
Not Ilia's fame could equal mine.

* Horace in this ode hath found an art of joining the politeness of courts to the simplicity of the country.—*Torr.*

H. Now Chloe reigns; her voice and lyre
Melt down the soul to soft desire,
Nor will I fear e'en death, to save
Her dearer beauties from the grave.
L. My heart young Calaïs inspires,
Whose bosom glows with mutual fires,
For whom I twice would die with joy,
If death would spare the charming boy.
H. Yet what if love, whose bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the yoke;
Should I shake off bright Chloe's chain,
And take my Lydia home again?
L. Though he exceed in beauty far
The rising lustre of a star;
Though light as cork thy fancy strays,
Thy passions wild as angry seas,
When vex'd with storms; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

11 According to the superstition of the ancients, who believed that the death of one person might be prevented by that of another From hence came the custom of those devotements, made for the lives of princes

20 Horace was willing to try whether Lydia would consent to a reconciliation, but, to avoid a refusal, he leaves the sense unfinished, and rather insinuates than expresses his own inclination, or perhaps the break is owing to the warmth of Lydia, who interrupts him, and prevents what he is going to say

ODE X.—TO LYCE.

Horace implores Lyce to take pity on him.

Though you drank the deep stream of Tanais icy,
The wife of some barbarous blockhead, oh, Lyce,
Yet your heart might relent to expose me reclined
At your cruel shut door to the rage of the wind.
Hark! your gate—how it creaks! how the grove, planted round
Yon beautiful villa, rebellows the sound!

How Jupiter numbs all the regions below,
And glazes with crystal the fleeces of snow!
Away with these humours of pride and disdain,
To Venus ungrateful, to Cupid a pain,
Lest, while by the pulley you raise to the top,
Your rope should run back, and your bucket should
drop,
No sprightly Tyrrhenian begot thee a prude,
Another Penelope, harsh to be woo'd.
Oh, though neither presents, nor vow-sighing
strain,
Nor violet painting the cheek of thy swain,
Nor thy husband, who gives up his heart for a ditty
To a song-singing wench, can provoke thee to pity,
Though like the hard oak you're to softness inclined,
And milder than all of the serpentine kind,
Yet think not this side can for ever sustain
Thy threshold hard-hearted, and sky-falling rain.

ODE XI.—TO MERCURY.

HORACE applies to Mercury to inspire him with an ode capable of conquering Lyde's obstinacy.

OH thou, by whose harmonious aid,
Amphion's voice the listening stones could lead:
And sweetest shell, of power to raise,
On seven melodious strings, thy various lays,
Not vocal, when you first were found,
But of a simple and ungrateful sound;
Now tuned so sweetly to the ear,
That gods and men with sacred rapture hear;
Oh! thou inspire the melting strain
To charm my Lyde's obstinate disdain,
Who, like a filly o'er the field
With playful spirit bounds, and fears to yield
To hand of gentlest touch, or prove,
Wild as she is, the joys of wedded love.

'Tis yours, with all their beasts of prey,
To bid the forests move, and powerful stay
The rapid stream. The dog of hell,
Immense of bulk, to thee soft-soothing fell,
And suppliant bow'd, though round his head
His hundred snakes their guardian horrors spread;
Baleful his breath though fiery glow'd,
And from his three-tongued jaws fell poison flow'd.
Ixion, of his pains beguiled,
And Tityus, with unwilling pleasure, smiled;
Dry stood their urn, while with soft strain
You soothed the labours of the virgin train
Let Lyde hear, what pains, decreed,
Though late, in death attend the direful deed.
There doom'd to fill, unceasing task!
With idle toil, an ever-streaming cask;
Impious, who in the hour of rest,
Could plunge their daggers in a husband's breast.
Yet worthy of the nuptial flame,
And nobly meriting a deathless name,
Of many, one untainted maid,
Gloriously false, her perjured sire betray'd.
Thus to her youthful lord—Arise;
Awake, lest sleep eternal close thine eyes;
Eternal sleep: and, ah! from whom
You little dreaded the relentless doom.
Oh! fly, my lord, this wrathful sire;
Far from my sisters, fly, those sisters dire,
Who riot in their husbands' blood,
As lionesses rend their panting food;
While I, to such fell deeds a foe,
Nor bind thee here, nor strike the fatal blow.
Me let my father load with chains,
Or banish to Numidia's farthest plains;
My crime, that I a loyal wife,
In mercy spared a wretched husband's life.
While Venus, and the shades of night
Protect thee, speed, by sea or land, thy flight.

May every happy omen wait
To guide thee through this gloomy hour of fate,
Yet not forgetful of thy doom,
Engrave thy grateful sorrow on my tomb.

ODE XII.—TO NEOBULE.

In this ode it is intimated that Neobule, being captivated by the love of young Hebrus, had given herself up to sloth.

Unhappy the maidens forbidden to prove
The bumper's full joy, or the raptures of love;
Unhappy the girls, who are destined to hear
The tedious rebukes of old uncles severe.
Cytheræa's wing'd son now bids thee resign
The toils of Minerva, the spinster divine;
For, now, Neobule, with other desires
The brightness of Hebrus thy bosom inspires;
When he rises with vigour from Tiber's rough waves,
Where the oil of his labours athletic he laves,
Like Bellerophon skilful to rein the fierce steed,
At cuffs never conquer'd, nor outstripp'd in speed,
And dext'rous with darts never flying in vain,
To wound the light stag, bounding over the plain,
Or active and valiant the boar to surprise,
Transfix'd with his spear, as in covert he lies.

4 Among the Romans, uncles had a great power over their nephews, and, as they were not usually so indulgent as fathers, their severity passed into a proverb — *Torr.*

ODE XIII.—TO THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.*

HORACE promises to the fountain a sacrifice, and renown from his verses.

FOUNTAIN, whose waters far surpass
The shining face of polish'd glass,
To thee, the goblet, crown'd with flowers,
Grateful, the rich libation pours;
A goat, whose horns begin to spread,
And, bending, arm his swelling head,
Whose bosom glows with young desires,
Which war, or kindling love inspires,
Now meditates his blow in vain,—
His blood shall thy fair fountain stain.
When the fierce dogstar's fervid ray,
Flames forth, and sets on fire the day,
To vagrant flocks, that range the field,
You a refreshing coolness yield.
Or to the labour-wearied team,
Pour forth the freshness of thy stream.
Soon shalt thou flow a noble spring,
While in immortal verse I sing
The oak, that spreads thy rocks around,
From whence thy babbling waters bound.

* A beautiful fountain in the estate of a great poet ought to be immortal, and surely as long as the name of Horace shall live, or as long as poetry shall be loved, the name of Bandusia shall be remembered among the poetical fountains, Castalia, Aganippe, Hippocrene, &c There is in this ode an inimitable simplicity of description, and it is yet more valuable, as it is a curious example of the sacrifices offered to fountains, or rather to the deities who presided over them.—*San. Dac.*

ODE XIV.—TO THE ROMANS.*

HORACE celebrates Augustus's return from Spain.

THY prince, oh Rome, who foreign realms
Explored like Jove's immortal son,
Fearless to search the laurel wreath
By death and glorious daring won,
Victorious comes from farthest Spain,
To Rome and all his guardian gods again.

Let her, who to her arms receives
With joy her own, her laurell'd spouse,
Her private sacrifice perform'd,
Pay to just Heaven her public vows,
And let the fair Octavia lead
The matron train in suppliant veils array'd;

The matron train, to whose glad arms
Their sons, with conquest crown'd, return;
And you, fair youth, whose pious tears
Your slaughter'd sires and husbands mourn,

* Augustus left Rome in June 727 for his British expedition; but satisfied with the submission of that people, he turned his arms against the Spaniards, and did not return to Rome until the year 730. As the poet celebrated his departure, so he now celebrates his return; and after having described the public ceremonies of the festival, he ends with his enjoyment of the day at home in his private family.—*Torr*

2 It is probable that the victories which Augustus gained over the Cantabrians had given occasion to the poets and orators of the time to compare him to Hercules. Horace also uses a comparison, which flattery had rendered sacred, but with this advantage, that Augustus now returns victorious to Rome, as Hercules formerly went to Latium, after his exploits in Spain.—*Sanadon.*

12 The Roman ladies usually bound their heads, as a mark of their chastity, with fillets, which common women durst not wear. But Horace rather means the sacred veils, with which they covered their heads and hands in sacrifices, public prayers, and processions on extraordinary occasions —*Dac*

This day at least your griefs restrain,
And luckless from ill-omen'd words abstain.

This day, with truly festal joy,
Shall drive all gloomy cares away,
For while imperial Cæsar holds
O'er the glad earth his awful sway,
Nor fear of death from foreign arms,
Nor civil rage my dauntless soul alarms.

Boy, bring us essence, bring us crowns;
Pierce me a cask of ancient date,
Big with the storied Marsian war,
And with its glorious deeds replete,
If yet one jovial cask remain,
Since wandering Spartacus o'erswept the plain.

Invite Neæra to the feast,
Who sweetly charms the listening ear,
And bid the fair one haste to bind
In careless wreaths her essenced hair;
But should her porter bid you stay,
Leave the rough, surly rogue, and come away.

When hoary age upon our heads
Pours down its chilling weight of snows,
No more the breast with anger burns,
No more with amorous heat it glows:
Such treatment Horace would not bear,
When warm with youth, when Plancus fill'd the consul's chair.

42 Plancus was consul in the year in which the battle of Philippi was fought, where our poet appeared in the cause of liberty, and was a tribune under Brutus.—*Bond.*

ODE XV.—TO CHLORIS.

The poet advises an old woman to set bounds to her debauchery and lewdness.

Thou poor man's encumbrance, thou rake of a wife,
At length put an end to this infamous life;
Now near thy long home, to be rank'd with the
 shades,
Give over to frisk it with buxom young maids,
And, furrow'd with wrinkles, profanely to shroud
Those bright constellations with age's dark cloud.
 What Pholoë well, with a decency free,
Might practise, sits awkward, oh Chloris, on thee.
Like her, whom the timbrel of Bacchus arouses,
Thy daughter may better lay siege to the houses
Of youthful gallants, while she wantonly gambols,
Of Nothus enamour'd, like a goat in its rambles;
The spindle, the distaff, and wool spinning thrifty,
Not musical instruments, fit thee at fifty,
Nor roses empurpled, enriching the breeze,
Nor hogsheads of liquor, drunk down to the lees.

ODE XVI.—TO MÆCENAS.

In this ode are depicted the evil of riches, and the blessings of mediocrity.

Of watchful dogs an odious ward
Might well one hapless virgin guard,
When in a tower of brass immured,
And by strong gates of oak secured,
Although by mortal gallants lewd
With all their midnight arts pursued,
Had not great Jove, and Venus fair
Laugh'd at her father's fruitless care,
For well they knew no fort could hold
Against a god transform'd to gold.

Stronger than thunder's winged force
All-powerful gold can speed its course,
Through watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break:
From gold the overwhelming woes,
That crush'd the Grecian augur, rose;
Philip with gold through cities broke,
And rival monarchs felt his yoke;
Captains of ships to gold are slaves,
Though fierce as their own winds and waves.
Yet anxious care, and thirst of more
Attend the still increasing store.
While you in humble rank appear,
Gracing the knighthood, that you wear,
By your example taught, I dread
To raise the far conspicuous head.
The more we to ourselves deny,
The more the gods our wants supply.
Far from the quarters of the great,
Happy, though naked, I retreat,
And to th' unwishing few with joy
A bless'd and bold deserter fly,

15 Eriphyle discovered to her brother Adrastus where her husband Amphiaraus had concealed himself, that he might not be obliged to go to the war of Thebes, from whence he knew he should never return. She received a necklace of pearl as the price of her treachery, and Amphiaraus went to the siege, where he was slain. Her son Alcmæcia, in revenge for his father, put her to death, and he was afterward killed by his uncles in vengeance for their sister. Thus Horace justly says, that the avarice of one woman was the ruin of the whole family.—*Lamb*

17 Philip was advised by the oracle of Apollo to fight with golden spears, and it was one of his maxims that no fortress was impregnable into which an ass could enter laden with gold.

19 Even captains of ships are not proof against the temptations of gold. It has been always remarkable that seamen have something of rudeness and fierceness in their manners and temper; but perhaps the poet intended this remark particularly against some captains of ships at that time, who failed in their duty, by being corrupted with gold.—*Torr.*

Possess'd of what the great despise,
In real, richer pomp I rise,
Than if, from fair Apulia's plain,
I stored in heaps the various grain,
While, of the wealthy mass secure,
Amid the rich abundance poor.
The streamlet, flowing through my ground;
The wood, which a few acres bound;
The little farm of kindly soil,
Nor faithless to its master's toil,
Shall tell the consul, whose domain
Extends o'er Afric's fertile plain,
Though of his envied lot possess'd,
He ne'er shall be like Horace bless'd.
Though nor the famed Calabrian bee
Collects its golden sweets for me;
For me no Formian vintage grows,
With mellow'd warmth where Bacchus flows;
Nor on the verdant Gallic mead
My flocks of richer fleeces feed:
Yet am I not with want oppress'd,
Which vainly seeks the port of rest,
Nor would thy bounteous hand deny
My larger wishes to supply;
But while those wishes I restrain,
Farther I stretch my small domain
Than could I distant kingdoms join,
And make united empires mine;
For sure the state of man is such,
They greatly want who covet much:
Then happy he, whom Heaven hath fed
With frugal, but sufficient bread.

38 Nothing is more common than this poverty in the midst of abundance. In some it proceeds from avarice, in others from prodigality, while he who is contented with a moderate fortune knows not either of these contrary excesses, which render the miser and the prodigal equally wretched.—*San.*

ODE XVII.—TO ÆLIUS LAMIA

THE poet exhorts Lamia to spend the morrow, which threatens to be dark and cloudy, with a liberal indulgence.

ÆLIUS, whose ancient lineage springs
  From Lamus, founder of the name,
(From whom a sacred line of kings
  Shines through the long records of fame;

From whom th' illustrious race arose
  Who first possess'd the Formian towers,
And reign'd where Liris smoothly flows
  To fair Marica's marshy shores,)

If the old shower-foretelling crow
  Croak not her boding note in vain,
To-morrow's eastern storm shall strow
  The woods with leaves, with weeds the main.

Then pile the fuel while you may,
  And cheer your spirit high with wine,
Give to your slaves one idle day,
  And feast upon the fatted swine.

ODE XVIII.—TO FAUNUS.*

HORACE prays that Faunus would be propitious to him.

FAUNUS, who with eager flame
Chase the nymphs, thy flying game,
If a tender kid distain,
Each returning year, thy fane,
If with wine we raise the soul,
(Social Venus loves the bowl,)

* This ode is divided into two equal parts. The first contains the petition of the poet; the second the benefits of the god, and the acknowledgments of the village.

If thy consecrated shrine
Smoke with odours, breath divine!
Gently traverse o'er my bounds,
Gently through my sunny grounds,
Gracious to my fleecy breed,
Sporting o'er the flowery mead.
  See my flocks in sportive vein
Frisk it o'er the verdant plain,
When through winter's gloom thy day
Festal shines, the peasants play
On the grassy matted soil,
Round their oxen, free from toil.
See, the wolf forgets his prey,
With my darling lambs to play;
See the forest's bending head
At thy feet its honours shed,
While with joyful foot the swain
Beats the glebe he plough'd with pain.

9 The Romans believed that many of their gods passed their winter in one country, and their summer in another. Faunus was of this number. He went from Arcadia to Italy the thirteenth of February, and returned the fifth of December. His departure and return were celebrated with sacrifices, and probably this ode was written for his December festival.—*Dac*

21 In Italy the trees shed their leaves in December, and Horace artfully manages this circumstance, as if the trees themselves, touched by the divinity of Faunus, poured down their leaves to cover his way.—*Dac.*

ODE XIX.—TO TELEPHUS.

Horace advises an unseasonable detailer of ancient history to think rather of what might promote the festivity of the entertainment.

When Inachus reign'd to thee is notorious,
When slain for his country was Codrus the glorious;
When govern'd the monarchs from Peleus descended,
When Troy was besieged, and so bravely defended;

But where the best Chian, or what it may cost ye,
Or how we may warm the long winter and frosty,
Or temper our water with embers so glowing,
Ah! Telephus, here thou art strangely unknowing.
Here's a bumper to midnight; to Luna's first shining;
A third to our friend in his post of divining.
Come fill up the bowl, then fill up your bumpers,
Let three, or thrice three, be the jovial of numbers.
The poet enraptured, sure never refuses
His brimmers thrice three to his odd-number'd muses;
But the graces, in naked simplicity cautious,
Are afraid more than three might to quarrels debauch us.
Gay frolick and mirth to madness shall fire us;
Why breathes not the flute then with joy to inspire us?
Why hangs on the wall, in silence dolorous,
The soft-swelling pipe, and the hautboy sonorous?
I hate all the slaves who are sparing of labour;
Give us roses abundant, and let our old neighbour,
With his damsel, ill suited to such an old fellow,
Even burst with his envy to hear us so mellow.
Poor Horace in flames, how slowly consuming!
For Glycera burns, while Chloe the blooming
Her Telephus courts, whose tresses are beaming,
As are the bright rays from Vesperus streaming.

ODE XX.—TO PYRRHUS.

HORACE dissuades Pyrrhus from endeavouring to force a beautiful youth from his damsel.

PYRRHUS, you tempt a danger high
When you would steal from hungry Li-
oness her cubs, and soon shall fly
Inglorious.

What wars of horrid form arise
Through crowds of lovers when she flies
To seek her boy, and snatch the prize,
Victorious!

You shoot; she whets her tusks to bite:
While he, who sits to judge the fight
Treads on the palm with foot so white,
Disdainful!

And sweetly floating in the air,
Wanton he spreads his fragrant hair,
Like Ganymede, or Nireus fair,
And vainful.

ODE XXI.—TO HIS CASK.

HORACE implores his cask to furnish him with generous wine in compliment to Messala.

GENTLE cask of mellow wine,
And of equal age with mine;
Whether you to broils or mirth,
Or to madding love give birth;
Or the toper's temples steep
Sweetly in ambrosial sleep;
For whatever various use
You preserve the chosen juice,
Worthy of some festal hour,
Now the hoary vintage pour:
Come—Corvinus, guest divine,
Bids me draw the smoothest wine.
Though with science deep imbued,
He, not like a cynic rude,

13 The sciences which require any severer study are apt to render men savage and rude Epicurus alone, of all the ancients, knew how to humanize the virtue of a philosopher; but his disciples in general degenerated from their master by not understanding his principles.—*San*

Thee despises; for of old
Cato's virtue, we are told,
Often with a bumper glow'd,
And with social raptures flow'd.
You by gentle tortures oft
Melt hard tempers into soft;
You strip off the grave disguise
From the counsels of the wise,
And with Bacchus, blithe and gay,
Bring them to the face of day.
Hope by thee, fair fugitive!
Bids the wretched strive to live;
To the beggar you dispense
Heart and brow of confidence;
Warm'd by thee he scorns to fear
Tyrant's frown, or soldier's spear.
Bacchus boon, and Venus fair,
(If she come with cheerful air,)
And the graces, charming band!
Ever dancing hand-in-hand;
And the living taper's flame
Shall prolong thy purple stream,
Till returning Phœbus bright
Puts the lazy stars to flight.

ODE XXII.—TO DIANA.

Horace promises an annual thanksgiving for the happy delivery of his mistress.

Of groves and mountains guardian maid,
Invoked by three mysterious names;
Goddess three-form'd, whose willing aid
With gracious pow'r appears display'd,
From death to save our pregnant dames.

To thee I consecrate the pine,
That nodding waves my villa round,
And here, beneath thy hallow'd shrine
Yearly shall bleed a festal swine,
That meditates the sidelong wound.

ODE XXIII.—TO PHIDYLE.

THE design of this ode is to show that the blessings of the gods are not so effectually secured by costly as by pure oblations.

IF on the new-born moon, with hands supine,
My Phidyle, laborious rustic, prays;
If she with incense, and a ravening swine,
And yearly fruits, her household gods appease,

Nor pestilential storm shall smite her vines,
Nor barren mildew shall her harvests fear,
Nor shall her flocks, when the sad year declines,
Beneath its fruitage, feel th' autumnal air.

Let the devoted herds, that lowing feed
In snow-topp'd Algidon's high-branching wood,
Or the fair kine of rich Albania bleed,
And stain the pontiff's hallow'd axe with blood;

The little gods, around thy sacred fire,
No vast profusion of the victim's gore,
But pliant myrtle wreaths alone require,
And fragrant herbs, the pious, rural store.

A grateful cake, when on the hallow'd shrine
Offer'd by hands, that know no guilty stain,
Shall reconcile th' offended powers divine,
When bleeds the pompous hecatomb in vain.

6 Huetius gives an ingenious and probable account of this blight or mildew in corn. He fancies that the drops of dew, being collected, are like convex or burning glasses; which being heated by the rays of the sun, contract a caustic quality, that burns the grain, fruits, flowers, or leaves, on which they lie.

ODE XXIV.—AGAINST MISERS.*

THE poet inveighs against the vices of his age, and proposes remedies for them.

Though of th' unrifled gold possess'd
Of gorgeous Ind, and Araby the bless'd:
Though with hewn, massy rocks you raise
Your haughty structures mid th' indignant seas,
Yet, soon as fate shall round your head,
With adamantine strength, its terrors spread,
Not the dictator's power shall save
Your soul from fear, your body from the grave.
Happy the Scythians, houseless train!
Who roll their vagrant dwellings o'er the plain;
Happy the Getes, fierce and brave,
Whom no fix'd laws of property enslave!
While open stands the golden grain,
The freeborn fruitage of the unbounded plain,
Succeeding yearly to the toil,
They plough with equal tasks the public soil.
Not there the guiltless stepdame knows
The baleful draught for orphans to compose;
No wife high-portion'd rules her spouse,
Or trusts her essenced lover's faithless vows;
The lovers there for dowry claim
The father's virtue, and the mother's fame,

* To instruct with dignity and delight is almost the peculiar character of lyric poetry, which creates respect for moral truth by sublimity of sentiments, majesty of cadence, boldness of figures, and force of expression, while it prevents disgust by its brevity, variety, and a choice of ornaments, which a good poet knows how to use with propriety. Among a great number of pieces which Horace wrote in this kind, the present ode is not the least estimable. It is naturally divided into three parts: in the first he exposes the licentious enormities of his age; in the second he discovers their causes; and applies their proper remedies in the third.—*San.*

21 There were four things which ensured the happiness of marriage among the Scythians. A virtuous education, an attachment of wives to their husbands; their horror of conjugal infidelity, and the rigour of their laws, which punished that crime with death.—*San.*

That dares not break the nuptial tie,
Polluted crime! whose portion is to die.
Oh! that some patriot, wise and good,
Would stop this impious thirst of civil blood,
And joy on statutes to behold
His name, the father of the state, enroll'd!
Oh! let him quell our spreading shame,
And live to latest times an honour'd name.
Though living virtue we despise,
We follow her, when dead, with envious eyes;
But wherefore do we thus complain,
If justice wear her awful sword in vain?
And what are laws, unless obey'd
By the same moral virtues they were made?
If neither burning heats extreme,
Where eastern Phœbus darts his fiercest beam,
Nor where the northern tempest blows,
And freezes down to earth th' eternal snows,
Nor the wild terrors of the main
Can daunt the merchant, and his voyage restrain;
If want, ah, dire disgrace! we fear,
From thence with vigour act, with patience bear,
While virtue's paths untrodden lie,
Those paths that lead us upward to the sky?
Oh! let us consecrate to Jove
(Rome shall with shouts the pious deed approve)
Our gems, our gold, pernicious store!
Or plunge into the deep the baleful ore.
If you, indeed, your crimes detest,
Tear forth, uprooted from the youthful breast

51 Horace here speaks the clear language of the stoics, who carried morality to an impracticable rigour. One of their unmeaning dogmas was, that we ought to extinguish our passions. Epicurus, on the contrary, directs us to moderate our natural appetites, to regulate them by reason, and to make them subservient to our happiness. This is wise advice indeed, for our passions are inseparable from our humanity, nor can we divest ourselves of them without ceasing to be men. When they are well conducted, they become instruments of the most eminent virtues.—*San.*

The seeds of each depraved desire,
While manly toils a firmer soul inspire.
Nor knows our youth, of noblest race,
To mount the managed steed, or urge the chase;
More skill'd in the mean arts of vice,
The whirling troque, or law-forbidden dice:
And yet his worthless heir to raise
To hasty wealth, the perjured sire betrays
His partners, coheirs, and his friends;
But, while in heaps his wicked wealth ascends,
He is not of his wish possess'd,
There's something wanting still to make him bless'd.

58 All games of hazard were forbidden by several laws, except during the Saturnalia. Suetonius tells us, Augustus not only played in that, but in all other festivals.

ODE XXV.—TO BACCHUS.

Being elevated through the inspiration of Bacchus, the poet's design is to praise Augustus.

Whither, in sacred ecstasy,
Bacchus, when full of thy divinity,
Dost thou transport me? To what glades?
What gloomy caverns, unfrequented shades?
In what recesses shall I raise
My voice to sacred Cæsar's deathless praise,
Amid the stars to bid him shine,
Rank'd in the councils of the powers divine?
Some bolder song shall wake the lyre,
And sounds unknown its trembling strings inspire.
Thus o'er the steepy mountain's height,
Starting from sleep, thy priestess takes her flight;
Amazed, behold the Thracian snows,
With languid streams where icy Heber flows;
Or Rhodope's high-towering head,
Where frantic choirs barbarian measures tread.

O'er pathless rocks, through lonely groves,
With what delight my raptured spirit roves!
Oh thou, who rul'st the Naiad's breast;
By whom the Bacchanalian maids, possess'd
With sacred rage inspired by thee,
Tear from the bursting glebe th' uprooted tree;
Nothing or low, or mean, I sing,
No mortal sound shall shake the swelling string.
The venturous theme my soul alarms,
But warm'd by thee the thought of danger charms.
When vine-crown'd Bacchus leads the way
What can his daring votaries dismay?

ODE XXVI.—TO VENUS.

Our author bids farewell to love.

I lately was fit to be call'd upon duty,
And gallantly fought in the service of beauty;
But now crown'd with conquest I hang up my arms;
My harp, that campaign'd it in midnight alarms.
Here fix on this wall, here my ensigns of wars;
By the statue of Venus, my torches and bars,
And arrows, which threatened, by Cupid their liege,
War, war on all doors, that dare hold out a siege.
Oh, goddess of Cyprus, and Memphis, that know
Nor the coldness or weight of love-chilling snow;
With a high-lifted stroke, yet gently severe,
Avenge me on Chloe, the proud and the fair!

ODE XXVII.—TO GALATEA.

Horace endeavours to deter Galatea from a voyage, by setting before her the dangers of the sea, and particularly the example of Europa.

Fierce from her cubs the ravening fox,
Or wolf from steep Lanuvian rocks,

Or pregnant bitch, or chattering jay,
Ill-omen'd, guide the wicked on their way;
Serpents, like arrows, sidelong thwart
The road, and make their horses start.
For those I love, with anxious fear
I view the doubtful skies, a prudent seer;
And bid the chanting raven rise
When Phœbus gilds his orient skies;
Ere speeds the shower-boding crow
To lakes, whose languid waters cease to flow.
Happy may Galatea prove,
Nor yet unmindful of our love;
For now no luckless pie prevails,
Nor vagrant crow forbids the swelling sails.
Yet see what storms tumultuous rise,
While prone Orion sweeps the skies.
I know the Adriatic main,
And western winds, perfidiously serene.
But may the rising tempest shake
Our foes, and dreadful o'er them break;
For them the blackening ocean roar,
And angry surges lash the trembling shore.
When on her bull Europa rode,
Nor knew she press'd th' imperial god,
Bold as she was, th' affrighted maid
The rolling monsters of the deep survey'd.
Late for the rural nymphs she chose
Each flower, a garland to compose;
But now, beneath the gloom of night,
Views nought but seas, and stars of feeble light.

19 Horace knew the Adriatic sea in his voyage to Athens, when he went to study philosophy there, and a second time in his return to Italy, after the battle of Philippi

25 Galatea was preparing to embark, because the skies were serene, and the seas calm; but Horace tells her that Europa was deceived by the same serenity of the skies and calmness of the seas; that she soon had reason to repent of her boldness, when she saw nothing round her but stars and waves. Such is the force and justness of the comparison.—*Torr.*

Soon as she touch'd the Cretan shore,
"My sire," she cries; "ah! mine no more;
For every pious tender name
Is madly lost in this destructive flame.
"Where am I, wretched and undone?
And shall a single death atone
A virgin's crime? or do my fears
Deplore the guilty deed with waking tears?
"Or am I yet, ah! pure from shame,
Mock'd by a vain, delusive dream?
Could I my springing flow'rets leave
To tempt through length of seas the faithless wave?
"While thus with just revenge possess'd,
How could I tear that monstrous beast!
How would I break, by rage inspired,
Those horns, alas! too fondly once admired?
"Shameless, my father's gods I fly;
Shameless, and yet I fear to die.
Hear me, some gracious, heavenly power,
Let lions fell this naked corse devour.
"My cheeks ere hollow wrinkles seize;
Ere yet their rosy bloom decays;
While youth yet rolls its vital flood;
Let tigers fiercely riot in my blood.
"But hark! I hear my father cry,
'Make haste, unhappy maid, to die;
And if a pendent fate you choose,
Your faithful girdle gives the kindly noose;
"'Or if you like a headlong death,
Behold the pointed rocks beneath;
Or plunge into the rapid wave,
Nor live on haughty tasks, a spinster-slave,
"'Some rude barbarian's concubine,
Born as thou art of royal line.'"
Here the perfidious-smiling dame,
And idle Cupid to the mourner came;
A while she rallied with the fair,
Then with a grave and serious air,

"Indulge," she cries, "thy rage no more,
This odious bull shall yield him to thy power.
"Yet sigh no more but think of love;
For know thou art the wife of Jove:
Then learn to bear thy future fame
When earth's wide continent shall boast thy name."

76 Horace follows the poetical tradition, for it is more probable that Europe took its name from a province of Northern Macedonia, called Europia The ancients divided the whole earth into two parts, Europe and Asia —*San. Dac.*

ODE XXVIII.—TO LYDE.

Horace invites Lyde to his house to celebrate the feast of Neptune.

Say, what shall I do on the festival day
Of Neptune? Come, Lyde, without more delay,
And broach the good creature, invaulted that lies;
Cast off all reserve, and be merry and wise.
The evening approaches, you see, from yon hill;
And yet, as if Phœbus, though winged, stood still,
You dally to bring us a cup of the best,
Condemn'd, like its consul, ignobly to rest.
With voices alternate, the sea-potent king,
And the Nereids, with ringlets of azure, we'll sing.
From the sweet-sounding shell thy hand shall raise
Latona's, and swift-darting Cynthia's praise.
The gay-smiling goddess of love and delight,
Who rules over Cnidus, and Cyclades bright,
And guiding her swans with a soft silken rein,
Revisits her Paphos, shall crown the glad strain.
Then to the good night, while bumpers elate us,
We'll sing a farewell, and a decent quietus.

ODE XXIX.—TO MÆCENAS.*

Horace invites Mæcenas to a frugal entertainment, and admonishes him to lay aside all anxious cares about futurity.

Descended from an ancient line,
That once the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Haste thee to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd;
For thee the fragrant essence flows,
For thee, Mæcenas, breathes the blooming rose.

From the delights, oh! break away,
Which Tibur's marshy prospect yields,
Nor with unceasing joy survey
Fair Æsula's declining fields;
No more the verdant hills admire
Of Telegon, who kill'd his aged sire.

Instant forsake the joyless feast,
Where appetite in surfeit dies,
And from the tower'd structure haste,
That proudly threatens to the skies;
From Rome and its tumultuous joys,
Its crowds, and smoke, and opulence, and noise.

* We may say of the odes of Horace, what has been said of the orations of Demosthenes, the iambic poems of Archilochus, and the letters of Atticus, that the longest are not the least beautiful. To support one continued flight of poetry deserves its praise, but Horace in this ode rises without ceasing, until he has gained a point of elevation to which no other poet ever soared. Such is the judgment of Scaliger, who seldom praises without reason.—*San.*

8 Mæcenas could command the prospect of the three cities which Horace names, from his house on the Esquiline hill, where Nero afterward sat to behold the burning of Rome. The fall of houses was so frequent, occasioned by their being built so high, that Augustus published a law which forbade them to be raised above seventy feet

17 We may compute how great the noise of a city must have been which reckoned three millions of inhabitants, whose cir-

Where health-preserving plainness dwells,
Nor sleeps upon the Tyrian die,
To frugal treats, and humble cells,
With grateful change the wealthy fly.
Such scenes have charm'd the pangs of care,
And smooth'd the clouded forehead of despair.

Andromeda's conspicuous sire
Now darts his hidden beams from far;
The lion shows his madd'ning fire,
And barks fierce Procyon's raging star,
While Phœbus, with revolving ray,
Brings back the burnings of the thirsty day.

Fainting beneath the swelt'ring heat,
To cooling streams and breezy shades
The shepherd and his flocks retreat,
While rustic sylvans seek the glades,
Silent the brook its borders laves,
Nor curls one vagrant breath of wind the waves.

But you for Rome's imperial state,
Attend with ever-watchful care,
Or, for the world's uncertain fate
Alarm'd, with ceaseless terror fear;
Anxious what eastern wars impend,
Or what the Scythians in their pride intend.

But Jove, in goodness ever wise,
Hath hid, in clouds of depthless night

cuit, according to Pliny, including the suburbs, was forty-eight miles; and where the houses might be raised seven stories, each of them ten feet high Lampridius tells us that Heliogabalus collected ten thousand pounds weight of cobwebs in Rome.

37 This is a noble compliment, that while all nature is languishing in idleness and inactivity; while the gods themselves are asleep, yet Mæcenas is always vigilant; always anxious for the safety of Rome and of the empire. The gods may sleep, since Mæcenas watches over the safety of the state.

All that in future prospect lies
Beyond the ken of mortal sight,
And laughs to see vain man oppress'd
With idle fears, and more than man distress'd.

Then wisely form the present hour;
Enjoy the bliss that it bestows;
The rest is all beyond our power,
And like the changeful Tiber flows,
Who now beneath his banks subsides,
And peaceful to his native ocean glides;

But when descends a sudden shower,
And wild provokes his silent flood,
The mountains hear the torrent roar,
And echoes shake the neighbouring wood,
Then swoln with rage he sweeps away
Uprooted trees, herds, dwellings to the sea.

Happy the man, and he alone,
Who, master of himself, can say,
To-day at least hath been my own,
For I have clearly lived to-day:
Then let to-morrow's clouds arise,
Or purer suns o'erspread the cheerful skies.

Not Jove himself can now make void
The joy that wing'd the flying hour;
The certain blessing once enjoy'd,
Is safe beyond the godhead's power:
Nought can recall the acted scene,
What hath been, spite of Jove himself, hath been.

But Fortune, ever-changing dame,
Indulges her malicious joy,
And constant plays her haughty game,
Proud of her office to destroy;

52 This description of the Tiber is a perfect image of the vicissitudes of human life, and the moral of it is animated with a poetical spirit, which gives it life and being

To-day to me her bounty flows,
And now to others she the bliss bestows.

I can applaud her while she stays,
But if she shake her rapid wings,
I can resign with careless ease
The richest gifts her favour brings;
Then folded lie in Virtue's arms,
And honest Poverty's undower'd charms.

Though the mast howl beneath the wind,
I make no mercenary prayers,
Nor with the gods a bargain bind
With future vows, and streaming tears,
To save my wealth from adding more
To boundless ocean's avaricious store;

Then in my little barge I'll ride,
Secure amid the foamy wave,
Calm will I stem the threatening tide,
And fearless all its tumults brave;
Even then perhaps some kinder gale,
While the twin stars appear, shall fill my joyful sail.

ODE XXX.—TO MELPOMENE.

Horace promises himself an immortality of fame from his poetical writings

More durable than brass, the frame
Which here I consecrate to Fame;
Higher than pyramids that rise,
With royal pride, to brave the skies;
Nor years, though numberless the train,
Nor flight of seasons, wasting rain,
Nor winds, that loud in tempests break,
Shall e'er its firm foundation shake.
Nor shall the funeral pyre consume
My fame; that nobler part shall bloom,

With youth unfading shall improve,
While to th' immortal fane of Jove
The vestal maids, in silent state
Ascending, on the pontiff wait.
With rapid course and deaf'ning waves
Where Aufidus impetuous raves,
And where a poor, enervate stream
From banish'd Daunus takes its name,
O'er warlike realms who fix'd his throne,
Shall Horace, deathless bard, be known,
Who first attempted to inspire
With Grecian sounds the Roman lyre.
With conscious pride, oh muse divine!
Assume the honours justly thine:
With laurel wreaths my head surround,
Such as the god of verse have crown'd.

14 The pontiff or high-priest alone pronounced any words concerning religion in public sacrifices, and the vestal virgins who attended him to the capitol, were obliged to preserve solemn silence.—*San.*

BOOK IV.

ODE I.—TO VENUS.*

In this ode the poet intimates that he had arrived at an age when he ought no longer to think of love.

Again new tumults fire my breast!
Ah! spare me, Venus; let thy suppliant rest.
I am no more, alas! the swain
I was in Cynara's indulgent reign.
Fierce mother of the Loves, no more
Attempt to bend me to thy charming power,
Harden'd with age; but swift repair
Where youth invokes thee with the soothing prayer.
Would you inflame with young desire
A bosom worthy of thy purest fire,
To Paulus guide, a welcome guest,
Thy purple swans, and revel in his breast.
Of noble birth, and graceful made,
Nor silent when affliction claims his aid,
He, with a hundred conquering arts,
Shall wave thy banners wide o'er female hearts.
When more successful he shall prove,
And laugh at rivals, who with gifts make love,
Thou in a citron dome shalt stand,
Form'd by the sculptor's animating hand.
There shall th' abundant incense flame,
And thou transported quaff the rising stream;

* The greater part of the odes in this book were written in the last five or six years of our poet's life.—*Dac.*

3 Horace had solemnly renounced all his gallantries at the age of forty, but he afterward fell in love with Glycera, and at fifty years of age is again engaged in his present passion.—*Dac.*

There shall the powers of music join,
And raise the song with harmony divine.
There shall the youths and virgins pay
To thee their grateful offerings twice a day;
Like Salian priests the dance shall lead,
And many a mazy measure round thee tread.
For me, alas! those joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garland blooms no more;
No more the feats of wine I prove,
Nor the delusive hopes of mutual love.
Yet why, ah! fair one, still too dear,
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
Or, why thus falter o'er my tongue
The words, which once harmonious pour'd along?
Swift through the fields and flowing streams
I follow thee in visionary dreams;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst, ah, cruel! from my arms.

ODE II.—TO ANTONIUS IULUS.*

HORACE, being desired to celebrate the victories of Augustus in Pindaric verse, excuses himself in such a manner, that the very excuse performs what he seems to decline.

HE, who to Pindar's height attempts to rise,
Like Icarus, with waxen pinions tries
His pathless way, and from the venturous theme
Falling shall leave to azure seas his name.

* The emperor had been in Gaul, where his presence put a stop to the progress of the Sicambri, and supported the conquests of Tiberius and Drusus over the Rhæti and Vindelici. He was expected with much impatience at Rome, where a magnificent triumph was preparing for him The return of this prince after a campaign so glorious gave occasion to our poet to compose four odes, in which we see that the maturity of an advanced age had not lessened the fire of his earliest youth We are indebted for the first two to Iulus Antonius, who had engaged him to write them; and Augustus was so charmed with them that he proposed the subject of the two others himself.—*San.*

As when a river, swoln by sudden showers,
O'er its known banks from some steep mountain
pours;
So in profound unmeasurable song
The deep-mouth'd Pindar, foaming, pours along.
Well he deserves Apollo's laurell'd crown;
Whether new words he rolls enraptured down
Impetuous through the dithyrambic strains,
Free from all laws but what himself ordains:
Whether in lofty tone sublime he sings
The immortal gods, or god-descended kings,
With death deserved who smote the centaurs dire,
And quench'd the fierce Chimera's breath of fire;
Or whom th' Olympic palm, celestial prize!
Victorious crowns, and raises to the skies,
Wrestler or steed—with honours, that outlive
The mortal fame which thousand statues give:
Or mourns some hapless youth in plaintive lay,
From his fond, weeping bride, ah! torn away;
His manners pure, his courage, and his name,
Snatch'd from the grave, he vindicates to fame.

11 This character of Pindar particularly regards his dithyrambics; and the judgment of Horace is the judgment of all antiquity. Plato, whom we can hardly suspect of flattering the poets, acknowledges in Pindar something above mortal. and Alexander had so great respect for his memory, that when he took the city of Thebes he ordered the house in which the poet had lived to be preserved, and saved all who remained of his family from the general massacre —*San*

19 When Pytheas had conquered in the Nemæan games, his friends desired Pindar to write an ode on his victory. The poet demanding three minæ, (somewhat about ten pounds,) they told him they could erect a statue of brass at that price Sometime afterward they acknowledged their fault, and gave him what he asked, on which he began his ode in this manner:—

It is not mine, with forming hand
To make a lifeless image stand
For ever on its base;
But fly, my verses, and proclaim
To distant realms, with deathless fame
That Pytheas conquer'd in the rapid race.

Thus, when the Theban swan attempts the skies,
A nobler gale of rapture bids him rise;
But like a bee, which through the breezy groves
With feeble wing and idle murmurs roves,
Sits on the bloom, and with unceasing toil
From thyme sweet-breathing culls his flowery spoil;
So I, weak bard! round Tibur's lucid spring,
Of humbler strain laborious verses sing.
'Tis thine with deeper hand to strike the lyre
When Cæsar shall his raptured bard inspire;
And crown'd with laurel, well-earn'd meed of war,
Drag the fierce Gaul at his triumphal car.
Than whom the gods ne'er gave, or bounteous fate,
To humankind a gift more good or great,
Nor from the treasures shall again unfold,
Though time roll backward to his ancient gold.
Be thine the festal days, the city's joys,
The forum silenced from litigious noise;
The public games for Cæsar safe restored,
A blessing oft with pious vows implored.
Then, if my voice can reach the glorious theme,
Then will I sing, amid the loud acclaim—
"Hail, brightest sun! in Rome's fair annals shine;
Cæsar returns—eternal praise be thine."
As the procession awful moves along,
Let shouts of triumph fill our joyful song;
Repeated shouts of triumph Rome shall raise,
And to the bounteous gods our altars blaze.
Of thy fair herds twice ten shall grateful bleed,
While I, with pious care, one steerling feed:
Wean'd from the dam, o'er pastures large he roves,
And for my vows his rising youth he proves:
His horns like Luna's bending fires appear,
When the third night she rises to her sphere;
And, yellow all the rest, one spot there glows
Full in his front, and bright as winter snows.

44 During the absence of Augustus vows were made to the gods for his return, which the new consuls repeated in 741, by decree of the senate, as appears by medals and inscriptions.—*Torr.*

ODE III.—TO MELPOMENE.*

HORACE attributes his place and rank among poets to the favour of Melpomene

He, on whose natal hour the queen
  Of verse hath smiled, shall never grace
The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen
  First in the famed Olympic race:
He shall not after toils of war,
  And taming haughty monarchs' pride,
With laurell'd brows conspicuous far,
  To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride:
But him, the streams which warbling flow
  Rich Tibur's fertile vales along,
And shady groves, his haunts, shall know
  The master of th' Æolian song.
The sons of Rome, majestic Rome!
  Have placed me in the poet's quire,
And envy, now or dead or dumb,
  Forbears to blame what they admire.
Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute,
  Which thy harmonious touch obeys,
Who canst the finny race, though mute,
  To cygnet's dying accents raise,
Thy gift it is, that all, with ease,
  Me prince of Roman lyrics own;
That while I live my numbers please,
  If pleasing, is thy gift alone.

* They who have taste for whatever is delicate and natural in poetry; for whatever is noble and elegant in style, or flowing and harmonious in numbers, must acknowledge that there is not anything in Greek or Latin more finished and complete than this poem. Such is the judgment of all the commentators; but Scaliger is so charmed with it, that he assures us he would rather have been author of it than be king of Arragon

21 The praises which Horace gives himself in this ode are happily tempered by his acknowledgments that all his poetical abilities are a present from the muses. We should allow something for this instance of modesty, because it is not usually a favourite virtue among poets.—*San.*

ODE IV.—THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.*

HORACE celebrates the victory of Drusus over the Vindelici.

As the majestic bird of towering kind,
Who bears the thunder through th' ethereal space,
(To whom the monarch of the gods assign'd
Dominion o'er the vagrant feather'd race,
His faith approved, when to the distant skies
From Ida's top he bore the Phrygian prize,)

Sprung from his nest, by sprightly youth inspired,
Fledged, and exulting in his native might,
Novice to toils, but as the clouds retired,
And gentler gales provoked a bolder flight,
On sailing wings through yielding air explored
Unwonted paths, and panted while he soar'd:

Anon to ravage in the fleecy fold
The glowing ardour of his youthful heart
Pour'd the beak'd foe; now more maturely bold
With talons fierce precipitate to dart
On dragons fell, reluctant in the fray;
Such is his thirst for battle and for prey:

* This poem is so perfectly finished, that it has disarmed even the terrible criticism of Scaliger, and obliged him to confess that Horace excels himself and all Greece in this whole ode. The first part of it is of a strain almost beyond Pindaric, the middle is elevated by a noble, just, pathetic morality; and the conclusion is wrought with a masculine and vehement eloquence.

1 Pliny tells us that the fiction of the eagle's carrying Jupiter's thunder was founded on an experience that this is the only bird never destroyed by lightning. But this experience appears very doubtful, and the title seems rather to be given it for its remarkable strength and swiftness It was employed to carry Ganymede to heaven, whom the gods, as Xenophon informs us, thought worthy of immortality for an understanding and wisdom far above his age.

17 Pliny describes an eagle's combat with a dragon as most

Or as a lion through the forest stalks,
  Wean'd by his tawny dam from milky food;
A goat descries him from her flowery walks,
  First doom'd to stain his youthful jaws with blood:
So Drusus look'd tremendous to his foes,
Beneath the frozen height of Alpine snows.

The Rhætian bands beheld him such in war,
  Those daring bands, who with triumphant joy
Were wont to spread their baneful terrors far,
  Tamed by the conduct of the martial boy,
Felt what true courage could achieve when led
By bright example, and by virtue bred;

Felt how Augustus with paternal mind
  Fired the young Neros to heroic deeds—
The brave and good are copies of their kind:
  In steers laborious, and in generous steeds
We trace their sires; nor can the bird of Jove
Intrepid, fierce, beget th' unwarlike dove.

Yet sage instructions to refine the soul,
  And raise the genius, wondrous aid impart,
Conveying, inward as they purely roll,
  Strength to the mind, and vigour to the heart:
When morals fail, the stains of vice disgrace
The fairest honours, and the noblest race.

How much the grandeur of thy rising state
  Owes to the Neros, Rome imperial, say;

doubtful and dangerous. The dragon, by a malignant avidity, searches for an eagle's eggs, who therefore seizes him, wherever they meet. But the dragon rolling himself round his wings, they frequently fall down together to the earth.

31 Tiberius Nero died in the same year in which he had yielded his wife Livia to Augustus, and by his last will named that prince, not only a guardian of Tiberius, who was then four years old, but of Drusus, who was born three months after his mother was married to Augustus In this manner the emperor was a second father to both the Neros.

Witness Metaurus, and the dismal fate
  Of vanquish'd Asdrubal, and that glad day
Which first auspicious, as the darkness fled,
O'er Latium's face a tide of glory shed.

Resistless in his rage, before that day
  The Carthaginian with vindictive ire
Through our fair cities urged his cruel way,
  As through the pitchy pines destructive fire
Devours its course; or as when Eurus raves,
And howling rides the mad Sicilian waves.

The Roman youth, improving by their toils,
  With better fate now wield the vengeful sword,
And see those temples, which were once the spoils
  Of Tyrian rapine, to their gods restored;

45 Claudius Nero being encamped in Lucania in view of Hannibal, went with six thousand foot and a thousand horse to join his colleague Salinator, and oppose the passage of Asdrubal, who was bringing a considerable reinforcement to his brother. This diligence preserved Italy, for Asdrubal was defeated near the river Metaurus, and Nero, returning to his camp before the Carthaginians perceived he had been absent, ordered Asdrubal's head to be thrown into Hannibal's camp, who cried out, "I acknowledge the fate of Carthage."

Horace has chosen this action, not only because it was one of the most important performed by the family, but because Drusus and Tiberius were descended from both these consuls Valerius Maximus, speaking of the quarrel between these two great men during their censorship, cries out, with reason, "If any god had told them that their blood, after having flowed through the veins of so many illustrious persons, should unite to form our prince, Tiberius, the safety of the state, they would have renounced their hatred, and joined in the strictest amity, that they might leave to their common descendant their country to be preserved, which they themselves had preserved." —*Dac.*

47 This day really dissipated the darkness which covered Italy. The Romans had been defeated in several battles, and if Asdrubal had joined his brother, the fate of Rome had been inevitable. In all authors the word darkness signifies misfortune, ruin, and perdition; as the word light is used to express happiness, victory, and safety.—*Dac.*

When faithless Hannibal at length express'd
The boding sorrows of his anxious breast:

"Like stags, of coward kind, the destined prey
Of rav'ning wolves, we unprovoked defy
Those, whom to baffle is our fairest play,
The richest triumph we can boast, to fly.
For mark that race, which to the Latian shore
Their gods, their sons, their sires, intrepid bore.

"That race, long toss'd upon the Tuscan waves,
Are like an oak upon the woody top
Of shaded Algidus, imbrown'd with leaves,
Which, as keen axes its green honours lop,
Through wounds, through losses no decay can feel,
Collecting strength and spirit from the steel.

"Not Hydra stronger, when dismember'd, rose
Against Alcmena's much-enduring son,
Grieving to find, from his repeated blows,
The foe redoubled, and his toil begun:
Nor Colchis teem'd, nor Echionian Thebes
A feller monster from their bursting glebes.

"In ocean plunge them, they emerge more bright;
At arms oppose them in the dusty field,
With routed squadrons they renew the fight;
And force your yet unbroken troops to yield,
And battles wage, to be the future boast
Of their proud consorts o'er our vanquish'd host.

"To lofty Carthage I no more shall send
Vaunts of my deeds, and heralds of my fame;

61 This eulogium of the Romans is in itself magnificent, but it becomes infinitely more valuable in the mouth of Hannibal. —*San.*

65 The Trojans collected strength from their misfortunes, and the poet shows, by this instance of Hannibal, that the Romans had not degenerated from their ancestors.

85 After the battle of Cannæ, Hannibal sent his brother Mago

My boundless hopes, alas! are at an end,
  With all the flowing fortune of our name:
Those boundless hopes, that flowing fortune, all
Are dash'd, and buried in my brother's fall.

The Claudian race, those favourites of the skies,
  No toil shall damp, no fortitude withstand;
Superior they to difficulties rise,
  Whom Jove protects with an indulgent hand;
Whom cautious cares, preventing wiles afar,
Guide through the perils of tumultuous war.

to Carthage with the news of his victory. He talked in very pompous terms of Hannibal's success, and ordered all the rings which had been taken from the Roman knights to be thrown before the gate of the senate-house, that the senators might compute from thence the number of the slain. To this story the poet alludes.—*Lamb*

91 By the first actions of Drusus, the poet judges that there was not any success which the Romans might not promise themselves from the valour of this young prince. He founds his prediction on the protection of the gods, who were the peculiar guardians of his house, and on the virtues which Drusus had shown in such dangerous occasions Thus he gives us a noble precept of morality, that in affairs, in which we are best assured of the assistance of the gods, we ought not to neglect whatever depends on our own labours to procure success.—*San*

ODE V.—TO AUGUSTUS.*

HORACE implores Augustus to return into the city as soon as possible

PROPITIOUS to the sons of earth
  (Best guardian of the Roman state,

* We cannot imagine anything more tender than the sentiments of this ode, in which the poet not only shows the love and veneration of the Romans for Augustus, and with what impatience they wish for his return, but tells him why they adore him, and by this means draws a beautiful picture of that happiness which they enjoyed under his reign.

The heavenly powers beheld thy birth,
And form'd thee glorious, good, and great;
Rome and her holy fathers cry, thy stay
Was promised short, ah! wherefore this delay?

Come, then, auspicious prince, and bring
To thy long gloomy country light,
For in thy countenance the spring
Shines forth to cheer thy people's sight;
Then hasten thy return, for, thou away,
Nor lustre has the sun, nor joy the day.

As a fond mother views with fear
The terrors of the rolling main,
While envious winds, beyond his year,
From his loved home her son detain;
To the good gods with fervent prayer she cries,
And catches every omen as it flies;

Then anxious listens to the roar
Of winds, that loudly sweep the sky;
Nor, fearful, from the winding shore
Can ever turn her longing eye:
Smit with as faithful, and as fond desires,
Impatient Rome her absent lord requires.

Safe by thy cares her oxen graze,
And yellow Ceres clothes her fields:
The sailor ploughs the peaceful seas,
And earth her rich abundance yields;

25 The reasons of that love which the Romans had for Augustus, were the peace and happiness of his reign; and however beautiful the picture is, we cannot say there is any flattery in it, at least, historians speak in the same language. "In his twentieth year, says Velleius, all his wars, both civil and foreign, were ended. Peace returned, the fury of arms ceased, the laws resumed their power, justice recovered its authority, the senate its majesty. The ancient form of the republic was restored, the fields began to be cultivated, religion to be revered, and every man's property secured.

While nobly conscious of unsullied fame,
Fair honour dreads th' imputed sense of blame.

By thee our wedded dames are pure
From foul adultery's embrace;
The conscious father views secure
His own resemblance in his race:
Thy chaste example quells the spotted deed,
And to the guilt thy punishments succeed.

Who shall the faithless Parthian dread,
The freezing armies of the north,
The enormous youth, to battle bred,
Whom horrid Germany brings forth?
Who shall regard the war of cruel Spain,
If Cæsar live secure, if Cæsar reign?

Safe in his vineyard toils the hind,
Weds to the widow'd elm his vine,
Till the sun sets his hill behind;
Then hastens joyful to his wine,
And in his gayer hours of mirth implores
Thy godhead to protect and bless his stores.

To thee he chants the sacred song,
To thee the rich libation pours,
Thee, placed his household gods among,
With solemn, daily prayer adores;
So Castor and great Hercules of old
Were with her gods by grateful Greece enroll'd.

Gracious and good, beneath thy reign
May Rome her happy hours employ,

37 Augustus had either subdued or reduced to peace the whole east, north, and west. The east is marked by Parthia; the north by Scythia and Germany, and the west by Spain. Dion reckons the reduction of Spain, by sending colonies thither, to be one of the happiest successes of Augustus in this expedition

And grateful hail thy just domain
With pious hymns and festal joy!
Thus, with the rising sun we sober pray,
Thus, in our wine, beneath his setting ray.

[The reader will find ode vi in the first concert, and first chorus of youths and virgins, in the Secular Poem, at the end of the odes.]

ODE VII.—TO TORQUATUS.

HORACE exhorts Torquatus to live in a cheerful and joyous manner, by representing to him the certainty of death.

THE snow dissolves, the field its verdure spreads,
The trees high wave in air their leafy heads;
Earth feels the change; the rivers calm subside,
And smooth along their banks decreasing glide;
The elder grace, with her fair sister-train,
In naked beauty dances o'er the plain.
The circling hours, that swiftly wing their way,
And in their flight consume the smiling day;
Those circling hours, and all the various year,
Convince us nothing is immortal here.
In vernal gales cold winter melts away;
Soon wastes the spring in summer's burning ray;
Yet summer dies in autumn's fruitful reign,
And slow-paced winter soon returns again.
The moon renews her orb with growing light;
But when we sink into the depths of night,

1 Horace does not amuse himself in describing the spring. His aim is to convince Torquatus that everything around us puts us in mind of death. He sets before him the various changes that happen in nature, and the vicissitudes of the seasons, according to the precepts of a philosophy which pretends that a remembrance of death is a most pressing motive to our pursuit of pleasure. This doctrine might be well received if it were confined within its proper bounds.—*Dac.*

16 The seasons return and are renewed, but man dies once, and for ever. There is a beautiful passage in the third Idyllium

Where all the good, the rich, the brave are laid,
Our best remains are ashes and a shade.
Who knows, that heaven, with ever-bounteous power,
Shall add to-morrow to the present hour?
The wealth you give to pleasure and delight,
Far from thy ravening heir shall speed its flight:
But soon as Minos, throned in awful state,
Shall o'er thee speak the solemn words of fate,
Nor virtue, birth, nor eloquence divine,
Shall bid the grave its destined prey resign:
Nor chaste Diana from infernal night
Could bring her modest favourite back to light;
And hell-descending Theseus strove in vain
To break his amorous friend's Lethean chain.

of Moschus on the death of Bion, which perhaps our poet had in view —

Our plants and trees revive; the breathing rose,
With annual youth, in pride of beauty glows;
But when the masterpiece of nature dies,
Man, who alone is great, and brave, and wise,
No more he rises to the realms of light,
But sleeps unwaking in eternal night

19 This is a second motive to persuade Torquatus not to neglect any opportunity of pleasure. It is even more pressing than the first, for to represent to a man that he shall certainly die hereafter, is not so forcible a manner of forbidding him enjoy the present hour, as if he told him perhaps he may die to-morrow. To defer our pleasures is probably to lose them for ever, and death is a law which nature publishes through all her works.—*Dac.*

ODE VIII.—TO CENSORINUS.*

THE design of this ode is to show that the gift of immortality is in the power of the poets.

WITH liberal heart to every friend
A bowl or caldron would I send;

* This ode was written either in the time of the Saturnalia,

Or tripods, which the Grecians gave,
As rich rewards to heroes brave;
Nor should the meanest gift be thine,
If the rich works of art were mine,
By Scopas, or Parrhasius wrought,
With animating skill who taught
The shapeless stone with life to glow,
Or bade the breathing colours flow,
To imitate in every line,
The form or human or divine.
But I nor boast the curious store,
And you nor want, nor wish for more;
'Tis yours the joys of verse to know,
Such joys as Horace can bestow,
While I can vouch my present's worth,
And call its every virtue forth.
Nor columns, which the public raise,
Engraved with monumental praise,
By which the breath of life returns
To heroes, sleeping in their urns:
Nor Hannibal, when swift he fled,
His threats retorted on his head,
Nor impious Carthage wrapt in flame,
From whence great Scipio gain'd a name,

when it was customary among the Romans to send presents to their friends, or in return for something valuable, which Horace had received from Censorinus, and for which he sends him a copy of verses. Such has been the poet's manner in all ages of paying his debts of gratitude to his friends.

24 The threats of Hannibal, driven back from Italy, when he was obliged to fly to the defence of Carthage.—*Bond.*

26 Scipio was the first of the Romans who was honoured with the name of a conquered country. Sempronius Gracchus must be an unsuspected witness to his character. He says that he subdued Africa; defeated in Spain four of the most famous

Ennius, who celebrated the actions of this hero, was born in Calabria, from whence this expression, "The Calabrian muses."

Such glories round him could diffuse
As the Calabrian poet's muse;
And should the bard his aid deny,
Thy worth shall unrewarded die.
Had envious silence left unsung
The child from Mars and Ilia sprung,
How had we known the hero's fame,
From whom the Roman empire came?
The poet's favour, voice, and lays,
Could Æacus from darkness raise,
Snatch'd from the Stygian gulfs of hell,
Among the blissful isles to dwell.
The muse forbids the brave to die,
The muse enthrones him in the sky;
Alcides, thus, in heaven is placed,
And shares with Jove the immortal feast;
Thus the twin-stars have power to save
The shatter'd vessel from the wave,
And vine-crown'd Bacchus with success
His jovial votaries can bless.

ODE IX.—TO LOLLIUS.*

THE poet endeavours, by his verses, to rescue Lollius' name from oblivion.

WHILE with the Grecian bards I vie,
And raptured tune the social string,
Think not the song shall ever die,
Which with no vulgar art I sing,

We have some fragments of his works, which show a strong and masculine spirit, but rude and uncultivated

* Horace in this ode celebrates the character of a hero; a man of integrity, of disinterested honesty, and a lover of his country; yet the subject of all these praises was a coward, a villain, a miser, and a traitor Lollius had an appearance of virtue; nor should we wonder that he had imposed on Horace, since even Augustus was long deceived by him They who are acquainted with courts are convinced that such characters are not uncommon.—*Torr. San*

Though born where Aufid rolls his sounding stream,
In lands far distant from poetic fame.

What though the muse her Homer thrones
High above all th' immortal choir,
Nor Pindar's rapture she disowns,
Nor hides the plaintive Cæan lyre?
Alcæus strikes the tyrant's soul with dread,
Nor yet is grave Stesichorus unread.

Whatever old Anaceron sung,
However tender was the lay,
In spite of time is ever young,
Nor Sappho's amorous flames decay;
Her living songs preserve their charming art,
Her love still breathes the passions of her heart.

Helen was not the only fair
By an unhappy passion fired,
Who the lewd ringlets of the hair
Of an adulterous beau admired;
Court arts, gold lace, and equipage have charms
To tempt weak woman to a stranger's arms.

Nor first from Teucer's vengeful bow
The feather'd death unerring flew,
Nor was the Greek the single foe
Whose rage ill-fated Ilion knew;

5 Our poet's country was formerly wild and uncultivated, where neither poet nor poetry had ever appeared. Horace therefore mentions it as matter of peculiar honour to his works, that they should live for ever, although produced in a country unknown to Apollo and the muses.—*Dac.*

9 The great idea which Horace had of Pindar did not hinder him from allowing the superiority of Homer; and on the contrary, the great veneration which he had for Homer did not prejudice him against the real merit of Pindar.—*Dac.*

13 This is whole Anacreon at one stroke. No poet better knew how to sport and trifle with a natural elegance and delicacy. His poems are instant productions of imagination, rather

Greece had with heroes fill'd th' embattled plain,
Worthy the muse in her sublimest strain.

Nor Hector first transported heard
With fierce delight the war's alarms,
Nor brave Deïphobus appear'd
Amid the tented field in arms,
With glorious ardour prodigal of life,
To guard a darling son and faithful wife.

Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
In the small compass of a grave:
In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown,
No bard had they to make all time their own.

In earth if it forgotten lies,
What is the valour of the brave?
What difference, when the coward dies,
And sinks in silence to his grave!
Nor, Lollius, will I not thy praise proclaim,
But from oblivion vindicate thy fame.

Nor shall its livid power conceal
Thy toils—how glorious to the state!
How constant to the public weal
Through all the doubtful turns of fate!
Thy steady soul, by long experience found
Erect, alike when fortune smiled or frown'd.

than of reflection, and we can only wish that he had more respect to modesty in the pictures which he has drawn of his pleasures.—*San.*

47 Lollius commanded the Roman legions in Germany, Thrace, and Galatia. In the German war he lost the eagle of the fifth legion, and his defeat was called the Lollian slaughter; but he soon revenged the affront, and obliged the Germans to repass the Rhine, to demand a peace, and deliver hostages.

Villains, in public rapine bold,
Lollius, the just avenger, dread,
Who never by the charms of gold,
Shining seducer! was misled;
Beyond thy year such virtue shall extend,
And death alone thy consulate shall end.

Perpetual magistrate is he,
Who keeps strict justice full in sight;
With scorn rejects th' offender's fee,
Nor weighs convenience against right;
Who bids the crowd at awful distance gaze,
And virtue's arms victoriously displays.

Not he, of wealth immense possess'd
Tasteless who piles his massy gold,
Among the number of the bless'd
Should have his glorious name enroll'd;
He better claims the glorious name who knows
With wisdom to enjoy what heaven bestows:

Who knows the wrongs of want to bear,
Even in its lowest, last extreme;
Yet can with conscious virtue fear,
Far worse than death, a deed of shame;
Undaunted, for his country or his friend
To sacrifice his life—oh glorious end!

ODE X.—TO LIGURINUS.*

The poet advises Ligurinus not to be too fond of his own person.

Oh cruel still, and vain of beauty's charms,
When wintry age thy insolence disarms;

* To be vain of his personal beauty is such folly in a man, as even custom can never reconcile to us. Ligurinus was young, well made, and handsome; yet he ruined all these advantages of nature by a ridiculous insolence, which the poet attempting to correct, represents an old, in opposition to the young, Ligurinus. He shows him that all this beauty, of which he is now so vain, shall soon fall a prey to time and age.—*San.*

When fall those locks, that on thy shoulders play,
And youth's gay roses on thy cheeks decay;
When that smooth face shall manhood's roughness
wear,
And in your glass another form appear,
Ah! why, you'll say, do I now vainly burn,
Or with my wishes, not my youth return?

ODE XI.—TO PHYLLIS.*

The poet invites Phyllis to an entertainment on Mæcenas's birthday.

Phyllis, I have a cask of wine,
Mellow'd by summers more than nine;
With living wreaths to crown our heads
The parsley's vivid verdure spreads;
To bind your hair the ivy twines;
With plate my cheerful sideboard shines·
With vervain chaste an altar bound,
Now thirsts for blood; the victim's crown'd.
All hands employed with busy haste
My boys and girls prepare our feast;
Trembling the pointed flames arise,
The smoke rolls upward to the skies;
But why this busy festal care?
This invitation to my fair?

* The commentators think that Phyllis to whom this ode is addressed, was a young slave whom Xanthias afterward married The poet invites her to celebrate his patron's birthday with him, and endeavours to dissuade her from indulging a passion for Telephus, who was otherwise engaged.

4 The commentators find it difficult to assign a reason why parsley, which was an herb used in funerals, and consequently of unlucky omen, should be employed in festivals and entertainments of pleasure. The ancients believed that it had a virtue to expel the vapours of wine, and the verdure of it made it pleasing to the eye. But as there were different kinds of it, particularly that mentioned by Pliny, which was of a poisonous nature, it might have been differently employed, on occasions either of mirth or sadness.

This day the smiling month divides,
O'er which the sea-born queen presides:
Sacred to me, and due to mirth,
As the glad hour that gave me birth:
For when this happy morn appears
Mæcenas counts a length of years
To roll in bright succession round,
With every joy and blessing crown'd.
  Gay Telephus exults above
The humble fortunes of thy love;
A rich and buxom maid detains
His captive heart in willing chains.
  The youth, destroy'd by heavenly fire,
Forbids ambition to aspire;
And Pegasus, who scorn'd to bear
His earth-born rider through the air,
A dread example hath supplied
To check the growth of human pride,
And caution my presumptuous fair
To grasp at things within her sphere.
  Come, then, my latest love, (for I
Shall never for another die,)
Come learn with me to newer lays
Thy voice of harmony to raise.
The soothing song, and charming air
Shall lessen every gloomy care.

16 April was called the month of Venus, because her grand festival began on the first day of that month —*San*

ODE XII.—TO VIRGIL.

HORACE invites Virgil to supper, on condition that he contribute something towards the entertainment

COMPANIONS of the spring, the Thracian winds
  With kindly breath now drive the bark from shore;
No frost, with hoary hand, the meadow binds;
  Nor swoln with winter snow the torrents roar.

The swallow, hapless bird! now builds her nest,
And in complaining notes begins to sing,
That, with revenge too cruelly possess'd,
Impious she punish'd an incestuous king.

Stretch'd on the springing grass, the shepherd swain
His reedy pipe with rural music fills.
The god who guards his flock approves the strain,
The god who loves Arcadia's gloomy hills.

Virgil, 'tis thine, with noble youths to feast;
Yet, since the thirsty season calls for wine,
Would you a cup of generous Bacchus taste,
Bring you the odours, and a cask is thine.

Thy little box of spikenard shall produce
A mighty cask, that in the cellar lies;
Big with large hopes shall flow th' inspiring juice,
Powerful to sooth our griefs, and raise our joys.

If pleasures such as these can charm thy soul,
Bring the glad merchandise, with sweets replete;
Nor empty-handed shall you touch the bowl,
Nor do I mean, like wealthy folk, to treat.

Think on the gloomy pile's funereal flames,
And be no more with sordid lucre blind;
Mix a short folly, that unbends the mind.

6 The mythologists have spoken of Progne and Philomela in a manner very little uniform The generally received opinion at present is that Progne was changed into a swallow, and Philomela into a nightingale; but the diversity of opinions among the ancients has given the poets a right of varying the fable. Virgil in the sixth eclogue changes Philomela into a swallow; and in the fourth book of his Georgics he makes her a nightingale.—*Torr.*

22 The poet considers the part every person furnishes towards an entertainment as a kind of merchandise, which partners in trade throw into a common stock, that they may divide the profits.—*San.*

ODE XIII.—TO LYCE.*

THE poet insults Lyce, on being the contempt of the young fellows.

THE gods, the gods have heard my prayer,
See, Lyce, see that hoary hair;
Yet you a toast would shine:
You impudently drink and joke,
And with a broken voice provoke
Desires no longer thine.

Cupid, who joys in dimple sleek,
Now lies in blooming Chia's cheek,
Who tunes the melting lay;
From blasted oaks the wanton flies,
Scared at thy wrinkles, haggard eyes,
And head snow'd o'er with gray.

Nor glowing purple, nor the blaze
Of jewels, can restore the days;
To thee those days of glory,
Which, wafted on the wings of time,
Even from thy birth to beauty's prime,
Recorded stand in story.

Ah! whither is thy Venus fled?
That bloom by nature's cunning spread?
That every graceful art!

* This ode is a proof that wit and honour are not always companions Lyce had in her youth refused our poet's addresses, and he now insults her in a cruel outrageous manner, on the approach of age and ugliness. The piece is animated; its allegories just, the versification harmonious, and expression exact the great poet everywhere appears, but we search in vain and with concern for the man of honour. His interpreters have endeavoured to excuse him for a conduct, which politeness and morality equally condemn; but without examining the validity of their excuses, it were better that Horace did not need their justification —*San.*

Of her, of her what now remains,
Who breathed the loves, who charm'd the swains,
And snatch'd me from my heart?

Once happy maid! in pleasing guiles,
Who vied with Cynara in smiles,
Ah! tragical survival!
She glorious died in beauty's bloom,
While cruel fate defers thy doom
To be the raven's rival.

That youths, in fervent wishes bold,
Not without laughter may behold
A torch, whose early fire
Could every breast with love inflame,
Now faintly spread a sickly gleam,
And in a smoke expire.

ODE XIV.—TO AUGUSTUS.*

In this ode Horace ascribes the victories of Drusus and Tiberius to the auspices and success of Augustus.

How shall our holy senate's care
Or Rome with grateful joy prepare

* Augustus had commanded our poet to celebrate the victories of Drusus and Tiberius over the Rhæti and Vindelici; and as Tiberius might have been displeased that he had not been mentioned in the fourth ode of this book, he is here distinguished in a particular manner. The praises of Drusus are confounded with those of other heroes in the Claudian family, but Tiberius is associated with Augustus. The two pieces are of the same character, and equally animated by a greatness of sentiments, a sublimity of style, and all other beauties of poetry. —*Sanadon.*

1 When Horace wrote this ode the senate and people had granted all honours to Augustus which could be decreed, not only to a man, but to a god; yet Horace demands by what new cares, by what new dignities, they shall eternize his virtues, and assure to him that immortality which he had merited

Thy monumental honours, big with fame,
And in her festal annals eternize thy name?
Oh thou, where Sol with varied rays
The habitable globe surveys,
Greatest of princes, whose vindictive war
First broke th' unconquer'd Gaul to thy triumphal
car!
For when thy legions Drusus led,
How swift the rapid Brenni fled!
The rough Genauni fell, and raised in vain
Tremendous on the Alps, twice overwhelm'd the
plain
Their haughty towers. With just success
While the good gods thy battle bless,
Our elder Nero smote with deep dismay
The Rhætians, huge of bulk, and broke their firm
array.
Conspicuous in the martial strife,
And nobly prodigal of life,
With what prodigious ruins he oppress'd
For glorious liberty the death-devoted breast!
As when the Pleiads rend the skies
In mystic dance, the winds arise,

There is somewhat infinitely noble in this demand, and Horace alone seems capable of adding whatever was yet wanting to the glory of Augustus —*Dac*

11 Strabo, speaking of the cruelty of this people, tells us that when they had taken a town in war, they were not contented to put to the sword all the men who were capable of bearing arms, but killed all male children, and even women big with child, if their priest assured them that it was a boy!—*Dac.*

12 Horace would describe two different actions of Drusus in the same campaign In the first he gained a victory over the Vindelici, and covered Italy from their incursions. Tiberius, who was at that time with Augustus, was sent to support his brother, who then pushed his conquests against the Vindelici, the Brenni, and Genauni, when the two brothers, uniting their forces, entirely subdued the barbarians.—*San.*

21 This picture of the Pleiades, who rise dancing out of the ocean, and rend the clouds in performing their circuit, has something inexpressibly pleasing and noble. The Pleiades are

And work the seas untamed; such was the force
With which, through spreading fires, he spurr'd his foaming horse.
So branching Aufidus, who laves
The Daunian realms, fierce rolls his waves,
When to the golden labours of the swain
He meditates his wrath, and deluges the plain,
As Claudius, with impetuous might,
Broke through the iron ranks of fight;
From front to rear the bloodless victor sped,
Mow'd down th' embattled field, and wide the slaughter spread.
Thine were his troops, his counsels thine,
And all his guardian powers divine:
For since the day when Alexandria's port
Open'd in suppliance low her desolated court,
When thrice five times the circling sun
His annual course of light had run,
Fortune by this success hath crown'd thy name,
Confirm'd thy glories past, and raised thy future fame.
Dread guardian of the imperial state,
Whose presence rules thy country's fate,
On whom the Medes with awful wonder gaze,
Whom unhoused Scythians fear, unconquer'd Spain obeys;
The Nile, who hides his sevenfold source,
The Tigris, headlong in his course,

a constellation of seven stars in the head of the bull, not in his tail, as Pliny believed. They are fabled to have been the seven daughters of Atlas, king of Mauritania, from whence Virgil calls them Atlantides.

45 Some Portuguese Jesuits have at length discovered the sources of the Nile, which so many ages had endeavoured to find. Properly speaking, this river has but two sources, which are two fountains, round and extremely deep, on the top of a mountain called Dengla. The river, which is formed by these fountains at some distance from the foot of the mountain, takes its course towards the east, receives three little streams, then turns to the south for twelve leagues, and afterward advances to

The Danube, and the ocean wild that roars,
With monster-bearing waves, round Britain's rocky shores.
The fearless Gaul thy name reveres,
Thy voice the rough Iberian hears,
With arms composed the fierce Sicambrians yield,
Nor view, with dear delight, the carnage of the field.

ODE XV.—TO AUGUSTUS.*

Horace dedicates this ode to Augustus, on the restoration of peace.

I would have sung of battles dire,
And mighty cities overthrown,
When Phœbus smote me with his lyre,
And warn'd me, with an angry tone,
Not to unfold my little sail, or brave
The boundless terrors of the Tyrrhene wave.

Yet will I sing thy peaceful reign,
Which crowns with fruits our happy fields,

the west about twenty-five leagues. At last, flowing through Egypt, it discharges itself into the Mediterranean by two mouths.—*San.*

* In the latter end of spring, 714, Augustus shut the temple of Janus for the third and last time, which probably gave occasion to this ode.—*San.*

3 Horace could not flatter Augustus more agreeably than by representing Apollo interesting himself for his glory, and forbidding the poet to attempt his military actions, since it was impossible to celebrate them with a dignity equal to the subject. This address will appear more delicate and artful, if we remember how anxious Augustus was to have it believed that Apollo was his father and protector, particularly that he fought for him at the battle of Actium.—*San.*

5 To attempt with this feeble genius to sing the victories of Augustus, is to venture in a little bark on a broad, tempestuous ocean. The metaphor is beautiful, the sentiment modest, and the compliment to Augustus appears with equal truth and dignity, for it is a compliment paid by a god!

And rent from Parthia's haughty fane,
To Roman Jove his eagles yields;
Augustus bids the rage of war to cease,
And shuts up Janus in eternal peace.

Restrain'd by arts of ancient fame,
Wild license walks at large no more,
Those arts, by which the Latian name,
The Roman strength, th' imperial pow'r,
With awful majesty unbounded spread
To rising Phœbus from his western bed.

While watchful Cæsar guards our age,
Nor civil wrath, nor loud alarms
Of foreign tumults, nor the rage,
That joys to forge destructive arms,
And ruin'd cities fills with hostile woes,
Shall e'er disturb, oh Rome! thy safe repose.

Nations, who quaff the rapid stream
Where deep the Danube rolls his wave;
The Parthians, of perfidious fame,
The Getæ fierce, and Seres brave,
And they, on Tanaïs who wide extend,
Shall to the Julian laws reluctant bend.

Our wives and children share our joy,
With Bacchus' jovial blessings gay;
Thus we the festal hours employ,
Thus grateful hail the busy day;
But first, with solemn rites the gods adore,
And, like our sires, their sacred aid implore;

Then vocal, with harmonious lays
To Lydian flutes, of cheerful sound,

12 This temple was built by Romulus. His successor Numa put two gates to it, which were shut in peace, and opened in war. They had been twice shut before the time of Augustus, and thrice during his government.

38 In the time of Terence, the Romans had flutes which

Attemper'd sweetly, we shall raise
The valiant deeds of chiefs renown'd,
Old Troy, Anchises, and the godlike race
Of Venus, blooming with immortal grace.

might properly be called Phrygian and Lydian. They were different in their tones and number of stops. The Lydian had but one stop, and consequently was of a deep tone; the Phrygian had two, which gave a shriller sound. But in the time of Horace all their flutes had many stops, and they called them Phrygian or Lydian, according to the measures in which they played; for whatever change was made in the instrument they always played in the ancient measures Thus the same flute was called Phrygian, when they played the Phrygian measure, and became Lydian, when it took the Lydian measure. This last was better suited to the voice, and as it was of a tone more loud and lively, it was proper for mirth and festivals.—*Dac.*

BOOK V.

ODE I.—TO MÆCENAS.

HORACE offers to accompany Mæcenas on the Actian expedition.

WHILE you, Mæcenas, dearest friend,
Would Cæsar's person with your own defend;
And Antony's high-tower'd fleet,
With light Liburnian gallies fearless meet,
What shall forsaken Horace do.
Whose every joy of life depends on you[1]
With thee, 'tis happiness to live,
And life, without thee, can no pleasure give.

1 As soon as Mæcenas had received orders to hold himself in readiness to go aboard the fleet of Octavius, he imparted the news to Horace, and at the same time declared to him that he would not permit him to make this voyage with him This declaration mortified our poet, who had attended him to the Sicilian wars against Pompey, and would gladly have shared the same dangers with him in an action which had fixed the attention of the whole world, and which was to give a master to the Roman empire. Mæcenas probably was unwilling to expose his favourite's life; or perhaps he was afraid that the fatigues of the voyage and the war might impair his health, which was very delicate.

2 We are not much acquainted with Mæcenas under a military character, but he seems to have suffered unjustly in that respect The battle of Actium was the sixth in which he fought for Octavius in the space of twelve years, and since Horace had assisted in two of these actions, he could speak of his patron's courage, as an ocular witness. This panegyric on Mæcenas includes indirectly that of Octavius, by insinuating that he was regardless of his person in battle, and exposed himself to the greatest dangers.—*San.*

Shall I th' unkind command obey,
And idly waste my joyless hours away;
Or, as becomes the brave, embrace
The glorious toil, and spurn the thoughts of peace?
I will; and over Alpine snow,
Or savage Caucasus intrepid go;
Or follow, with undaunted breast,
Thy dreadful warfare to the farthest west.
You ask, what aid I can afford,
A puny warrior, novice to the sword.
Absence, my lord, increases fear;
The danger lessens when the friend is near:
Thus, if the mother-bird forsake
Her unfledged young, she dreads the gliding snake,
With deeper agonies afraid,
Not that her presence could afford them aid.
With cheerful heart will I sustain,
To purchase your esteem, this dread campaign:
Not that my ploughs, with heavier toil,
Or with a larger team, may turn my soil;
Not that my flocks, when Sirius reigns,
May browse the verdure of Lucania's plains;
Not that my villa shall extend
To where the walls of Tusculum ascend.
Thy bounty largely hath supplied,
Even with a lavish hand, my utmost pride;
Nor will I meanly wish for more,
Tasteless in earth to hide the sordid store,
Like an old miser in the play,
Or like a spendthrift squander it away.

ODE II.—THE PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

ALPHIUS the usurer, weary of his craft, praises a country life; but shortly after, overcome with avarice, he returns to his natural bent, and his old way of living.

LIKE the first mortals bless'd is he,
From debts, and usury, and business free,
With his own team who ploughs the soil,
Which grateful once confess'd his father's toil.
The sounds of war nor break his sleep,
Nor the rough storm that harrows up the deep:
He shuns the courtier's haughty doors,
And the loud science of the bar abjures.
Sometimes his marriageable vines
Around the lofty bridegroom elm he twines;
Or lops the vagrant boughs away,
Ingrafting better as the old decay:
Or in the vale with joy surveys
His lowing herd safe-wandering as they graze;
Or careful stores the flowing gold
Press'd from the hive, or shears his tender fold;
Or when with various fruits o'erspread,
The mellow Autumn lifts his beauteous head,
His grafted pears or grapes, that vie
With the rich purple of the Tyrian die,
Grateful he gathers, and repays
His guardian gods upon their festal days;
Sometimes beneath an ancient shade,
Or on the matted grass supinely laid,
Where pours the mountain stream along,
And feather'd warblers chant the soothing song;
Or where the lucid fountain flows,
And with its murmurs courts him to repose.

10 The countryman here chooses the tallest trees, that he may have the best wine; for Pliny tells us high trees give a richer wine, and lower trees a greater quantity.—*Dac.*

But when the rain and snows appear,
And wintry Jove loud thunders o'er the year,
With hounds he drives into the toils
The foaming boar, and triumphs in his spoils;
Or for the greedy thrush he lays
His nets, and with delusive baits betrays;
Artful he sets the springing snare,
To catch the stranger crane, or timorous hare.
Thus happy, who would stoop to prove
The pains, the wrongs, and injuries of love?
But if a chaste and virtuous wife
Assist him in the tender cares of life;
Of sunburnt charms, but honest fame,
(Such as the Sabine or Apulian dame,)
Fatigued when homeward he returns,
The sacred fire with cheerful lustre burns;
Or if she milk her swelling kine,
Or in their folds his happy flocks confine;
While unbought dainties crown the feast,
And luscious wines from this year's vintage press'd;
No more shall curious oysters please;
Or fish, the luxury of foreign seas,
(If eastern tempests thundering o'er
The wintry wave, shall drive them to our shore;)
Or wild-fowl of delicious taste,
From distant climates brought to crown the feast,
Shall e'er so grateful prove to me
As olives gather'd from their unctuous tree,
And herbs, that love the flowery field,
And cheerful health with pure digestion yield;
Or fatling, on the festal day,
Or kid just rescued from some beast of prey.
Amid the feast how joys he to behold
His well-fed flocks home hasting to their fold!

42 The Sabines possessed the middle of Italy. They were a laborious, frugal people, and their wives were remarkable for chastity and modesty, domestic housewifery, and conjugal fidelity.—*Cruq.*

Or see his labour'd oxen bow
Their languid necks, and drag th' inverted plough!
At night his numerous slaves to view
Round his domestic gods their mirth pursue!
The usurer spoke; determined to begin
A country life, he calls his money in;
But ere the moon was in her wane
The wretch had put it out to use again.

67 Until these words, the reader imagines that Horace himself speaks, and these were his own sentiments; but by giving them to this usurer, he surprises his reader agreeably, and shows the whole ode in a pleasing and a stronger light. Columella mentions Alphius as a remarkable usurer, whose favourite maxim was, that the best debts become bad when we suffer them to rest.—*Dac.*

ODE III.—TO MÆCENAS.

HORACE expresses his aversion to garlic.

If parricide ever, in horrors more dire,
With impious right hand shall strangle his sire,
On garlic, than hemloc more rank, let him feed:
Oh stomach of mowers to digest such a weed!
What poison is this in my bosom so glowing?
Have I swallow'd the gore of a viper unknowing?
Canidia perhaps hath handled the feast,
And with witchery hellish the banquet hath dress'd.
With this did Medea her lover besmear,
Young Jason, beyond all his argonauts fair:
The stench was so strong, that it tamed to the yoke
The brass-footed bulls breathing forth fire and smoke.
On the gown of Creüsa its juices she shed;
Then on her wing'd dragon in triumph she fled.
Not such the strong vapour, that burns up the plains,
When the dogstar in anger triumphantly reigns:
Not the shirt of Alcides, that well-labour'd soldier,
With flames more envenom'd burn'd into his shoulder.

17 This gift was the robe which Dejanira sent to Hercules after having dipped it into the blood of Nessus: and the epithet

May the girl of your heart, if ever you taste,
Facetious Mæcenas, so baleful a feast,
Her hand o'er your kisses, oh, may she bespread,
And lie afar off on the stock of the bed!

ODE IV.

THE subject of this ode is a certain person, who, from a slave being made a military tribune, was to have the command of one part of the fleet of the Triumviri.

As wolves and lambs by nature disagree,
So is my hatred firm to thee:
Thou wretch! whose back with flagrant whips is torn;
Whose legs with galling fetters worn;
Though wealth thy native insolence inflame,
A scoundrel ever is the same.
While you your thrice three ells of gown display,
And stalk along the sacred way,
Observe the freeborn indignation rise;
Mark how they turn away their eyes!
This wretch, they cry, with public lashing flay'd
Till e'en the beadle loath'd his trade,
Now ploughs his thousand acres of domain,
And wears the pavement with his train;
Now on the foremost benches sits, in spite
Of Otho, an illustrious knight.

given to Hercules shows those hardy enterprises which he had undertaken and executed in the course of his twelve labours

12 There were three judges in Rome who took cognizance of all petty crimes, and who ordered slaves and thieves to be chastised in their presence. The person against whom this ode was written had gone through this discipline, until the beadle, who used to proclaim the fault for which the criminals were punished, was tired of his office.

16 Roscius Otho carried a law by which the knights had fourteen benches in the circus assigned to them separated from the people; but even this law distinguished the knights of birth, by giving them a right of sitting on the first seats, preferable to

From slaves and pirates to assert the main,
Shall Rome such mighty fleets maintain?
And shall those fleets, that dreadful rule the sea,
A pirate and a slave obey?

ODE V.

THE imprecations of a boy against the witch Canidia

BUT oh, ye gods! whose awful sway
Heaven, earth, and humankind obey,
What can this hideous noise intend?
On me what ghastly looks they bend!
If ever chaste Lucina heard
Thy vows in hour of birth preferr'd;
Oh! by this robe's impurpled train,
Its purple pride, alas! how vain!
By the unerring wrath of Jove,
Unerring shall his vengeance prove:
Why like a stepdame do you stare,
Or like a wounded tigress glare?
Thus, while his sacred robes they tear,
The trembling boy prefers his prayer;
Then naked stands, with such a form
As might an impious Thracian charm.
Canidia, crown'd with writhing snakes,
Dishevell'd, thus the silence breaks:
"Now the magic fire prepare,
And from graves uprooted tear
Trees, whose horrors gloomy spread
Round the mansions of the dead;

those who were advanced to that dignity either by their fortunes or service. Horace therefore attributes this fellow's assuming this prerogative to his contempt of Otho's law.—*San.*

7 Children of quality wore a robe bordered with purple until they were fifteen years of age. The boy therefore conjures Canidia by his robe, which showed his youth and quality; which was in itself esteemed sacred, and should therefore protect him from danger.—*Torr. Dac.*

19 Here Canidia calls for the drugs that witches were supposed to use in composing their filters.—*Dac.*

Bring the eggs, and plumage foul
Of the midnight-shrieking owl;
Be they well besmear'd with blood
Of the blackest-venom'd toad;
From their various climates bring
Every herb that taints the spring;
Then into the charm be thrown,
Snatch'd from famish'd bitch, a bone;
Burn them all with magic flame,
Kindled first by Colchian dame."
Now Sagana around the cell
Sprinkled her waters, black from hell;
Fierce as a porcupine or boar,
In frightful wreaths her hair she wore.
  Veia, who never knew remorse,
Uplifts the spade with feeble force;
And breathless with the hellish toil,
Deep-groaning breaks the guilty soil;
Turns out the earth, and digs a grave
In which the boy (as o'er the wave
A lusty swimmer lifts his head)
Chin-deep sinks downward to the dead,
O'er dainties, changed twice thrice, a day,
Slowly to gaze his life away;
That the foul hags an amorous dose
Of his parched marrow may compose;
His marrow, and his liver dried,
The seat where wanton thoughts reside;
When fix'd upon his food in vain,
His eyeballs pined away by pain.
  Naples for idleness renown'd,
And all the villages around,

53 Naples, by the advantages of its situation, and temperature of its climate, was always regarded as the seat of idleness and pleasures. Either this horrid fact must have been generally known, or Horace has taken a pleasant manner of proving it, by calling Naples and all the neighbouring villages as witnesses of it.

Believe that Folia shared their rites,
She who in monstrous lusts delights ;
Whose voice the stars from heaven can tear,
And charm bright Luna from her sphere.
Here, with black tooth and livid jaws,
Her unpared thumbs Canidia gnaws,
And into hideous accents broke,
In sounds, how direful ! thus she spoke :
" Ye powers of darkness and of hell,
Propitious to the magic spell,
Who rule in silence o'er the night,
While we perform the mystic rite,
Be present now ; your horrors shed
In hallow'd vengeance on his head.
Beneath the forest's gloomy shade,
While beasts in slumbers sweet are laid,
Give me the lecher, old and lewd,
By barking village curs pursued ;
Exposed to laughter, let him shine
In essence—ah ! that once was mine.
What ! shall my strongest potions fail,
And could Medea's charms prevail ?
When the fair harlot, proud of heart,
Deep felt the vengeance of her art ;
Her gown with powerful poisons died,
In flames inwrapt the guilty bride.
Yet every root and herb I know,
And on what steepy depths they grow ;
And yet, with essence round him shed,
He sleeps in some bold harlot's bed ;
Or walks at large, nor thinks of me,
By some more mighty witch set free.
" But soon the wretch my wrath shall prove,
By spells unwonted taught to love ;
Nor shall e'en Marsian charms have power
Thy peace, oh Varus ! to restore.
With stronger drugs, a larger bowl
I'll fill, to bend thy haughty soul ;

Sooner the seas to heaven shall rise,
And earth spring upward to the skies,
Than you not burn in fierce desire,
As melts this pitch in smoky fire."
  The boy, with lenient words, no more
Now strives their pity to implore:
With rage yet doubtful what to speak,
Forth from his lips these curses break—
"Your spells may right and wrong remove,
But ne'er shall change the wrath of Jove;
For while I curse the direful deed,
In vain shall all your victims bleed.
Soon as this tortured body dies,
A midnight fury will I rise·
Then shall my ghost, though form'd of air,
Your cheeks with crooked talons tear;
Unceasing on your entrails prey,
And fright the thoughts of sleep away:
Such horrors shall the guilty know;
Such is the power of gods below.
  "Ye filthy hags, with showers of stones
The vengeful crowd shall crush your bones;
Then beasts of prey and birds of air
Shall your unburied members tear;
And, while they weep their favourite boy,
My parents shall the vengeful sight enjoy."

ODE VI.—TO CASSIUS SEVERUS.

HORACE threatens to revenge himself on Cassius Severus for his maledictions.

You dog, that fearful to provoke
The wolf, attack offenceless folk!
Turn hither, if you dare, your spite,
And bark at me, prepared to bite;
For like a hound, or mastiff keen,
That guards the shepherd's flocky green,
Through the deep snows I boldly chase,
With ears erect, the savage race;

But you, when with your hideous yelling
You fill the grove, at crusts are smelling.
Fierce as Archilochus I glow,
Like Hipponax a deadly foe.
If any mongrel shall assail
My character with tooth and nail,
What! like a truant boy, shall I
Do nothing in revenge—but cry?

ODE VII.—TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.*

On the renewal of the civil war

Whither, oh! whither, impious, do ye run?
Why is the sword unsheathed, the war begun?
Has then too little of the Latian blood
Been pour'd on earth, or mix'd with Neptune's flood?
Nor that the Romans with avenging flame
Might burn the rival of the Roman name,
Or Britons yet unbroken to our war,
In chains should follow our triumphal car,

* After the defeat of Brutus and Cassius, the death of Sextus Pompeius, and the resignation of Lepidus, Octavius and Antony alone remained in a condition of disputing the sovereign power. Sometimes Octavia, sometimes their common friends reconciled them; but at length they came to an open rupture in the year 722, when all the forces of the republic were armed to give the last stroke to Roman liberty. During these preparations Horace composed five or six odes on this subject. His design here is to represent to both parties the horrors of their criminal dissensions, which threatened their common country with total ruin. He was not ignorant that the ambition of the two chiefs was the sole cause of these misfortunes; but he speaks with reserve; nor does he declare for either of them, that he might not expose himself (since the event of the war was yet uncertain) to the resentment of the conqueror.—*San.*

7 Julius Cæsar was the first of the Romans who carried his arms into Britain; and although Suetonius tells us that he obliged the Britons to give hostages, and imposed tributes on them, yet we may say that he rather opened a way for his successors into the island, than that he conquered it; or perhaps

But that the Parthian should his vows enjoy,
And Rome, with impious hand, herself destroy.
The rage of wolves and lions is confined;
They never prey but on a different kind.
Answer, from madness rise their horrors dire?
Does angry fate, or guilt your souls inspire?
Silent they stand; with stupid wonder gaze,
While the pale cheek their inward guilt betrays.
'Tis so—the fates have cruelly decreed
That Rome for ancient fratricide must bleed:
The brother's blood, which stain'd our rising walls,
On his descendants loud for vengeance calls.

ODE IX.—TO MÆCENAS.

Horace celebrates the successes that preceded the victory at Actium.

When shall we quaff your old Cæcubian wine,
Reserved for pious feasts, and joys divine?
Cæsar with conquest comes, and gracious Jove,
Who gave that conquest, shall our joys approve.
Then bid the breath of harmony inspire
The Doric flute, and wake the Phrygian lyre;
As late, when the Neptunian youth, who spurn'd
A mortal birth, beheld his navy burn'd,
And fled affrighted through his father's waves,
With his perfidious host; his host of slaves,

it was never totally subdued by the Romans. In the time of Horace the reduction of the people was considered as a new conquest, reserved for the arms of Augustus. He always mentions them with epithets of terror, which represent them as a nation formidable to the Romans, even in the highest strength and glory of their republic.

10 Pompey received all the slaves who would enter into his service; and the desertion was so great through Italy, that the vestals offered sacrifices and prayers to prevent the continuance of it.—*San.*

Freed from those chains, with which his rage design'd,
Impious! the freeborn sons of Rome to bind.
The Roman troops, (oh! be the tale denied
By future times,) enslaved to woman's pride,
And to a wither'd eunuch's will severe
Basely subdued, the toils of war could bear.
Amid the Roman eagles Sol survey'd,
Oh shame! th' Egyptian canopy display'd;
When twice a thousand Gauls aloud proclaim,
Indignant at the sight, great Cæsar's name,
And a brave fleet, by just resentment led,
Turn'd their broad prows, and to our havens fled.
Come, god of triumphs, bring the golden car,
The untamed heifers, and the spoils of war;
For he, whose virtue raised his awful tomb
O'er ruin'd Carthage, ne'er return'd to Rome
So great and glorious, nor could Libya's field
To thee, oh Triumph, such a leader yield.
Pursued by land and sea, the vanquish'd foe
Hath changed his purple for the garb of wo;
With winds, no more his own; with shatter'd fleet,
He seeks the far-famed hundred towns of Crete;
To tempest-beaten Libya speeds his way,
Or drives a vagrant through the uncertain sea.
Boy, bring us larger bowls, and fill them round
With Chian, or the Lesbian vintage crown'd,
Or rich Cæcubian, which may best restrain
All sickening qualms, and fortify the brain.
Th' inspiring juice shall the gay banquet warm,
Nor Cæsar's danger shall our fears alarm.

21 The poet ascribes these desertions to the conduct of Cleopatra, who was not ashamed to display her luxury even in the midst of a camp. His whole indignation falls on this princess; nor does he say anything that can be personally applied to Antony. He only describes him in general by calling him the Roman soldier, and the conquered enemy.—*San.*

ODE X.—TO MÆVIUS.

HORACE wishes that Mævius may suffer shipwreck.

WHEN filthy Mævius hoists the spreading sail,
Each luckless omen shall prevail:
Ye southern winds, invert the foamy tides,
And bang his labouring vessel's sides;
Let Eurus rouse the main with blackening roar,
Crack every cable, every oar;
Let the north wind rise dreadful o'er the floods,
As when it breaks the mountain woods;
Nor let one friendly star shine o'er the night,
When sets Orion's gloomy light.
Mayst thou no kinder winds, oh Mævius! meet,
Than the victorious Grecian fleet,
When Pallas turn'd her rage from ruin'd Troy,
The impious Ajax to destroy.
With streams of sweat the toiling sailor glows,
Thy face a muddy paleness shows,
Nor shall thy vile, unmanly wailings move
The pity of avenging Jove;
While wat'ry winds the bellowing ocean shake,
I see thy luckless vessel break;
But if thy carcass reach the winding shore,
And birds the pamper'd prey devour,
A lamb and lustful goat shall thank the storm,
And I the sacrifice perform.

3 It is remarkable that Horace mentions those winds alone, which were contrary to the voyage of this unfortunate rhymer. He even makes a difference between them, and addresses himself particularly to the south, for its power over those seas, especially the entrance into the gulf of Venice The west wind could not justly be mentioned, since it must have been favourable to his voyage —*San.*

23 The Greeks sacrificed a black male lamb to the tempests, whom they worshipped as gods; the Romans offered them a black ewe, as to goddesses.

ODE XI.—TO PETTIUS

Horace says he is so much in love that he cannot apply himself to the study of poetry.

Since cruel love, oh Pettius! pierced my heart,
How have I lost my once-loved lyric art!
Thrice have the woods their leafy honour mourn'd
Since for Inachia's beauties Horace burn'd.
How was I then (for I confess my shame)
Of every idle tale the laughing theme!
Oh! that I ne'er had known the jovial feast,
Where the deep sigh, that rends the labouring breast,
Where languor, and a gentle silence shows
To every curious eye the lover's woes.
  Pettius, how often o'er the flowing bowl,
When the gay liquor warm'd my opening soul,
When Bacchus, jovial god, no more restrain'd
The modest secret, how have I complain'd,
That wealthy blockheads, in a female's eyes,
From a poor poet's genius bear the prize;
But if a generous rage my breast should warm,
I swore—no vain amusements e'er shall charm
My aching wounds. Ye vagrant winds, receive
The sighs, that sooth the pains they should relieve;
Here shall my shame of being conquer'd end,
Nor with such rivals will I more contend.
  When thus, with solemn air, I vaunting said,
Inspired by thy advice, I homeward sped;
But ah! my feet in wonted wanderings stray,
And to no friendly doors my steps betray;
There I forget my vows, forget my pride,
And at her threshold lay my tortured side.

ODE XIII.—TO A FRIEND.

THE poet in this ode insists that the troubles of life are to be assuaged by drinking, music, and friendly conversation.

SEE what horrid tempests rise,
And contract the clouded skies;
Snows and showers fill the air,
And bring down the atmosphere.
Hark! what tempests sweep the floods!
How they shake the rattling woods!
  Let us, while it's in our power,
Let us seize the fleeting hour;
While our cheeks are fresh and gay,
Let us drive old age away;
Let us smooth its gather'd brows,
Youth its hour of mirth allows.
  Bring us down the mellow'd wine,
Rich with years that equal mine;
Prithee, talk no more of sorrow,
To the gods belong to-morrow,
And, perhaps, with gracious power,
They may change the gloomy hour.
Let the richest essence shed
Eastern odours on your head,
While the soft Cyllenian lyre
Shall your labouring breast inspire.
  To his pupil, brave and young,
Thus the noble centaur sung;
Matchless mortal! though 'tis thine
Proud to boast a birth divine,
Yet the banks, with cooling waves,
Which the smooth Scamander laves;
And where Simoïs with pride
Rougher rolls his rapid tide,
Destined by unerring fate,
Shall the sea-born hero wait.
There the sisters, fated boy,
Shall thy thread of life destroy

Nor shall azure Thetis more
Waft thee to thy natal shore;
Then let joy and mirth be thine,
Mirthful songs and joyous wine,
And with converse blithe and gay
Drive all gloomy cares away.

ODE XV.—TO NEÆRA.

HORACE complains of Neæra's breach of faith.

CLEAR was the night, the face of heaven serene,
Bright shone the moon amid her starry train,
When round my neck as curls the tendril-vine—
(Loose are its curlings, if compared to thine)
'Twas then, insulting every heavenly power,
That, as I dictated, you boldly swore:
While the gaunt wolf pursues the trembling sheep;
While fierce Orion harrows up the deep;
While Phœbus' locks float wanton in the wind,
Thus shall Neæra prove, thus ever kind.
  But, if with aught of man was Horace born,
Severely shalt thou feel his honest scorn,
Nor will he tamely bear the bold delight
With which his rival riots out the night,
But in his anger seek some kinder dame,
Warm with the raptures of a mutual flame;
Nor shall thy rage, thy grief, or angry charms,
Recall the lover to thy faithless arms.
And thou, whoe'er thou art, who joy to shine,
Proud as thou art, in spoils which once were mine,
Though wide thy land extends, and large thy fold,
Though rivers roll for thee their purest gold,
Though nature's wisdom in her works were thine,
And beauties of the human face divine,
Yet soon thy pride her wandering love shall mourn,
While I shall laugh, exulting in my turn.

ODE XVI.—TO THE ROMANS.

Horace here foretells that Rome, torn in pieces by intestine wars, would be deserted after the example of the Phocæans.

In endless civil war, th' imperial state
By her own strength precipitates her fate.
What neighbouring nations, fiercely leagued in arms,
What Porsena, with insolent alarms
Threatening her tyrant monarch to restore;
What Spartacus, and Capua's rival power;
What Gaul, tumultuous and devoid of truth,
And fierce Germania, with her blue-eyed youth;
What Hannibal, on whose accursed head
Our sires their deepest imprecations shed,
In vain attempted to her awful state,
Shall we, a blood-devoted race, complete?
Again shall savage beasts these hills possess,
And fell barbarians, wanton with success,
Scatter our city's flaming ruins wide,
Or through her streets in vengeful triumph ride,
And her great founder's hallow'd ashes spurn,
That sleep uninjured in their sacred urn?
But some, perhaps, to shun the rising shame,
(Which heaven approve,) would try some happier scheme.
As the Phocæans oft for freedom bled,
At length with imprecated curses, fled,

11 The civil wars between Marius and Sylla, which began in 666, were never perfectly extinguished until the death of Antony, 724 Horace, therefore, says that this was the second age of those wars, because they had commenced in the preceding century.

22 The Phocæans, being besieged by Harpagus, general of the Persians, demanded one day's truce to deliberate on the propositions he had sent to them, and desired that he would draw off his army from their walls. As soon as Harpagus had consented, they carried their most valuable effects, their wives and children, aboard their ships. Then throwing a mass of

And left to boars and wolves the sacred fane,
With all their household gods, adored in vain,
So let us fly, as far as earth extends,
Or where the vagrant wind our voyage bends.
  Shall this, or shall some better scheme prevail?
Why do we stop to hoist the willing sail?
But let us swear, when floating rocks shall gain,
Raised from the deep, the surface of the main;
When lowly Po the mountain summit laves,
And Apennine shall plunge beneath the waves;
When nature's monsters meet in strange delight,
And the fell tigress shall with stags unite;
When the fierce kite shall woo the willing dove,
And win the wanton with adulterous love;
When herds on brindled lions fearless gaze,
And the smooth goat exults in briny seas;
Then, and then only, to the tempting gale,
To spread repentant the returning sail.
  Yet to cut off our hopes—those hopes that charm
Our fondless home—let us with curses arm
These high resolves. Thus let the brave and wise,
Whose souls above th' indocile vulgar rise:
Then let the crowd, who dare not hope success,
Inglorious, these ill-omen'd seats possess.
  But ye, whom virtue warms, indulge no more
These female plaints, but quit this fated shore:
For earth-surrounding sea our flight awaits,
Offering its blissful isles, and happy seats,
Where annual Ceres crowns th' uncultured field,
And vines unpruned their blushing clusters yield;
Where olives, faithful to their season, grow,
And figs with nature's deepest purple glow;
From hollow oaks where honey'd streams distil,
And bounds with noisy foot the pebbled rill;

glowing iron into the sea, they bound themselves by oath never to return to their country until that mass should rise to the surface of the water. From hence a Grecian proverb, "As long as the Phocæan mass of iron shall continue at the bottom of the ocean."

Where goats untaught forsake the flowery vale,
And bring their swelling udders to the pail;
Nor evening bears the sheepfold growl around,
Nor mining vipers heave the tainted ground;
Nor wat'ry Eurus deluges the plain,
Nor heats excessive burn the springing grain.
  Not Argo thither turn'd her armed head;
Medea there no magic poison spread;
No merchants thither plough the pathless main,
For guilty commerce, and a thirst of gain;
Nor wise Ulysses, and his wandering bands,
Vicious, though brave, e'er knew these happy lands.
O'er the glad flocks no foul contagion spreads,
Nor summer sun his burning influence sheds.
Pure and unmix'd the world's first ages roll'd,
But soon as brass had stain'd the flowing gold,
To iron hardened by succeeding crimes,
Jove for the just preserved these happy climes,
To which the gods their pious race invite,
And bid me, raptured bard, direct their flight.

ODE XVII.—TO CANIDIA.

HORACE ironically begs pardon of Canidia; she answers that she never will be reconciled.

CANIDIA, to thy matchless art
Vanquish'd I yield a suppliant heart;
But oh! by hell's extended plains,
Where Pluto's gloomy consort reigns;
By bright Diana's vengeful rage,
Which prayers, not hecatombs assuage;
And by the books, of power to call
The charmed stars, and bid them fall,
No more pronounce the sacred scroll,
But back the magic circle roll.
  Even stern Achilles could forgive
The Mysian king, and bid him live,

12 Telephus was king of Mysia. When the Greeks entered his country, in their passage to Troy, he opposed them vigor-

Though proud he ranged the ranks of fight,
And hurl'd the spear with daring might,
Thus, when the murderous Hector lay,
Condemn'd to dogs, and birds of prey,
Yet when his royal father kneel'd,
The fierce Achilles knew to yield,
And Troy's unhappy matrons paid
Their sorrows to their Hector's shade.
Ulysses' friends, in labours tried,
So Circe will'd, threw off their hide,
Assumed the human form divine,
And dropp'd the voice and sense of swine.
Oh thou, whom tars and merchants love,
Too deep thy vengeful rage I prove,
Reduced, alas! to skin and bone,
My vigour fled, my colour gone.
Thy fragrant odours on my head
More than the snows of age have shed.
Days press on nights, and nights on days,
Yet never bring an hour of ease,
While gasping in the pangs of death,
I stretch my lungs in vain for breath,
Thy charms have power ('tis now confess'd)
To split the head, and tear the breast.
What would you more, all-charming dame ?
Oh seas, and earth! this scorching flame!
Not such the fire Alcides bore
When the black-venom'd shirt he wore:
Nor such the flames that to the skies
From Ætna's burning entrails rise;
And yet, thou shop of poisons dire,
You glow with unrelenting fire,
Till by the rapid heat calcined,
Vagrant I drive before the wind.

ously; but being wounded by Achilles, he was told by the oracle that he could only be cured by the weapon with which he was wounded. He applied to Achilles, who, scraping his lance, poured the filings into his wound. Pliny mentions a picture in which Achilles was painted performing the cure.—*Lamb.*

How long? What ransom shall I pay?
Speak—I the stern command obey.
To expiate the guilty deed,
Say, shall a hundred bullocks bleed?
Or shall I to the lying string
Thy fame and spotless virtue sing?
Teach thee, a golden star, to rise,
And deathless walk the spangled skies?
When Helen's virtue was defamed,
Her brothers, though with rage enflamed,
Yet to the bard his eyes restored,
When suppliant he their grace implored.
Oh! calm this madness of my brain,
For you can heal this raging pain.
You never knew the birth of shame,
Nor by thy hand, all-skilful dame,
The poor man's ashes are upturn'd,
Though they be thrice three days inurn'd.
Thy bosom's bounteous and humane,
Thy hand from blood and murder clean;
And with a blooming race of boys
Lucina crowns thy mother-joys.

CANIDIA'S ANSWER.

I'LL hear no more. Thy prayers are vain:
Not rocks, amid the wintry main,
Less heed the shipwreck'd sailor's cries,
When Neptune bids the tempest rise.
Shall you Cotytto's feast deride,
Yet safely triumph in thy pride?
Or, impious, to the glare of day
The sacred joys of love betray?

5 Cotys, or Cotytto, was the goddess of impurity, and although she did not preside over assemblies of witches, yet as there were many vile and infamous ceremonies practised in them, the poet satirically makes Canidia call them the feasts of Cotys.—*Politian.*

Or fill the city with my name,
And pontiff-like our rites defame?
Did I with wealth in vain enrich,
Of potent spells each charming witch,
Or mix the speedy drugs in vain?
No—through a lingering length of pain,
Reluctant shalt thou drag thy days,
While every hour new pangs shall raise.
  Gazing on the delusive feast,
Which charms his eye, yet flies his taste,
Perfidious Tantalus implores,
For rest, for rest, the vengeful powers;
Prometheus, while the vulture preys
Upon his liver, longs for ease;
And Sisyphus, with many a groan,
Uprolls, with ceaseless toil, his stone,
To fix it on the topmost hill,
In vain, for Jove's all-ruling will
Forbids. When thus in black despair
Down from some castle, high in air,
You seek a headlong fate below,
Or try the dagger's pointed blow,
Or if the left-ear'd knot you tie,
Yet death your vain attempts shall fly;
Then on your shoulders will I ride,
And earth shall shake beneath my pride
  Could I with life an image warm,
(Impertinent, you saw the charm,)
Or tear down Luna from her skies,
Or bid the dead, though burn'd, arise,
Or mix the draught inspiring love,
And shall my art on thee successless prove?

THE SECULAR POEM.*

THE POET TO THE PEOPLE.

STAND off, ye vulgar, nor profane,
With bold, unhallow'd sounds, this festal scene:
In hymns, inspired by truth divine,
I, priest of the melodious Nine,
To youths and virgins sing the mystic strain.

TO THE CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

PHŒBUS taught me how to sing,
How to tune the vocal string;
Phœbus made me known to fame,
Honour'd with a poet's name.
Noble youths, and virgins fair,
Chaste Diana's guardian care,
(Goddess, whose unerring dart
Stops the lynx, or flying hart,)
Mark the Lesbian measures well,
Where they fall, and where they swell,
And in varied cadence sing,
As I strike the changing string.
To the god, who gilds the skies,
Let the solemn numbers rise;
Solemn sing the queen of night,
And her crescent's bending light,
Which adown the fruitful year
Rolls the months in prone career.

* The celebration of the secular games was distinguished by the solemnity of three great festivals, which were divided in their institution, but by degrees became united, and formed one entertainment, which continued three days and three nights successively.

Soon upon her bridal day,
Thus the joyful maid shall say,
When the great revolving year
Bade the festal morn appear,
High the vocal hymn I raised,
And the listening gods were pleased;
All the vocal hymn divine,
Horace, tuneful bard, was thine.

FIRST CONCERT.—HYMN TO APOLLO.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Tityus, with impious lust inspired,
By chaste Latona's beauties fired,
Thy wrath, oh Phœbus, tried;
And Niobe, of tongue profane,
Deplored her numerous offspring slain,
Sad victims of their mother's pride.

Achilles too, the son of fame,
Though sprung from Thetis, sea-born dame,
And first of men in fight,
Though warring with tremendous spear
He shook the Trojan towers with fear,
Yet bow'd to thy superior might;
The cypress, when by storms impell'd,
Or pine, by biting axes fell'd,
Low bends the towering head:
So falling on th' ensanguined plain,
By your unerring arrow slain,
His mighty bulk the hero spread.

He had not Priam's heedless court,
Dissolved in wine, and festal sport,
With midnight art surprised;
But bravely bold, of open force,
Had proudly scorn'd Minerva's horse,
And all its holy cheat despised;

Then arm'd, alas! with horrors dire,
Wide-wasting with resistless ire,
  Into the flames had thrown
Infants, upon whose faltering tongue
Their words in formless accent hung,
  Infants to life and light unknown.

But charm'd by beauty's queen and thee,
The sire of gods, with just decree
  Assenting, shook the skies;
That Troy should change th' imperial seat,
And guided by a better fate,
  Glorious in distant realms should rise.

Oh! may the god, who could inspire
With living sounds the Grecian lyre,
  In Xanthus' lucid stream
Who joys to bathe his flowing hair,
Now make the Latian muse his care,
  And powerful guard her rising fame!

SECOND CONCERT.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Ye virgins, sing Diana's praise.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Ye boys, let youthful Phœbus crown your lays.

THE TWO CHOIRS.

Together let us raise the voice
  To her, beloved by Jove supreme
  Let fair Latona be the theme, mmm'the
Our tuneful theme, his beauteous choice.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Ye virgins, sing Diana's fame,
Who bathes delighted in the limpid stream;

Dark Erymanthus' awful groves,
The woods, that Algidus o'erspread,
Or wave on Cragus' verdant head,
Joyous th' immortal huntress loves.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Ye boys, with equal honour sing
Fair Tempe clothed with ever-blooming spring;
Then hail the Delian birth divine,
Whose shoulders, beaming heavenly fire,
Graced with his brother's warbling lyre,
And with the golden quiver shine.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Moved by the solemn voice of prayer,
They both shall make imperial Rome their care,
And gracious turn the direful woes
Of famine and of weeping war
From Rome, from sacred Cæsar far,
And pour them on our British foes.

THIRD CONCERT.—TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Ye radiant glories of the skies,
Ever-beaming god of light,
Sweetly shining queen of night,
Beneath whose wrath the wood-born savage dies;
Ye powers, to whom with ceaseless praise
A grateful world its homage pays,
Let our prayer, our prayer be heard,
Now in this solemn hour preferr'd;
When by the sibyl's dread command,
Of spotless maids a chosen train,
Of spotless youths a chosen band,
To all our guardian gods uplift the hallow'd strain.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Fair sun, who with unchanging beam
Rising another and the same,
Dost from thy beamy car unfold
The glorious day,
Or hide it in thy setting ray,
Of light and life immortal source,
Mayst thou, in all thy radiant course,
Nothing more great than seven-hill'd Rome behold!

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Goddess of the natal hour,
Or if other name more dear,
Propitious power,
Can charm your ear,
Our pregnant matrons gracious hear;
With lenient hand their pangs compose,
Heal their agonizing throes;
Give the springing birth to light,
And with every genial grace,
Prolific of an endless race,
Oh! crown our marriage laws, and bless the nuptial rite!

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

That when the circling years complete
Again this awful season bring,
Thrice with the day's revolving light,
Thrice beneath the shades of night,
In countless bands our youthful choirs may sing
These festal hymns, these pious games repeat.

Ye fates, from whom unerring flows
The word of truth; whose firm decree
Its stated bounds and order knows,
Wide-spreading through eternity,
With guardian care around us wait,
And with successive glories crown the state.

Let earth her various fruitage yield,
Her living verdure spread,
And form, amid the waving field,
A sheafy crown for Ceres' head ;
Fall genial showers, and o'er our fleecy care
May Jove indulgent breathe his purest air !

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Phœbus, whose kindly beams impart
Health and gladness to the heart,
While in its quiver lies the pestilential dart,
Thy youthful suppliants hear.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Queen of the stars, who rul'st the night
In horned majesty of light,
Bend to thy virgins a propitious ear.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

If, ye gods, the Roman state
Was form'd by your immortal power ;
Or if, to change th' imperial seat,
And other deities adore,
Beneath your guidance the Dardanian host
Pour'd forth their legions on the Tuscan coast ;

For whom Æneas, through the fire,
In which he saw his Troy expire,
A passage open'd to a happier clime,
Where they might nobler triumphs gain,
And to never-ending time
With boundless empire reign.

Ye gods, inform our docile youth
With early principles of truth :
Ye gods, indulge the waning days
Of silver'd age with placid ease,
And grant to Rome an endless race,
Treasure immense, and every sacred grace.

The prince, who owes to beauty's queen his birth,
Who bids the snowy victim's blood
Pour forth to-day its purple flood,
Oh! may he glorious rule the conquer'd earth!
But yet a milder glory show
In mercy to the prostrate foe.

Already the fierce Mede his arms reveres,
Which wide extend th' imperial sway,
And bid th' unwilling world obey;
The haughty Indian owns his fears,
And Scythians, doubtful of their doom,
Await the dread resolves of Rome.

Faith, Honour, Peace, celestial maid,
And Modesty, in ancient guise array'd,
And Virtue (with unhallow'd scorn
Too long neglected) now appear,
While Plenty fills her bounteous horn,
And pours her blessings o'er the various year.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

If the prophetic power divine,
Famed for the golden bow and quiver'd dart,
Who knows to charm the listening Nine,
And feeble mortals raise with healing art;
If he with gracious eye survey the towers,
Where Rome his deity adores,
Oh! let each era still presage
Increase of happiness from age to age!

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Oh! may Diana, on these favourite hills
Whose diffusive presence fills
Her hallow'd fane,
Propitious deign
Our holy priests to hear,
And to our youth incline her willing ear!

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Lo! we the chosen, youthful choir,
Taught with harmonious voice to raise
Apollo's and Diana's praise,
In full and certain hope retire,
That all th' assembled gods, and sovereign Jove
These pious vows, these choral hymns approve.

THE SATIRES

BOOK I.

SATIRE I.—TO MÆCENAS.

The object of this satire is to show that all, but especially the covetous, think their own condition the hardest.

Mæcenas, what's the cause, that no man lives
Contented with the lot which reason gives,
Or chance presents; yet all with envy view
The schemes that others variously pursue?
  Broken with toils, with ponderous arms oppress'd,
The soldier thinks the merchant solely bless'd.
In opposite extreme; when tempests rise,
War is a better choice, the merchant cries;
The battle joins, and, in a moment's flight,
Death, or a joyful conquest ends the fight.
  When early clients thunder at his gate
The barrister applauds the rustic's fate;
While, by subpœnas dragg'd from home, the clown
Thinks they alone are bless'd who live in town.
  But every various instance to repeat
Would tire even Fabius, of eternal prate.
Not to be tedious, mark the general aim
Of these examples—should some god proclaim,
"Your prayers are heard; you, soldier, to your seas;
You, lawyer, take that envied rustic's ease;
Each to his several part—what! ha! not move
E'en to the bliss you wish'd!" And shall not Jove
Swell both his cheeks with anger, and forswear
His weak indulgence to their future prayer?
  But not to treat my subject as in jest,
(Yet may not truth in laughing guise be dress'd?
As masters fondly sooth their boys to read
With cakes and sweetmeats,) let us now proceed:
With graver air our serious theme pursue,
And yet preserve our moral full in view.

Who turns the soil, and o'er the ploughshare bends;
He, who adulterates the laws, and vends;
The soldier, and th' adventurers of the main,
Profess their various labours they sustain,
A decent competence for age to raise,
And then retire to indolence and ease.
Miser. For thus the little ant (to human lore
No mean example) forms her frugal store,
Gather'd with mighty toil, on every side,
Nor ignorant, nor careless to provide
For future want— *Horace*. Yet when the stars appear,
That darkly sadden the declining year,
No more she comes abroad, but wisely lives
On the fair store industrious summer gives.
For thee, nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold,
Fire, sea, nor sword, stop thy pursuit of gold;
Nothing can break th' adventurous, bold design,
So none possess a larger sum than thine.
But, prithee, whence the pleasure, thus by stealth
Deep in the earth to hide thy weight of wealth?
M. One farthing lessen'd, you the mass reduce.
H. And if not lessen'd, whence can rise its use?
What though you thresh a thousand sacks of grain,
No more than mine thy stomach can contain.
The slave, who bears the load of bread, shall eat
No more than he who never felt the weight.
Or say, what difference, if we live confined
Within the bounds by nature's laws assign'd,
Whether a thousand acres of demain,
Or one poor hundred, yield sufficient grain?
M. Oh! but 'tis sweet to take from larger hoards.
H. Yet, if my little heap as much affords,
Why shall your granaries be valued more
Than my small hampers, with their frugal store?
You want a cask of water, or would fill
An ample goblet; whence the froward will
To choose a mighty river's rapid course,
Before this little fountain's lenient source?

But mark his fate, insatiate who desires
Deeper to drink than nature's thirst requires;
With its torn banks the torrent bears away
Th' intemperate wretch; while he, who would allay
With healthy draughts his thirst, shall drink secure,
Fearless of death, and quaff his water pure.
Some, self-deceived, who think their lust of gold
Is but a love of fame, this maxim hold,
No fortune's large enough, since others rate
Your worth proportion'd to a large estate.
Say, for their cure what arts would you employ?
"Let them be wretched, and their choice enjoy."
At Athens lived a wight, in days of yore,
Though miserably rich, yet fond of more,
But of intrepid spirit to despise
Th' abusive crowd. "Let them hiss on," he cries,
"While, in my own opinion fully bless'd,
I count my money, and enjoy my chest."
Burning with thirst, when Tantalus would quaff
The flying waters—wherefore do you laugh?
Change but the name, of thee the tale is told,
With open mouth when dosing o'er your gold.
On every side the numerous bags are piled,
Whose hallow'd stores must never be defiled
To human use; while you transported gaze,
As if, like pictures, they were form'd to please.
Would you the real use of riches know?
Bread, herbs, and wine are all they can bestow.
Or add, what nature's deepest wants supplies;
This, and no more, thy mass of money buys.
But, with continual watching almost dead,
House-breaking thieves, and midnight fires to dread,
Or the suspected slave's untimely flight
With the dear pelf; if this be thy delight,
Be it my fate, so Heaven in bounty please,
Still to be poor of blessings such as these!
M. If, by a cold some painful illness bred,
Or other chance confine you to your bed,

Your wealth shall purchase some good-natured friend
Your cordials to prepare, your couch attend,
And urge the doctor to preserve your life,
And give you to your children and your wife.
H. Nor wife, nor son, that hated life would save,
While all, who know thee, wish thee in the grave.
And canst thou wonder that they prove unkind,
When all thy passions are to gold confined ?
Nature, 'tis true, in each relation gave
A friend sincere ; yet what you thus receive,
If you imagine, with unfeeling heart,
And careless manners to preserve, your art
As well may teach an ass to scour the plain,
And bend obedient to the forming rein.
Yet somewhere should your views of lucre cease
Nor let your fears of poverty increase,
As does your wealth ; for since you now possess
Your utmost wish, your labour should be less.
Ummidius once (the tale is quickly told)
So wondrous rich he measured out his gold,
Yet never dress'd him better than a slave,
Afraid of starving ere he reach'd his grave :
But a bold wench, of right virago strain,
Cleft with an axe the wretched wight in twain.
M. By your advice what party shall I take ?
Like Mænius live a prodigal, and rake
Like Nomentanus ? *H.* Why will you pretend,
With such extremes, your conduct to defend ?
The sordid miser when I justly blame,
I would not have you prodigal of fame,
Spendthrift or rake ; for sure some difference lies
Between the very fool and very wise :
Some certain mean in all things may be found,
To mark our virtues' and our vices' bound.
But to return from whence we have digress'd.
And is the miser, then, alone unbless'd ?
Does he alone applaud his neighbour's fate,
Or pine with envy of his happier state ?

To crowds beneath him never turn his eye,
Where in distress the sons of virtue lie,
But, to outspeed the wealthy, bend his force,
As if they stopp'd his own impetuous course?
Thus, from the goal when swift the chariot flies,
The charioteer the bending lash applies,
To overtake the foremost on the plain,
But looks on all behind him with disdain.
From hence, how few, like sated guests, depart
From life's full banquet with a cheerful heart?
But let me stop, lest you suspect I stole
From blind Crispinus this eternal scroll.

153 There are few people, says Epicurus, who do not go out of life, as if they were just come into it, whence their lives, as Lucretius expresses it, are always imperfect Perhaps our poet had in view an expression of Aristotle "We should go out of life, as we ought to rise from a banquet, neither thirsty nor full of wine"

SATIRE III.—TO MÆCENAS.

THE poet here asserts that we ought to connive at the faults of our friends, since all errors are not to be ranked in the catalogue of crimes

WITH this one vice all songsters are possess'd;
Sing they can never at a friend's request,
Yet chant it forth, unask'd, from morn till night—
This vice Tigellius carried to its height.
Cæsar, who might command in firmer tone,
If, by his father's friendship and his own,
He ask'd a song, was sure to ask in vain,
Yet, when the whim prevail'd, in endless strain
Through the whole feast the jovial catch he plies,
From bass to treble o'er the gamut flies.
Nothing was firm, or constant, in the man;
He sometimes, like a frighted coward ran,
Whose foes are at his heels; then solemn stalk'd,
As if at Juno's festival he walk'd.
Now with two hundred slaves he crowds his train;
Now walks with ten. In high and haughty strain

At morn, of tetrarchs, and of kings he prates;
At night—"A three-legg'd table, oh ye fates!
A little shell the sacred salt to hold,
And clothes, though coarse to keep me from the cold."
Yet give the man, thus frugal, thus content,
Ten thousand pounds, and every shilling's spent
In five short days. He drank the night away
Till rising dawn, then snored out all the day.
Sure such a various creature ne'er was known.
"Has Horace, then, no vices of his own?"
That I have vices, frankly I confess,
But of a different kind, and somewhat less.
Mænius, behind his back, at Novius rail'd,
"What! don't you know yourself, or think conceal'd
From us, who know you, what a life you live!"
Mænius replies, Indulgent I forgive
The follies I commit. This foolish love,
And criminal, our censure should reprove;
For wherefore, while you carelessly pass by
Your own worst vices with unheeding eye,
Why so sharp-sighted in another's fame,
Strong as an eagle's ken, or dragon's beam?
But know, that he with equal spleen shall view,
With equal rigour shall your faults pursue.
Your friend is passionate; perhaps unfit
For the brisk petulance of modern wit.
His hair ill cut, his robe, that awkward flows,
Or his large shoes to raillery expose
The man you love; yet is he not possess'd
Of virtues, with which very few are bless'd?
While underneath this rude, uncouth disguise
A genius of extensive knowledge lies.
Search your own breast, and mark with honest care
What seeds of folly nature planted there,
Or custom raised; for an uncultured field
Shall for the fire its thorns and thistles yield.
And yet a shorter method we may find,
As lovers, to their fair one fondly blind

Even on her foulness can delighted gaze;
For Hagne's wen can good Balbinus please.
Oh! were our weakness to our friends the same,
And stamp'd by virtue with some honour'd name!
 Nor should we to their faults be more severe
Than an indulgent father to his heir;
If with distorted eyes the urchin glares,
"Oh! the dear boy, how prettily he stares!"
Is he of dwarfish and abortive size?
"Sweet little moppet!" the fond father cries:
Or is th' unshapen cub deform'd and lame?
He kindly lisps him o'er some tender name.
 Thus, if your friend's too frugally severe,
Let him a wise economist appear.
Is he, perhaps, impertinent and vain?
"The pleasant creature means to entertain."
Is he too free to prate, or frankly rude?
"'Tis manly plainness all, and fortitude."
Is he too warm? "No: spirited and bold."
Thus shall we gain new friends, and keep the old.
But we distort their virtue to a crime,
And joy th' untainted vessel to begrime.
Have we a modest friend, and void of art?
"He's a fat-headed wretch, and cold of heart!"
While we converse with an ill-natured age,
Where calumny and envy lawless rage,
Is there a man, by long experience wise,
Still on his guard, nor open to surprise?
His cautious wisdom and prudential fear
Shall artifice and false disguise appear.
 If any one of simple, thoughtless kind,
(Such as you oft your careless poet find,)
Who life's politer manners never knew,
If, while we read, or some fond scheme pursue,

75 The poet has chosen for an example of this truth three virtues, probity, prudence, and simplicity By the last he understands a frankness in our actions, which frequently passes over the decencies of life, rather through inattention than unpoliteness.—*San.*

He tease us with his mere impertinence,
We cry, the creature wants even common sense.
Alas! what laws, of how severe a strain,
Against ourselves we thoughtlessly ordain?
For we have all our vices, and the best
Is he who with the fewest is oppress'd.
A kinder friend, who balances my good
And bad together, as in truth he should,
If haply my good qualities prevail,
Inclines indulgent to the sinking scale.
For like indulgence let his errors plead,
His merits be with equal measure weigh'd;
For he, who hopes his bile shall not offend,
Should overlook the pimples of his friend;
And even in justice to his own defects,
At least should grant the pardon he expects.
But, since we never from the breast of fools
Can root their passions, yet, while reason rules,
Let it hold forth its scales with equal hand,
Justly to punish, as the crimes demand.
If a poor slave, who takes away your plate,
Lick the warm sauce, or half-cold fragments eat,
Yet should you crucify the wretch, we swear
Not Labeo's madness can with yours compare.
Is the crime less, or less the want of sense,
Thus to resent a trivial, slight offence!
Forgive the man you loved, or you'll appear
Of joyless kind, ill-natured and severe;
Yet you detest him, and with horror shun,
As debtors from the ruthless Ruso run,
Who damns the wretches on th' appointed day
His interest or principal to pay,
Or else, like captives, stretch the listening ear
His tedious tales of history to hear.
A friend has foul'd my couch: ah! deep disgrace!
Or off the table thrown some high-wrought vase;

118 This Ruso was a double torment to the poor people who borrowed money of him. He ruined them by extortion, and read them to death by his works

Or, hungry, snatch'd a chicken off my plate;
Shall I for this a good companion hate?
What if he robb'd me, or his trust betray'd,
Or broke the sacred promise he had made?
Who hold all crimes alike, are deep distress'd
When we appeal to truth's impartial test.
Sense, custom, social good, from whence arise
All forms of right and wrong, the fact denies.
When the first mortals crawling rose to birth,
Speechless and wretched, from their mother-earth,
For caves—and acorns, then the food of life—
With nails and fists they held a bloodless strife;
But soon improved, with clubs they bolder fought,
And various arms, which sad experience wrought;
Till words, to fix the wandering voice were found,
And name impress'd a meaning upon sound.
Thenceforth they cease from war; their towns inclose
With formidable walls, and laws compose
To strike the thief and highwaymen with dread,
And vindicate the sacred marriage bed.
For woman, long ere Helen's fatal charms,
Destructive woman! set the world in arms:
But the first heroes died unknown to fame,
Like beasts who ravish'd the uncertain dame:
When, as the stoutest bull commands the rest,
The weaker by the stronger was oppress'd.
Turn o'er the world's great annals, and you find
That laws were first invented by mankind
To stop oppression's rage; for though we learn,
By nature, good from evil to discern;
What we should wise pursue, or cautious fly;
Yet can she never, with a constant eye,

131 Horace endeavours to prove, according to the doctrine of Epicurus, that justice and injustice arise only from laws; and that laws have no other foundation than public utility, by which he means the happiness of civil society. On the contrary, the stoics asserted that justice and injustice have their first principles in nature itself, and the first appearance of reason in the mind of man.—*San.*

Of legal justice mark each nice extreme;
Nor can right reason prove the crime the same,
To rob a garden, or, by fear unawed,
To steal by night the sacred things of God.
Then let the punishment be fairly weigh'd
Against the crime; nor let the wretch be flay'd,
Who scarce deserved the lash. I cannot fear
That you shall prove too tenderly severe,
While you assert all vices are the same,
And threaten, that were yours the power supreme,
Robbers and thieves your equal rage should feel,
Uprooted by the same avenging steel.
If your wise man's a shoemaker profess'd,
Handsome and rich, of monarchy possess'd,
Why wish for what you have? *Stoic.* Yet hold, my friend,
And better to the stoic's sense attend.
For though the wife nor shoes, nor slippers made,
He's yet a skilful shoemaker by trade;
Thus, though Hermogenes may sing no more,
He knows the whole extent of music's power;
Alfenus thus, turn'd lawyer in his pride,
His shop shut up, his razors thrown aside,
Was still a barber: so the wise alone
Is of all trades, though exercising none,
And reigns a monarch, though without a throne.
Horace. Great king of kings! unless you drive away
This pressing crowd, the boys in wanton play
Will pluck you by the beard, while you shall growl,
Wretch as thou art, and burst in spleen of soul.
In short, while in a farthing bath you reign,
With only one poor life-guard in your train;
While the few friends, with whom I joy to live,
Fool as I am, my follies can forgive,

184 To pluck a man by the beard, was such an indignity, that it gave rise to a proverb among the Greeks and Romans. The stoic philosophers were usually treated with this kind of contempt, to insult their pretended wisdom, and to put them to the proof of their boasted patience

189 We ought, says Epictetus, to extenuate an injury com-

I will to them the same indulgence show,
And bliss like mine thy kingship ne'er shall know.

SATIRE IV.

HORACE apologizes for the liberties taken by satiric poets in general, and particularly by himself.

THE comic poets, in its earliest age
Who form'd the manners of the Grecian stage,
Was there a villain, who might justly claim
A better right of being damn'd to fame,
Rake, cut-throat, thief, whatever was his crime,
They freely stigmatized the wretch in rhyme.
From their example whole Lucilius rose,
Though different measures, different verse he chose.
He rallied with a gay and easy air;
But rude his numbers, and his style severe.
He weakly fancied it a glorious feat
His hundred lines extempore to repeat;
And as his verses like a torrent roll,
The stream runs muddy, and the water's foul.
He prattled rhymes; but lazy and unfit
For writing well; for much, I own, he writ.
Crispinus thus my littleness defies;
"Here, make the smallest bet," the boaster cries.

mitted against us, that we may forgive it more easily, and to enlarge our own mistakes, that we may correct them, and repent of them

1 Comedy was divided into ancient and modern. In the first the subject and the names of the actors were real; in the second, the drama was formed on history, but the names of the actors were invented; in the third, both the story and actors were formed by the poet.

6 This liberty was much abused The poets, not contented with exposing the names and characters of the persons whom they represented on the stage, made them almost appear themselves by masks drawn with the utmost resemblance. Indeed we are to expect but little impartiality from satirists of any age. Neither the virtue of Pericles could defend him from the virulence of Cratinus; nor the wisdom of Socrates from the petulance of Aristophanes.

Crispinus. "Pen, ink, and paper; name your place and time:
Then try, friend Flaccus, who can fastest rhyme."
Horace. Thank Heaven, that form'd me of an humbler kind;
No wit, nor yet to prattling much inclined,
While thou shalt imitate the winds, that blow
From lungs of leather, till the metal flow!
Thrice happy Fannius, of his own free grace,
Who in Apollo's temple hangs his face,
And gilds his works to view; while I with fear
Repeat my verses to the public ear;
Because by few such works as mine are read,
Conscious of meriting the lash they dread.
Take me a man, at venture, from the crowd,
And he's ambitious, covetous, or proud.
One burns to madness for the wedded dame;
Intemperate lusts another's breast inflame.
The silver vase with pleasure one admires,
While Albius o'er a bronze antique expires;
The venturous merchant, from the rising day
To regions warm'd beneath the setting ray,
Like dust, collected by a whirlwind, flies
To save his pelf, or bid the mass arise.
All these the poet dread, his rhymes detest:
"Yonder he drives; avoid that furious beast:
If he may have his jest, he never cares
At whose expense, nor his best friend he spares;
And if he once, in his malignant vein,
The cruel paper with invectives stain,
The slaves, who carry water through the street,
To his charm'd ear his verses must repeat."
Now hear this short defence. For my own part,
I claim no portion of the poet's art.
'Tis not enough to close the flowing line,
And in ten syllables your sense confine;

37 The navigation of the Romans was usually confined to the Mediterranean, which runs east and west.

Or write in mere prosaic rhymes like me,
That can deserve the name of poetry.
Is there a man, whom real genius fires,
Whom the diviner soul of verse inspires;
Who talks true greatness; let him boldly claim
The sacred honours of a poet's name.
Some therefore ask, can comedy be thought
A real poem since it may be wrought
In style and subject without fire or force,
And, bate the numbers, is but mere discourse.
"But yet in passion'd tone the sire can chide
His spendthrift son, who spurns the portion'd bride
And keeps a common wench, or deep in drink
Reels in fair daylight (shameful) with his link."
Yet could Pomponius from his father hear,
Were he alive, a lecture less severe?
'Tis not enough your language to refine,
When if you break the measures of the line,
In common life an angry father's rage
Is but the same as Demea's on the stage.
Take from Lucilius' verses, or from mine,
The cadences and measures of the line;
Then change their order, and the words transpose,
No more the scatter'd poet's limbs it shows;
Not so—when hideous discord bursts the bars
And iron gates, to pour forth all her wars.
Of this enough; some future work shall show
Whether 'tis real poetry or no.
Now tell me, whether satire should appear,
With reason, such an object of your fear.
Sulcius and Caprius, fiercest of their trade,
Hoarse with the virulence with which they plead,
When through the streets they stalk with libels arm'd,
Mark! how the thieves and robbers are alarm'd;
But yet the man of honest hands and pure
May scorn them both, in innocence secure;
Or though like Cælius you a villain be,
I'm no informer. Whence you fears of me?

With printers and their shops I never deal;
No rubric pillar sets my works to sale,
O'er which the hands of vulgar readers sweat,
Or whose soft strains Tigellius can repeat.
Even by my friends compell'd I read my lays,
Nor every place, nor every audience please.
Full many bards the public forum choose,
Where to recite the labours of their muse;
Or vaulted baths, that best preserve the sound,
While sweetly floats the voice in echoes round.
The coxcombs never think at whose expense
They thus indulge the dear impertinence.
"But you in libels, mischievous, delight,
And never, but in spleen of genius, write."
Is there, with whom I live, who knows my heart,
Who taught you how to aim this venom'd dart?
He, who malignant tears an absent friend,
Or, when attack'd by others, don't defend;
Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
And courts of prating petulance the praise;
Of things he never saw who tells his tale,
And friendship's secrets knows not to conceal,
This man is vile; here, Roman, fix your mark;
His soul is black, as his complexion's dark.
At tables, crowded with a dozen guests,
Some one shall scatter round his frigid jests,
And only spare his host, until the bowl,
Fair friend of truth, unlocks his inmost soul;
Yet, though a cruel joker you detest,
He seems a courteous, well-bred, easy guest.
But if in idle raillery I said,
Rufillus with perfumes distracts my head,
While foul Gargonius breathes a ranker air,
You think me most envenom'd and severe.
If we, by chance, that thief Petilius name,
You, as your custom is, defend his fame.

125 The ancient commentator tells us that Petilius was governor of the capitol, from whence he was called Capitolinus;

" Petilius is my friend; from early youth
Cheerful we lived together, and in truth
I have been much indebted to his power,
And I rejoice to find his danger o'er.
But, in the name of wonder be it said,
At that same trial how he saved his head."
Such rancour this, of such a poisonous vein,
As never, never shall my paper stain;
Much less infect my heart, if I may dare
For my own heart, in anything, to swear.
  Yet some indulgence I may justly claim,
If too familiar with another's fame.
The best of fathers, on my youthful breast
The detestation of a vice impress'd
By strong examples. Would he have me live
Content with what his industry could give,
In frugal, sparing sort, " Behold, my son,
Young Albius there, how wretchedly undone!
Yet no mean lesson is the spendthrift's fate
To caution youth from squandering their estate."
To fright me from the harlot's vagrant bed,
" Behold Scetanus, and his ruin dread;"
That I might ne'er pursue the wedded dame,
" A lawful Venus will indulge your flame.
My son, by poor Trebonius be advised;
Sure 'tis no pleasant tale to be surprised."
  " 'Twixt right and wrong the learned may decide,
With wise distinctions may your conduct guide;
Be mine the common wisdom, that inspires
The frugal manners of our ancient sires,
And, while your mouth may yet a tutor claim,
To guard your virtue, and preserve your fame,
But soon as time confirms, with stronger tone,
Your strength and mind, your conduct be your own."
  Thus did he form my youth with lenient hand;
When he for virtue urged the soft command,

that he was accused of stealing a golden crown of Jupiter, and acquitted by the favour of Augustus.

Pointing some awful senator to view,
" His grave example constantly pursue."
Would he dissuade me; " Can you doubt," he cries,
" That equal ruin and dishonour rise
From such an action, when that scoundrel's name
Is branded with the flagrant marks of shame?"
A neighbour's funeral, with dire affright,
Checks the sick man's intemperate appetite;
So is the shame of others oft impress'd
With wholesome terrors on the youthful breast.
Thus, pure from more pernicious crimes I live:
Some venial frailties you may well forgive,
For such I own I have; and yet even these,
A length of time, although by slow degrees,
A friend, whose candour freely may reprove,
Or my own reason, shall perhaps remove;
For in my bed, or in the colonnade
Sauntering, I call reflection to my aid.
" This was well done. Here happiness attends.
This conduct makes me pleasing to my friends.
Were that man's actions of a beauteous kind?
Oh! may I never be to such inclined!"
Thus, silently I talk my conduct o'er,
Or trifle with the muse an idle hour;
For which, among my frailties, I demand
Forgiveness, and shall call a powerful band,
If you refuse, of poets to my aid,
(Well fraught with numbers is the rhyming trade,)
To force you like the proselyting Jews,
To be, like us, a brother of the muse.

191 Horace knows not any better revenge against the enemies of poetry than to force them to become poets themselves. This pleasantry arises from the proselyting spirit of the Jews, who insinuated themselves into families; entered into courts of justice; disturbed the judges, and were always more successful in proportion as they were more impudent. Such is the character given them by St. Ambrose.

SATIRE V.

HORACE, with great pleasantry, describes a journey of his from Rome to Brundusium.

LEAVING imperial Rome, my course I steer
To poor Aricia, and its moderate cheer.
From all the Greeks, in rhetorician lore,
The prize of learning my campanion bore.
To Forum-Appii thence we steer, a place
Stuff'd with rank boatmen, and with vintners base,
And laggard into two days' journey broke
What were but one to less encumber'd folk;
The Appian road, however, yields most pleasure
To those who choose to travel at their leisure.
The water here was of so foul a stream,
Against my stomach I a war proclaim,
And wait, though not with much good-humour wait,
While with keen appetites my comrades ate.
The night o'er earth now spread her dusky shade,
And through the heavens her starry train display'd;
What time, between the slaves and boatmen rise
Quarrels of clamorous rout. The boatman cries,
"Step in, my masters;" when with open throat,
"Enough, you scoundrel! will you sink the boat?"
Thus, while the mule is harness'd, and we pay
Our freights, an hour in wrangling slips away.
The fenny frogs with croakings hoarse and deep,
And gnats, loud buzzing, drive away our sleep.
Drench'd in the lees of wine, the wat'ry swain,
And passenger, in loud alternate strain
Chant forth the absent fair, who warms his breast
Till wearied passenger retires to rest.
Our clumsy bargeman sends his mule to graze,
And the tough cable to a rock belays;
Then snores supine; but when at rising light
Our boat stood still, upstarts a hair-brain'd wight;
With sallow cudgel breaks the bargeman's pate,
And bangs the mule at a well favour'd rate.

Thence onward labouring with a world of pain,
At ten, Feronia, we thy fountain gain;
There land and bathe; then after dinner creep
Three tedious miles, and climb the rocky steep
Whence Anxur shines. Mæcenas was to meet
Cocceius here, to settle things of weight;
For they had oft in embassy been join'd,
And reconciled the masters of mankind.
Here while I bathed my eyes with cooling ointment
They both arrived according to appointment;
Fonteius too, a man of worth approved,
And no man more by Antony beloved.
Laughing we leave an entertainment rare,
The paltry pomp of Fundi's foolish may'r,
The scrivener Luscus: now with pride elate,
With incense fumed, and big with robes of state.
From thence our wearied troop at Formiæ rests,
Murena's lodgers, and Fonteius' guests.
Next rising morn with double joy we greet,
For Plotius, Varius, Virgil here we meet:
Pure spirits these; the world no purer knows;
For none my heart with more affection glows:
How oft did we embrace! our joys how great!
For sure no blessing in the power of fate
Can be compared, in sanity of mind,
To friends of such companionable kind.
Near the Campanian bridge that night we lay,
Where commissaries our expense defray.
Early next morn to Capua we came;
Mæcenas goes to tennis; hurtful game
To a weak stomach, and to tender eyes,
So down to sleep with Virgil Horace lies.
Then by Cocceius we were nobly treated,
Whose house above the Caudian tavern's seated.
And now, oh muse! in faithful numbers tell
The memorable squabble that befell,

69 This little scene is of much natural pleasanty, raised by a spirited ridicule. The poet invokes his muse with much

When Messius and Sarmentus join'd in fight,
And whence descended each illustrious wight.
Messius, of high descent, from Osci came;
His mistress might her slave Sarmentus claim.
From such famed ancestry our champions rise—
"Hear me, thou horse-faced rogue," Sarmentus cries:
We laugh; when Messius, throwing up his head,
Accepts the challenge. "Oh!" Sarmentus said,
"If you can threaten now, what would you do,
Had not the horn been rooted out, that grew
Full in thy front?" A gash of deep disgrace
Had stain'd the grisly honours of his face.
Then on his country's infamous disease,
And his own face, his ribaldry displays:
Begs him the one-eyed Cyclops' part to dance,
Since he nor mask nor tragic buskins wants.
Messius replied in virulence of strain:
"Did you to Saturn consecrate your chain?
Though you were made a scrivener since your flight,
Yet that can never hurt your lady's right.
But, prithee, wherefore did you run away?
Methinks a single pound of bread a day
Might such a sleek, thin-gutted rogue content:"
And thus the jovial length of night we spent.
At our next inn our host was almost burn'd,
While some lean thrushes at the fire he turn'd.
Through his old kitchen rolls the god of fire,
And to the roof the vagrant flames aspire.
But hunger all our terrors overcame,
We fly to save our meat, and quench the flame.
Apulia now my native mountain shows,
Where the north wind burns frore, and parching blows;
Nor could we well have climb'd the steepy height
Did we not at a neighbouring village bait,

solemnity to describe an action of importance, and gives us the genealogy of his combatants, as if they were heroes worthy of an epic poem.—*San.*

Where from green wood the smouldering flames arise,
And with a smoky sorrow fill our eyes.
In chariots thence at a large rate we came
Eight leagues, and baited at a town, whose name
Cannot in verse and measures be express'd,
But may by marks and tokens well be guess'd.
Its water, nature's cheapest element,
Is bought and sold; its bread most excellent;
Which wary travellers provide with care,
And on their shoulders to Canusium bear;
Whose bread is gritty, and its wealthiest stream
Poor as the town's of unpoetic name.
Here Varius leaves us, and with tears he goes:
With equal tenderness our sorrow flows.
Onward to Rubi wearily we toil'd,
The journey long, the road with rain was spoil'd.
To Barium, famed for fish, we reach'd next day,
The weather fair, but much worse the way.
Then water-cursed Egnatia gave us joke,
And laughter great, to hear the moon-struck folk
Assert, if incense on their altars lay,
Without the help of fire it melts away.
The sons of circumcision may receive
The wondrous tale, which I shall ne'er believe;
For I have better learn'd, in blissful ease
That the good gods enjoy immortal days,
Nor anxiously their native skies forsake,
When miracles the laws of nature break.
From thence our travels to Brundusium bend,
Where our long journey and my paper end.

130 Such were the gods of Epicurus · indolent and useless to mankind, consequently unworthy of adoration. The name of nature was used to explain any miraculous or unaccountable act of Providence, or the power of fortune was substituted in the place of a deity. A concern for mortals was too serious, *tristis*, for gods, whose whole being was pleasure.

133 Brundusium was about three hundred and sixty miles from Rome. They performed the journey in fourteen days and a night, about four-and-twenty miles a day.

SATIRE VI.—TO MÆCENAS.

In this satire the poet treats on true nobility.

Though, since the Lydians fill'd the Tuscan coasts,
No richer blood than yours Etruria boasts;
Though your great ancestors have armies led,
You don't, as many do, with scorn upbraid
The man of birth unknown, or turn the nose
On me, who from a race of slaves arose:
While you regard not from what low degree
A man's descended, if his mind be free;
Convinced, that long before th' ignoble reign
And power of Tullius, from a servile train
Full many rose for virtue high renown'd,
By worth ennobled, and with honours crown'd:
While he, who boasts that ancient race his own
Which drove the haughty Tarquin from the throne,
Is vile and worthless in the poet's eyes:
The people, who, you know, bestow the prize
To men most worthless, and, like slaves to fame,
With foolish reverence hail a titled name;
And, rapt with awe-struck admiration, gaze
When the long race its images displays.
But how shall we, who differ far and wide
From the mere vulgar, this great point decide?
For grant, the crowd some high-birth'd scoundrel choose,
And to the low-born man of worth refuse
(Because low born) the honours of the state,
Shall we from thence their vice or virtue rate?
Were I expell'd the senate-house with scorn,
Justly, perhaps, because thus meanly born,
I fondly wander'd from my native sphere;
Yet shall I with less real worth appear?
Chain'd to her beamy car fame drags along
The mean, the great; an undistinguish'd throng.
Poor Tillius, when compell'd in luckless hour
To quit your purple robe and tribune's power,

A larger share of envy was thy fate,
Which had been lessen'd in a private state;
For in black sandals when a coxcomb's dress'd,
When floats the robe impurpled down his breast,
Instant, "What man is this?" he round him hears;
"And who his father?" As when one appears
Sick of your fever, Barrus, to desire
That all the world his beauty should admire,
Anxious our girls inquire, "What mien and air!
What leg and foot he has! what teeth and hair!"
So he, who promises to guard the state,
The gods, the temples, and th' imperial seat,
Makes every mortal ask his father's name,
And not less curious of his mother's fame.
"And shall a Syrian's son, like you, presume
To hurl the freeborn citizens of Rome
From the Tarpeian rock's tremendous height,
Or to the hangman Cadmus give their fate?"
Tillius. My colleague sits below me one degree,
For Novius, like my father, was made free.
Horace. Shall you for this a true Messala seem,
And rise a Paulus in your own esteem?
But when two hundred wagons crowd the street,
And three long funerals in procession meet,
Beyond the fifes and horns his voice he raises,
And sure such strength of lungs a wondrous praise is.
As for myself, a freedman's son confess'd;
A freedman's son, the public scorn and jest,
That now with you I joy the social hour,
That once a Roman legion own'd my power;
But though they envied my command in war
Justly perhaps, yet sure 'tis different far
To gain your friendship, where no servile art,
Where only men of merit claim a part.
Nor yet to chance this happiness I owe;
Friendship like yours it had not to bestow.
First, my best Virgil, then my Varius told,
Among my friends what character I hold;

When introduced, in few and faltering words
(Such as an infant modesty affords)
I did not tell you my descent was great,
Or that I wander'd round my country seat
On a proud steed in richer pastures bred;
But what I really was, I frankly said.
  Short was your answer, in your usual strain;
I take my leave, nor wait on you again,
Till, nine months past, engaged and bid to hold
A place among your nearer friends enroll'd.
An honour this, methinks, of nobler kind,
That innocent of heart and pure of mind,
Though with no titled birth, I gain'd his love.
Whose judgment can discern, whose choice approve.
  If some few venial faults deform my soul,
(Like a fair face when spotted with a mole,)
If none with avarice justly brand my fame
With sordidness, or deeds too vile to name:
If pure and innocent: if dear (forgive
These little praises) to my friends I live,
My father was the cause, who, though maintain'd
By a lean farm but poorly, yet disdain'd
The country schoolmaster, to whose low care
The mighty captain sent his high-born heir,
With satchel, copy-book, and pelf to pay
The wretched teacher on th' appointed day.
  To Rome by this bold father was I brought,
To learn those arts which well-born youth are taught;
So dress'd and so attended, you would swear
I was some senator's expensive heir;
Himself my guardian, of unblemish'd truth,
Among my tutors would attend my youth,
And thus preserved my chastity of mind,
(That prime of virtue in its highest kind,)

93 This little episode, if it may be so called, is of great beauty, and does much honour both to the father and son. It shows that greatness of sentiments and goodness of heart are not confined to people of birth and fortune.—*San*

Not only pure from guilt, but even the shame
That might with vile suspicion hurt my fame:
Nor feard'd to be reproach'd, although my fate
Should fix my fortune in some meaner state,
From which some trivial perquisites arise,
Or make me, like himself, collector of excise.
For this my heart. far from complaining, pays
A larger debt of gratitude and praise;
Nor, while my senses hold, shall I repent
Of such a father, nor with pride resent,
As many do, th' involuntary disgrace
Not to be born of an illustrious race.
But not with theirs my sentiments agree,
Or language; for if nature should decree
That we from any stated point might live
Our former years, and to our choice should give
The sires, to whom we wish'd to be allied,
Let others choose to gratify their pride;
While I, contended with my own, resign
The titled honours of an ancient line.
This may be madness in the people's eyes,
But in your judgment not, perhaps, unwise;
That I refuse to bear a pomp of state,
Unused and much unequal to the weight.
Instant a larger fortune must be made;
To purchase votes my low addresses paid;
Whether a jaunt or journey I propose,
With me a crowd of new companions goes;
While, anxious to complete a length of train,
Domestics, horses, chariots, I maintain.
But now, as chance or pleasure is my guide,
Upon my bob-tail'd mule alone I ride.
Gall'd is his crupper with my wallet's weight;
His shoulder shows his rider's awkward seat.
Yet no penurious vileness e'er shall stain
My name; as when, great pretor, with your train
Of five poor slaves, you carry where you dine
Your travelling kitchen, and your flask of wine.

Thus have I greater blessings in my power
Than you, proud senator, and thousands more.
Alone I wander, as by fancy led,
I cheapen herbs, or ask the price of bread;
I listen, while diviners tell their tale,
Then homeward hasten to my frugal meal,
Herbs, pulse, and pancakes; each a separate plate;
While three domestics at my supper wait.
A bowl on a white marble table stands,
Two goblets, and a ewer to wash my hands;
A hallow'd cup of true Campanian clay
My pure libations to the gods to pay.
I then retire to rest, nor anxious fear
Before dread Marsyas early to appear,
Whose very statue swears it cannot brook
The meanness of that slave-born judge's look.
I sleep till ten; then take a walk, or choose
A book, perhaps, or trifle with the muse:
For cheerful exercise and manly toil
Anoint my body with the aliant oil,
But not with such as Natta's, when he vamps
His filthy limbs, and robs the public lamps.
But when the sun pours down his fiercer fire,
And bids me from the toilsome sport retire,
I haste to bathe, then decently regale
My craving stomach with a frugal meal,
Enough to nourish nature for a day,
Then trifle my domestic hours away.
Such is the life from bad ambition free;
Such comfort has the man low-born like me:
With which I feel myself more truly bless'd
Than if my sires the questor's power possess'd.

158 A satyr, who, challenging Apollo to a trial of skill in music, was overcome and flayed alive by the god. A statue was erected to him in the forum, opposite to the rostra, where the judges determined causes; and the poet pleasantly says it stood in such an attitude, as showed its indignation to behold a man who had been a slave now sitting among the magistrates of Rome. The satyr, in his resentment of such a sight, forgets the pain of being flayed alive.—*Torr.*

SATIRE VII.

HORACE humorously describes a squabble between Rupilius and Persius.

How mongrel Persius in his wrathful mood
That outlaw'd wretch, Rupilius King, pursued
With poisonous filth, and venom all his own,
To barbers, and to blear-eyed folk is known.
  Persius had wealth by foreign traffic gain'd,
And a vexatious suit with King maintain'd.
Presumptuous, vain, and obstinate the wight,
Conquering even King in virulence of spite;
In bitterness of speech outstripp'd the wind,
And left the swift-tongued Barrus far behind.
  Now to the King returns our wandering tale,
When all fair means of reconcilement fail;
(For men are obstinate when war's proclaim'd,
As they with inward courage are inflamed;
When Hector and Achilles fierce engaged,
Dire was the conflict, and to death they raged:
And why? because the gallant thirst of fame,
The love of glory, was in both extreme.
But if a quarrel between cowards rise,
Or between chiefs of less heroic size,
Glaucus to Diomed is forced to yield,
The dastard buys his peace, and quits the field.)
  What time o'er Asia with pretorial sway
Great Brutus ruled, began this dire affray.
Persius and King, intrepid pair, engage,
(More equal champions never mounted stage,)
And now they rush impetuous into court,
Fine was the sight, and delicate the sport.

1 Persius was a Greek by his father, and an Italian by his mother. The Romans gave the name of ibrida to them whose parents were of different nations, or of different conditions.—*Torr.*

2 Publius Rupilius Rex, a native of Præneste, being proscribed by Augustus during the triumvirate, engaged in the army of Brutus. Jealous of our author's military advancement, he reproached him with the meanness of his birth.—*San.*

Persius begins; loud bursts of laughter rise;
He praises Brutus, Brutus, to the skies:
" Brutus, like Sol, o'er Asia pours the day;
His friends are stars, and healthful is their ray,
Except the King; he like the dogstar reigns,
That dog of heaven, detested by the swains."
Thus rush'd he onward like a winter flood,
That tears its banks, and sweeps away the wood.
To this impetuous bitterness of tide
The King with equal virulence replied.
A vine-dresser he was, of rustic tone,
Whom oft the traveller was forced to own
Invincible; with clamorous voice opress'd.
When cuckoo, cuckoo, was the standing jest.
But, with Italian vinegar imbued,
The sour-tongued mongrel the dispute renew'd,
" Let me conjure thee, by the powers divine,
Since 'tis the glory, Brutus, of thy line
To slaughter kings, be this thy glorious deed,
That this same King beneath thy vengeance bleed."

42 Many wise reasons are given why the name of this bird should be a term of reproach, for such it is, in almost all languages The best account of it is, that the cuckoo sleeps half the year, and leaves the care of his family to others

46 It was an hereditary glory in the family of Brutus to abolish tyranny and punish tyrants Lucius Junius Brutus expelled having the last monarch of Rome. Marcus and Decius Brutus, killed Julius Cæsar, proclaimed through the streets that they had destroyed the king of Rome, and the tyrant of his country.

SATIRE VIII.

Priapus complains that the Esquilian mount is infested with the incantations of sorceresses.

In days of yore our godship stood,
A very worthless log of wood,
The joiner doubting, or to shape us
Into a stool, or a Priapus,
At length resolved, for reasons wise
Into a god to bid me rise;

And now to birds and thieves I stand
A terror great. With ponderous hand,
And something else as red as scarlet,
I fright away each filching varlet.
The birds, that view with awful dread
The reeds, fast stuck into my head,
Far from the garden take their flight,
Nor on the trees presume to light.
In coffins vile the herd of slaves
Were hither brought to crowd their graves;
And once in this detested ground
A common tomb the vulgar found;
Buffoons and spendthrifts, vile and base,
Together rotted here in peace.
A thousand feet the front extends,
Three hundred deep in rear it bends,
And yonder column plainly shows
No more unto its heirs it goes.
But now we breathe a purer air,
And walk the sunny terrace fair,
Where once the ground with bones was white,
With human bones, a ghastly sight!
But, oh! nor thief, nor savage beast,
That used these gardens to infest,
E'er gave me half such cares and pains
As they, who turn poor people's brains
With venom'd drugs and magic lay—
These I can never fright away;
For when the beauteous queen of night
Uplifts her head adorn'd with light,
Hither they come, pernicious crones!
To gather poisonous herbs and bones.
Canidia with dishevell'd hair,
(Black was her robe, her feet were bare.)
With Sagana, infernal dame!
Her elder sister, hither came.
With yellings dire they fill'd the place,
And hideous pale was either's face.

Soon with their nails they scraped the ground,
And fill'd a magic trench profound
With a black lamb's thick-streaming gore,
Whose members with their teeth they tore,
That they may charm the sprights to tell
Some curious anecdotes from hell.
The beldams then two figures brought;
Of wool and wax the forms were wrought:
The woollen was erect and tall,
And scourged the waxen image small,
Which in a suppliant, servile mood,
With dying air just gasping stood.
  On Hecate one beldam calls;
The other to the furies bawls,
While serpents crawl along the ground,
And Stygian she-dogs howl around.
The blushing moon, to shun the sight,
Behind a tomb withdrew her light.
  Oh! if I lie, may ravens shed
Their ordure on my sacred head!
  Not to be tedious, or repeat
How flats and sharps in concert meet,
With which the ghosts and hags maintain
A dialogue of passing strain;
Or how, to hide the tooth of snake
And beard of wolf, the ground they break;
Or how the fire of magic seized
The waxen form, and how it blazed;
Mark how my vengeance I pursued
For all I heard, for all I view'd.
  Loud as a bladder bursts its wind,
Dreadful it thunder'd from behind.
To town they scamper'd, struck with fear,
This lost her teeth, and that her hair.
They dropp'd the bracelets from their arms,
Their incantations, herbs, and charms;
Whoe'er had seen them in their flight
Had burst with laughing at the sight.

SATIRE IX.

The poet describes his sufferings from the loquacity of an impertinent fellow.

Musing, as wont, on this and that,
Such trifles, as I know not what,
When late the street I saunter'd through,
A wight, whose name I hardly knew,
Approaching pertly makes me stand,
And thus accosts me, hand-in-hand:
" How do you do, my sweetest man?"
Quoth I, " As well as mortal can,
And my best wishes yours"—when he
Would follow—" What's your will with me?"
" That one of your profound discerning
Should know me: I'm a man of learning."—
" Why then be sure upon that score
You merit my regard the more."
Impatient to discard the fop,
One while I run, another stop,
And whisper, as he presses near,
Some nothing in my servant's ear.
But while at every pore I sweated,
And thus in muttering silence fretted—
" Bolanus, happy in a scull.
Of proof impenetrably dull,
Oh for a portion of thy brains?"
He on the town and streets and lanes
His parting, praising talent tried,
And, when I answered not, he cried,
" Ay, 'tis too plain; you can't deceive me,
You miserably wish to leave me;
But I shall never quit you so;
Command me—whither would you go?"—
" You do me honour—but, in short,
There's not the least occasion for't.

I visit one—to cut the strife,
You never saw him in your life;
Nor would I lead you such a round—
He lives above a mile of ground
Beyond the Tiber." "Never talk
Of distance, for I love a walk.
I never have the least enjoyment
In idleness: I want employment.
Come on; I must and will attend
Your person to your journey's end."
  Like vicious ass, that fretting bears
A wicked load, I hang my ears;
While he, renewing his civilities,
"If well I know my own abilities,
Not Viscus, though your friend of yore,
Not Varius could engage you more;
For who can write melodious lays
With greater elegance or ease?
Who moves with smoother grace his limbs
While through the mazy dance he swims?
Besides, I sing to that degree,
Hermogenes might envy me."
  Have you no mother, sister, friends,
Whose welfare on your health depends?—
"Not one; I saw them all by turns
Securely settled in their urns."
Thrice happy they, secure from pain!
And I thy victim now remain;
Despatch me; for my goody nurse
Early presaged this heavy curse:
She conn'd it by the sieve and shears,
And now it falls upon my ears—
Nor poison fell, with ruin stored,
Nor horrid point of hostile sword,
Nor pleurisy, nor asthma cough,
Nor cripple gout shall cut him off:
A noisy tongue, and babbling breath,
Shall teaze and talk my child to death.

But if he would avert his fate,
When he arrives at man's estate,
Let him avoid, as he would hanging,
Your folks long-winded in haranguing.
We came to Vesta's about ten,
And he was bound in person then
To stand a suit, or by the laws
He must have forfeited his cause.
" Sir, if you love me, step aside
A little into court," he cried.
" If I can stand it out," quoth I,
" Or know the practice, let me die!
Besides, I am obliged to go
Precisely to the place you know."—
" I am divided what to do,
Whether to leave my cause, or you."—
" Sir, I beseech you spare your pains.
Your humble servant—" " By no means."
I follow, for he leads the way;
'Tis death; but captives must obey.
Then he renews his plaguy strain, as,
How stands your friendship with Mæcenas?"
For friendships he contracts but few,
And shows in that his judgment true.—
" Commend me to your brother bard,
No man has play'd a surer card.
But you should have a man of art;
One who might act an under part.
If you were pleased to recommend
The man I mentioned to your friend,
Sir, may I never see the light
But you shall rout your rivals quite!"—
We live not there, as you suppose,
On such precarious terms as those:
No family was ever purer,
From such infections none securer.
It never hurts me in the least,
That one excels in wealth or taste;

Each person there of course inherits
A place proportion'd to his merits—
" 'Tis wonderful, and to be brief,
A thing almost beyond belief."—
But, whether you believe, or no,
The matter is exactly so.
" This adds but fuel to the fire,
The more you kindle my desire
To kiss his hand, and pay my court."—
Assail, and you shall take the fort,
Such is the vigour of your wit,
And he is one who can submit;
The first attack is therefore nice,
The matter is to break the ice.
" I shan't be wanting there," he cried,
" I'll bribe his servants to my side;
To-day shut out, still onward press,
And watch the seasons of access;
In private haunt, in public meet,
Salute, escort him through the street.
There's nothing gotten in this life
Without a word of toil and strife!"
While thus he racks my tortured ears,
A much-loved friend of mine appears,
Aristius Fuscus, one who knew
My sweet companion through and through.
We stop, exchanging " So and so:"
" Whence come, and whither do you go?"
I then began in woful wise
To nod my head, distort my eyes,
And pull his renegado sleeve,
That he would grant me a reprieve;
But he was absent all the while,
Malicious with a leering smile.
Provoked at his dissimulation,
I burst with spleen and indignation.
" I know not what you had to tell
In private." I remember well:

But shall a day of business choose,
This is the sabbath of the Jews;
You would not thus offend the leathern-
curtail'd assemblies of the brethren—
"I have no scruples, by your leave,
On that account." But, sir, I have:
I am a little superstitious.
Like many of the crowd, capricious:
Forgive me, if it be a crime,
And I shall talk another time.
Oh! that so black a sun should rise!
Away the cruel creature flies,
And leaves me panting for my life,
Aghast beneath the butcher's knife.
At last, by special act of grace,
The plaintiff meets him face to face,
And bawls as loud as he could bellow,
"Ha! whither now, thou vilest fellow?
Sir, will you witness to my capture?"
I signified I would with rapture;
And then, to magnify the sport,
He drags my prattler into court;
And thus, amid the noise and rabble,
Apollo saved me in the squabble.

148 Augustus, in imitation of Julius Cæsar, allowed the Jews uncommon privileges. He not only permitted them an undisturbed enjoyment of their religion, but established funds that they might offer a bull and two lambs in the Temple of Jerusalem every day for him and his family.—*Dac.*

SATIRE X.

HORACE supports the judgment he had before given of Lucilius, and intersperses some excellent precepts for the writing of satire.

YES, I did say Lucilius' verses roll'd
In ruder style precipitately bold;

Who reads Lucilius with so fond an eye,
Partially fond, who can this charge deny?
But, that with wit he lash'd a vicious age,
He's frankly praised in the same equal page.
Should I grant more, I may as well admit
Laberius' farces elegantly writ.
'Tis not enough a bursting laugh to raise,
Yet even this talent may deserve its praise:
Concise your diction; let your sense be clear,
Nor with a weight of words fatigue the ear.
Now change from grave to gay with ready art,
Now play the orator's, or poet's part;
In raillery assume a gayer air,
Discreetly hide your strength, your vigour spare;
For ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot, when graver reasons fail.
The ancient writers of the comic stage
Our imitation here may well engage,
Though read not by Tigellius, smooth of face,
Or yonder ape, of horrible grimace.
Calvus, Catullus better suit their vein,
Whose wanton songs they chant in tuneful strain.
But yet a mighty feat it must be thought—
"His motley page with Greek and Latin's wrought!"
Blockheads! who think it wonderful or hard,
So oft perform'd by yonder Rhodian bard.
"But languages each other may refine,
(As Chian softens the Falernian wine,)
At least in verse." But say, my rhyming friend,
Were you that thief Petilius to defend,
While other lawyers sweated in the cause,
And urged in pure Latinity the laws:
While wondering crowds upon their language hung,
Would you, forgetful of your native tongue;
In foreign words and broken phrases speak,
The half-form'd jargon of a mongrel Greek?
In Latium born, I once proposed to write
Some Grecian versicles, in deep of night

(When dreams, they say, are true) Rome's founder rose,
And awful spake: "You may as well propose
To carry timber to a wood, as throng
The crowded writers of the Grecian song."
Let swelling Furius on th' affrighted stage
Murder poor Memnon, or in muddy rage
Describe the head of Rhine; in idle vein
I write, what never shall presume to gain
The prize, where Metius high in judgment sits
To hear the labours of contending wits:
Or where the people with applauding hands
The well-wrought scene repeatedly demands.
Of all mankind, in light and easy vein
Fundanius best can paint the comic scene,
The wily harlot, and the slave who join
To wipe the miser of his darling coin.
Pollio in pure iambic numbers sings
The tragic deeds of heroes and of kings;
While Varius in sublime and ardent vein
Supports the grandeur of the epic strain.
On Virgil all the rural muses smile,
Smooth flow his lines, and elegant his style.
Satire alone remain'd, no easy strain,
Which Varro, and some others, tried in vain,
While I, perhaps, some slight success may claim,
Though far inferior to th' inventor's fame:
Nor from his head shall I presume to tear
That sacred wreath, he well deserves to wear.
I said, his verse in muddy rapture flows,
And more his errors than his beauties shows;
But, prithee, you that boast a critic's name,
Don't you sometimes the mighty Homer blame?
Does not Lucilius, though of gentle strain,
Correct even Accius, and reform his scene?
And in his pleasantry old Ennius rate,
When his dull lines want dignity and weight?
Yet when he speaks of his own right to fame,
Confesses frankly their superior claim.

What then forbids our equal right to know
Why his own verses inharmonious flow?
Or whether in his subject lies the fault,
Or in himself, that they're not higher wrought,
Than if the art of verse were to confine
In ten low feet a cold, dull length of line,
Content his rhyming talents to display
In twice a hundred verses twice a day.
Such, Cassius, thy rapidity of song,
Which like a foaming river pour'd along,
Whose volumed works (if fame be not a liar)
Kindled around thy corse the funeral fire.
Lucilius rallies with politer ease
Than all the rhyming tribe of ancient days,
Nay more correct than him (I frankly own)
Who form'd this kind of verse, to Greece unknown;
Yet, were he fated to the present age,
He sure had blotted the redundant page;
Pruned all luxuriant excellence away,
And while he labour'd o'er th' instructive lay
Would often scratch his head in dull despair,
And to the quick his nails bemusing tear.
Would you a reader's just esteem engage,
Correct with frequent care the blotted page;
Nor strive the wonder of the crowd to raise,
But the few better judges learn to please.
Be thine, fond madman, some vile school to choose,
Where to repeat the labours of your muse,
While I, like hiss'd Arbuscula unaw'd,
Despise the vulgar, since the knights applaud.
Say, shall that bug Pantilius move my spleen?
Shall I be tortured, when a wretch obscene,
Or foolish Fannius, for a sordid treat
With sweet Tigellius, shall my verses rate?
Let Plotius, Varius, and Mæcenas deign
With Virgil, Valgius, to approve my strain;
Let good Octavius even endure my lays;
Let Fuscus read, and either Viscus praise.

Let me, with no mean arts to purchase fame,
Pollio, Messala, and his brother name:
Let Bibulus and Servius be my own,
And Furnius for a critic's candor known;
Among my learned friends are many more,
Whose names I pass in modest silence o'er;
These I can wish to smile; enjoy their praise;
Hope to delight, and grieve if I displease.
Be gone, Demetrius, to thy lovesome train.
Of minstrel scholars, and in sighing strain,
With soft Hermogenes these rhymes deplore—
Haste, boy, transcribe me this one satire more.

BOOK II.

SATIRE I.*

HORACE, in this ode, is supposed to consult Trebatius, whether he should desist from writing satires

Horace. THERE are, to whom too poignant I appear;
Beyond the laws of satire too severe.
My lines are weak, unsinew'd, others say
"A man might spin a thousand such a day."
What shall I do, Trebatius? *Trebatius.* Write no more.
H. What! give the dear delight of scribbling o'er?
T. Yes. *H.* Let me die but your advice were best.
But, sir, I cannot sleep; I cannot rest.
T. Swim o'er the Tiber, if you want to sleep.
Or the dull sense in t'other bottle steep
If you must write, to Cæsar tune your lays,
Indulge your genius, and your fortune raise.
H. Oh! were I equal to the glorious theme,
Bristled with spears his iron war should gleam:
A thousand darts should pierce the hardy Gaul,
And from his horse the wounded Parthian fall.
T. Then give his peaceful virtues forth to fame;
His fortitude and justice be your theme.

* In his first book of satires our poet opposes the vices of mankind; in this he refutes the false opinions of the philosophers. Such a design requires more force and more erudition than the former. The reader may therefore expect to find this book better supported with reasoning and learning than the first.

15 The Gauls of Aquitain having rebelled in 726, Octavius sent Messula, with the title of governor of the province, to reduce them to his obedience. He conquered them the year following, and had the honour of a triumph the twenty-fifth of September.—*San*

H. Yes. I will hold the daring theme in view,
Perhaps hereafter your advice pursue.
But Cæsar never will your Flaccus hear;
A languid panegyric hurts his ear.
Too strongly guarded from the poet's lays,
He spurns the flatterer, and his saucy praise.
T. Better even this, than cruelly defame,
And point buffoons and villains out by name.
Sure to be hated even by those you spare,
Who hate in just proportion as they fear.
H. Tell me, Trebatius, are not all mankind
To different pleasures, different whims inclined?
Millonius dances when his head grows light,
And the dim lamp shines double to his sight.
The twin-born brothers in their sports divide;
Pollux loves boxing; Castor joys to ride.
Indulge me then in this my sole delight,
Like great and good Lucilius let me write.
Behold him frankly to his book impart,
As to a friend, the secrets of his heart:
To write was all his aim; too heedless bard,
And well or ill, unworthy his regard.
Hence the old man stands open to your view,
Though with a careless hand the piece he drew.
His steps I follow in pursuit of fame,
Whether Lucania or Apulia claim
The honour of my birth; for on the lands,
By Samnites once possess'd, Venusium stands,
A forward barrier, as old tales relate,
To stop the course of war, and guard the state.
Let this digression, as it may, succeed—
No honest man shall by my satire bleed;
It guards me like a sword, and safe it lies
Within the sheath, till villains round me rise.
Dread king and father of the mortal race,
Behold me, harmless bard, how fond of peace!
And may all kinds of mischief-making steel
In rust, eternal rust, thy vengeance feel!

But who provokes me, or attacks my fame,
"Better not touch me, friend," I loud exclaim;
His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue,
By laughing crowds in rueful ballad sung.
Th' informer Cervius threatens with the laws;
Turius your judge, you surely lose your cause:
Are you the object of Canidia's hate?
Drugs, poisons, incantations, are your fate:
For powerful nature to her creatures shows
With various arms to terrify their foes.
The wolf with teeth, the bull with horns can fight;
Whence, but from instinct, and an inward light?
His long-lived mother trust to Scæva's care—
T. No deed of blood his pious hand could dare.
H. Wondrous indeed! that bulls ne'er strive to bite,
Nor wolves, with desperate horns engage in fight;
No mother's blood the gentle Scæva spills,
But with a draught of honey'd poison kills.
Then, whether age my peaceful hours attend,
Or death his sable pinions round me bend;
Or rich, or poor; at Rome; to exile driven;
Whatever lot by powerful fate is given,
Yet write I will. *T.* Oh boy, thy fate is sped,
And short thy days. Some lord shall strike thee dead,
With freezing look— *H.* What! in his honest page
When good Lucilius lash'd a vicious age,
From conscious villains tore the mask away,
And stripp'd them naked to the glare of day,
Were Lælius or his friend, (whose glorious name
From conquer'd Carthage deathless rose to fame,)
Were they displeased, when villains and their crimes
Were cover'd o'er with infamy and rhymes?
The factious demagogue he made his prize,
And durst the people tribe by tribe chastise;
Yet true to virtue, and to virtue's friends,
To them alone with reverence he bends.
When Scipio's virtue, and, of milder vein,
When Lælius' wisdom, from the busy scene,

And crowd of life, the vulgar and the great,
Could with their favourite satirist retreat,
Lightly they laugh'd at many an idle jest,
Until their frugal feast of herbs was dress'd.
What though with great Lucilius I disclaim
All saucy rivalship of birth or fame,
Spite of herself even envy must confess
That I the friendship of the great possess,
And, if she dare attempt my honest fame,
Shall break her teeth against my solid name.
This is my plea; on this I rest my cause—
What says my counsel, learned in the laws?
T. Your case is clearer; yet let me advise;
For sad mishaps from ignorance arise.
Behold the pains and penalties decreed
To libellers— *H.* To libellers indeed!
But, if with truth his characters he draws,
Even Cæsar shall support the poet's cause;
The formal process shall be turn'd to sport,
And you dismiss'd with honour by the court.

102 Lucilius was of a patrician family, and a Roman knight, which makes our poet allow him a superiority of birth and fortune; but he might compare with him in more valuable advantages. It appears by some fragments of letters, that Horace did not live in less domestic familiarity with Augustus and Mæcenas than Lucilius did with Scipio and Lælius. If he does not boast so much of this honour, it is an effect of his discretion and his modesty.—*San.*

SATIRE II.

On frugality.

What, and how great the virtue, friends, to live
On what the gods with frugal bounty give,
(Nor are they mine, but sage Ofellus' rules
Of mother-wit, and wise without the schools,)

3 Horace, with much good reason, avoids making himself an orator for temperance. He was a speculative Epicurean, but a practical disciple of Aristippus, and after giving us most excel-

Come learn with me, but learn before ye dine,
Ere with luxurious pomp the table shine;
Ere yet its madding splendours are display'd,
That dull the sense, and the weak mind mislead.
Yet why before we dine? I'll tell ye, friends,
A judge, when bribed, but ill to truth attends.
  Pursue the chase: th' unmanaged courser rein:
Or, if the Roman war ill suit thy vein,
To Grecian revels form'd, at tennis play,
Or at the manly discus waste the day;
With vigour hurl it through the yielding air;
(The sport shall make the labour less severe;)
Then, when the loathings that from surfeits rise
Are quell'd by toil, a homely meal despise;
Then the Falernian grape with pride disclaim,
Unless with honey we correct its flame.
  Your butler strolls abroad; the winter'd sea
Defends its fish; but you can well allay
The stomach's angry roar with bread and salt.
Whence can this rise, you ask, from whence the fault?
In you consists the pleasure of the treat,
Not in the price, or flavour of the meat.
  Let exercise give relish to the dish,
Since nor the various luxuries of fish,
Nor foreign wild fowl can delight the pale,
Surfeit-swoln guest; yet I shall ne'er prevail
To make our men of taste a pullet choose,
And the gay peacock with its train refuse;
For the rare bird at mighty price is sold;
And, lo! what wonders from its tail unfold!

lent precepts of frugality, would not unwillingly have left his plate of herbs for a more luxurious entertainment Besides, he would give weight to his maxims by the sober example of the speaker.—*Dac.*

32 Quintus Hortensius was the first who gave the Romans a taste for peacocks, and it soon became so fashionable a dish, that all people of fortune had it at their tables. Cicero pleasantly says, he had the boldness to invite Hirtius to sup with him, even without a peacock.

But can these whims a higher gusto raise,
Unless you eat the plumage that you praise?
Or do its glories, when 'tis boil'd, remain?
No; 'tis th' unequall'd beauty of its train
Deludes your eye, and charms you to the feast,
For hens and peacocks are alike in taste
But say, by what discernment are you taught
To know that this voracious pike was caught
Where the full river's lenient waters glide,
Or where the bridges break the rapid tide;
In the mild ocean, or where Tiber pays
With broader coarse his tribute to the seas?
Madly you praise the mullet's three pound weight,
And yet you stew it piecemeal ere you eat;
Your eye deceives you; wherefore else dislike
The natural greatness of a full-grown pike,
Yet in a mullet so much joy express?
"Pikes are by nature large, and mullets less."
"Give me," the harpy-throated glutton cries,
"In a large dish, a mullet's largest size:"
Descend, ye southern winds, propitious haste,
And dress his dainties for this man of taste.
And yet it needs not; for when such excess
Shall his o'er-jaded appetite oppress,
The new-caught turbot's tainted ere he eat,
And bitter herbs are a delicious treat.
But still some ancient poverty remains;
The egg and olive yet a place maintains
At great men's tables; nor, till late, the fame
Of a whole sturgeon damn'd a pretor's name.
Did ocean then a smaller turbot yield?
The towering stork did once in safety build

66 The storks built their nest in safety, until the time of Augustus. Asinius Sempronius, or, according to others, Rutilius Rufus, when a candidate for the pretorship, entertained the people with a dish of storks. But the people revenged the death of the poor birds, by refusing the pretorship to their murderer. From this refusal the poet pleasantly calls him pretor.—*Torr*

Her airy nest, nor was the turbot caught
Till youi great pretor better precepts taught.
Tell them, that roasted cormorants are a feast,
Our docile youth obey the man of taste;
But sage Ofellus marks a decent mean
A sordid, and a frugal meal between;
For a profuse expense in vain you shun
If into sordid avarice you run.
Avidienus, who by public fame
Was call'd "the dog," and merited the name,
Wild cornels, olives five years' old, devour'd;
Nor, till his wine was turn'd, his pure libations pour'd.
When robed in white he mark'd with festal mirth
His day of marriage, or his hour of birth,
From his one bottle, of some two pound weight,
With oil, of execrable stench, replete,
With his own hand he dropp'd his cabbage o'er,
But spared his oldest vinegar no more.
How shall the wise decide, thus urged between
The proverb's ravening wolf, and dog obscene?
Let him avoid the equal wretchedness
Of sordid filth, or prodigal excess;
Nor his poor slaves like old Albucius rate,
When he gives orders for some curious treat:
Nor yet like Nævius, carelessly unclean,
His guests with greasy water entertain.
This too is vile. Now mark, what blessings flow
From temperate meals; and first they can bestow
That prime of blessings, health: for you'll confess
That various meats the stomach must oppress,
If you reflect how light, how well you were
When plain and simple was your cheerful fare;
But roast, and boil'd, when you promiscuous eat,
When fowl and shell-fish in confusion meet;

89 We know not either Albucius or Nævius, but one was polite to affectation, the other careless to filthiness. Such are the extremes of avarice and prodigality.

Sweets, turn'd to choler, with cold phlegm engage,
And civil war in the rack'd stomach wage.
Behold how pale the sated guests arise
From suppers, puzzled with varieties!
The body too, with yesterday's excess
Burden'd and tired, shall the pure soul depress;
Weigh down this portion of celestial birth,
This breath of god, and fix it to the earth.
Who down to sleep from a short supper lies,
Can to the next day's business vigorous rise,
Or jovial wander (when the circling year
Brings back some festal day) to better cheer;
Or when his wasted strength he would restore,
When years approach, and age's feeble hour
A softer treatment claim. But if in prime
Of youth and health you take before your time
The luxuries of life, where is their aid
When age or sickness shall your strength invade?
Our fathers loved (and yet they had a nose)
A tainted boar; but I believe they chose
The mouldy fragments with a friend to eat,
Rather than eat it whole themselves, and sweet.
Oh! that the earth, when vigorous and young,
Had borne me this heroic race among!
Do you the voice of fame with pleasure hear?
(Sweeter than verse it charms the humanear;)
Behold, what infamy and ruin rise
From a large dish, where the large turbot lies;
Your friends, your neighbours, all your folly hate,
You hate yourself, in vain, and curse your fate,
When, though you wish for death, you want the pelf
To purchase even a rope to hang yourself.
"These precepts well may wretched Trausius rate;
But why to me? So large is my estate,

107 To raise the nobleness of the mind, Horace has borrowed the language of Plato, who says that it is a portion of the universal soul of the world, that is, of the Divinity himself.—*San.*

And such an ample revenue it brings
To satiate even the avarice of kings."
Then why not better use this proud excess
Of worthless wealth? Why lives in deep distress
A man unworthy to be poor, or why
The temples of the gods in ruins lie?
Why not of such a massy treasure spare
To thy dear country, wretch, a moderate share?
Shalt thou alone no change of fortune know?
Thou future laughter to thy deadliest foe!
  But who, with conscious spirit self-secure,
A change of fortune better shall endure?
He, who with such variety of food
Pampers his passions, and inflames his blood;
Or he, contented with his little store,
And wisely cautious of the future hour,
Who in the time of peace with prudent care
Shall for th' extremities of war prepare?
  But, deeper to impress this useful truth,
I knew the sage Ofellus in my youth,
Living, when wealthy, at no larger rate
Than in his present more contracted state.
I saw the hardy hireling till the ground,
('Twas once his own estate,) and while around
His cattle grazed, and children listening stood,
The cheerful swain his pleasing tale pursued.
  On working-days I had no idle treat,
But a smoked leg of pork and greens I eat;
Yet when arrived some long-expected guest,
Or rainy weather gave an hour of rest,
If a kind neighbour then a visit paid,
An entertainment more profuse I made;
Though with a kid or pullet well content,
Ne'er for luxurious fish to Rome I sent;
With nuts and figs I crown'd the cheerful board,
The largest that the season could afford.
The social glass went round with cheerfulness,
And our sole rule was to avoid excess.

Our due libations were to Ceres paid,
To bless our corn, and fill the rising blade,
While the gay wine dispell'd each anxious care,
And smooth'd the wrinkled forehead too severe.
Let fortune rage, and new disorders make,
From such a life how little can she take?
Or have we lived at a more frugal rate
Since this new stranger seized on our estate?
Nature will no perpetual heir assign,
Or make the farm his property or mine.
He turn'd us out: but follies all his own,
Or lawsuits, and their knaveries unknown;
Or, all his follies and his lawsuits pass'd,
Some long-lived heir shall turn him out at last.
The farm, once mine, now bears Umbrenus' name;
The use alone, not property we claim;
Then be not with your present lot depress'd,
And meet the future with undaunted breast.

SATIRE III.

Damasippus, in a conversation with Horace, proves the paradox of the stoics, that most men are actually mad.

Damasippus. If hardly once a quarter of a year,
So idle grown, a single sheet appear;
If angry at yourself, that sleep and wine
Enjoy your hours, while anxious to refine
Your labours past, no more your voice you raise
To aught that may deserve the public praise,
What shall be done? When Saturn's jovial feast
Seem'd too luxuriant to your sober taste,
Hither you fled. Then try the pleasing strain:
Come on: begin. *Horace.* Alas! 'tis all in vain,
While I with impotence of rage abuse
My harmless pens, the guitless walls accuse;
Walls that seem'd raised in angry Heaven's despite,
The curse of peevish poets, when they write.

D. And yet you threaten'd something wondrous great
When you should warm you in your country-seat.
Why crowd the volumes of the Grecian sage,
Ranged with the writers of the comic stage?
Think you the wrath of envy to appease,
Your virtue lost in idleness and ease?
Unhappy bard! to sure contempt you run;
Then learn the siren indolence to shun,
Or poorly be content to lose the fame,
Which your past hours of better life might claim.
H. Sage Damasippus, may the powers divine,
For this same excellent advice of thine,
Give thee a barber, in their special grace,
To nurse your beard, that wisdom of the face!
Yet, prithee, tell me whence I'm so well known.
D. When I had lost all business of my own,
And at th' exchange my shipwreck'd fortune broke,
I minded the affairs of other folk.
In rare antiquities full curious was my taste;
Here the rude chisel's rougher strokes I traced;
In flowing brass a vicious hardness found,
Or bought a statue for five hundred pound,
A perfect connoisseur. At gainful rate,
I purchased gardens, or a mansion-seat.
Thus, through the city was I known to fame,
And Mercury's favourite my public name.
H. I knew your illness, and amazed beheld
Your sudden cure. *D.* A new disease expell'd
My old disorder, as when changing pains
Fly to the stomach from the head and reins.
Thus the lethargic, starting from his bed,
In boxing phrensy broke his doctor's head.
H. Spare but this phrensy, use me as you please—
D. Good sir, don't triumph in your own disease.

27 Our poet knows not better how to express his gratitude for the solemn, charitable advices, that Damasippus had given him, than by wishing him a good barber; for the stoics valued nothing so much as this wise and venerable length of hair.

For all are fools or mad, as well as you,
At least, if what Stertinius says be true,
Whose wondrous precepts I with transport heard
What time he bade me nurse this reverend beard
Cheerful from the Fabrician bridge depart,
And with the words of comfort fill'd my heart.
  For when, my fortune lost, resolved I stood,
Covering my head, to plunge into the flood,
Propitious he addressed me— *Stertinius.* Friend, take heed,
Nor wrong yourself by this unworthy deed.
'Tis but a vicious modesty to fear
Among the mad a madman to appear.
But listen heedful first, while I explain
What madness is, what error of the brain;
And if in you alone appear its power,
Then bravely perish: I shall say no more.
  Whom vicious follies, or whom falsehood, blind,
Are by the stoics held of madding kind.
All but the wise are by this process bound,
The subject nations, and the monarch crown'd,
And they, who call you fool, with equal claim
May plead an ample title to the name.
  When in a wood we leave the certain way,
One error fools us, though we various stray
Some to the left, some turn to t'other side;
So he, who dares thy madness to deride,
Though you may frankly own yourself a fool,
Behind him trails his mark of ridicule.
For various follies fill the human breast,
As, with unreal terrors when possess'd,
A wretch in superstitious phrensy cries,
" Lo! in the plain, fires, rocks, and rivers rise!"
  A different madness, though not less, inspires
The fool, who rushes wild through streams and fires;
His mother, sister, father, friends, and wife,
Cry out, in vain, " Ah! yet preserve thy life;
That headlong ditch! how dreadful it appears!
That hanging precipice!" No more he hears,

Than drunken Fufius lately at the play,
Who fairly slept Ilione away,
While the full pit, with clamorous thousands cries,
"Awake, dear mother, to my aid arise."
Now listen while full clearly I maintain
Such is the vulgar error of the brain.
Some rare antique, suppose your madness buys;
Is he, who lends the money, less unwise?
Or if the usurer Perilius said,
"Take what I ne'er expect shall be repaid,"
Are you a fool to take it, or not more
T' affront the god who sends the shining store?
Perilius. Ay; but I make him on a banker draw—
S. 'Tis not enough: add all the forms of law;
The knotty contracts of Cicuta's brain,
This wicked Proteus shall escape the chain:
Drag him to justice, he's a bird, tree, stone,
And laughs, as if his cheeks were not his own.
If bad economists are held unwise,
In good economy some wisdom lies,
And then Perilius is of tainted brain,
Who takes your bond, to sue for it in vain.
Come all, whose breasts with bad ambition rise,
Or the pale passion, that for money dies,
With luxury, or superstition's gloom,
Whate'er disease your health of mind consume,
Compose your robes; in decent ranks draw near,
And, that ye all are mad, with reverence hear.
Misers make whole Anticyra their own
It's hellebore reserved for them alone.

87 Fufius, such is the name in seven manuscripts, was an actor, who, playing the character of Ilione, was supposed to be asleep, when the ghost of her son Polydore called to her, "Dear mother, hear me!" Fufius having drunk too much, fell really asleep, and Catienus, who played Polydore, having called to him, without waking him, the whole house, as if each of them was a Catienus, cried out, "Dear mother, hear me!"

116 Hellebore was not only used in sickness by the ancients, but to give force and vigour to the wit when they were in health. Valerius Maximus tells us Carneadas used it with great success,

Staberius thus compell'd his heirs t' engrave
On his proud tomb what legacies he gave,
Or stand condemn'd to give the crowd a feast,
By Arrius form'd in elegance of taste,
And gladiators, even a hundred pair,
With all the corn of Afric's fruitful year.
"Such is my will, and whether fool or wise,
I scorn your censures," the testator cries,
Wisely perceiving— *D.* What could he perceive,
Thus on his tomb his fortune to engrave?
S. Long as he lived he look'd on poverty,
And shunn'd it as a crime of blackest die;
And had he died one farthing less in pelf,
Had seem'd a worthless villain to himself;
For virtue, glory, beauty, all divine
And human powers, immortal gold are thine!
And he, who piles the shining heap, shall rise
Noble, brave, just— *D.* You will not call him wise.
S. Yes; anything; a monarch, if he please·
And thus Staberius, nobly fond of praise,
By latest times might hope to be admired,
As if his virtue had his wealth acquired.
When Aristippus, on the Lybian waste
Commands his slaves, because it stopp'd their haste,
To throw away his gold, does he not seem
To be as mad, in opposite extreme?
D. By such examples truth can ne'er be tried:
They but perplex the question, not decide.
S. If a man fill'd his cabinet with lyres,
Whom neither music charms, nor muse inspires;
Should he buy lasts and knives, who never made
A shoe; or if a wight, who hated trade,
The sails and tackle for a vessel bought,
Madman or fool he might be justly thought.
But, prithee, where's the difference to behold
A wretch, who heaps and hides his darling gold;

whenever he was to dispute with Chrysippus, from whence it was in great esteem among all who had a passion for solid praise.

Who knows not how to use the massy store,
Yet dreads to violate the sacred ore?
  With a long club, and ever-open eyes,
To guard his corn its wretched master lies,
Nor dares, though hungry, touch the hoarded grain,
While bitter herbs his frugal life sustain;
If in his cellar lie a thousand flasks
(Nay, let them rise to thrice a thousand casks)
Of old Falernian, or the Chian vine,
Yet if he drink mere vinegar for wine;
If, at fourscore, of straw he made his bed,
While moths upon his rotting carpet fed,
By few, forsooth, a madman he is thought,
For half mankind the same disease have caught.
  Thou dotard, cursed in the love of pelf,
For fear of starving, will you starve yourself?
Or do you this ill-gotten treasure save
For a luxurious son or favourite slave?
How little would thy mass of money waste,
Did you on better oil and cabbage feast,
Or on thy clotted hair, and dandruff head,
A sweeter, more expensive essence shed?
  If nature wish for no immoderate store,
When you forswear, and rob, and steal for more,
Still are you sound? But, when your folly raves,
If you should stone the people, or your slaves;
Those slaves, whom you with pelf, how precious! buy,
Our boys and girls "A madman! madman!" cry.
Is your head safe, although you hang your wife,
Or take by poison your old mother's life?
What! nor in Argos you commit the deed,
Nor did your mother by a dagger bleed;
Nor by a mad Orestes was she slain—
But was Orestes of untainted brain,
Or was he not by furies dire possess'd
Before he plunged his dagger in her breast?
  Yet from the time you hold him hurt in mind,
His actions are of harmless, blameless kind.

He neither stabs his sister, nor his friend;
In a few curses his worst passions end;
He calls her fury, or whatever names
Flow from a breast, which choler high inflames.
Poor was Opimius, though full rich his chest,
In earthen cups, on some more solemn feast,
Quaff'd the crude juices of a meager vine,
On week-days dead and vapid was his wine,
When with a heavy lethargy oppress'd,
His heir in triumph ran from chest to chest:
Swift to his aid his faithful doctor flies,
And this expedient to awake him tries;
From out his bags pours out the shining store,
And bids a crowd of people count it o'er;
Then placed the table near his patient's bed,
And loud, as if he roused him from the dead,
"Awake! and guard your wealth; this moment wake!
Your ravening heir will every shilling take."
"What! while I live?" "Then wake, that you may live:
Here, take the best prescription I can give.
Your bloodless veins, your appetite will fail,
Unless you raise them by a powerful meal.
Take this ptisane—" "What will it cost? Nay, hold!"
"A very trifle." "Sir, I will be told."
"Three pence." "Alas! what does it signify
Whether by doctors or by thieves I die?"
D. Who then is sound? *S.* Whoever's not a fool.
D. What think you of the miser? *S.* By my rule
Both fool and madman. *D.* Is he sound and well,
If not a miser? *S.* No. *D.* I prithee tell,
Good stoic, why? *S.* Let us suppose you heard
An able doctor, who perchance declared
His patient's stomach good; yet shall he rise,
Or, is he well? Ah! no, the doctor cries,
Because a keen variety of pains
Attack the wretch's side, or vex his reins.

You are not perjured, nor to gold a slave;
Let Heaven your grateful sacrifice receive.
But if your breast with bold ambition glows,
Set sail where hellebore abundant grows;
For, prithee, say, what difference can you find,
Whether to scoundrels of the vilest kind
You throw away your wealth in lewd excess,
Or know not to enjoy what you possess?
When rich Oppidius, as old tales relate,
To his two sons divided his estate,
Two ancient farms, he called them to his bed,
And dying, thus,with faltering accent, said:
" In your loose robe when I have seen your bear
Your playthings, Aulus, with an heedless air,
Or carelesss give them to your friends away,
Or with a gamester's desperate spirit play;
While you, Tiberius, anxious counted o'er
Your childish wealth, and hid the little store,
A different madness seem'd to be your fate,
Misers or spendthrifts born to imitate.
Then, by our household gods, my sons, I charge,
That you ne'er lessen, that you ne'er enlarge
What seems sufficient for your tender sire,
And nature's most unbounded wants require.
" Then, lest ambition tempt ye, hear this oath,
By whose eternal power I bind ye both:
Cursed be the wretch, an object of my hate,
Whoe'er accepts an office in the state.
Will you in largesses exhaust your store,
That you may proudly stalk the circus o'er?
Or in the capitol embronzed may stand,
Spoil'd of your fortune and paternal land?
And thus, forsooth, Agrippa's praise engage,
Or show, with reynard's tricks, the lion's rage?"
Wherefore does Ajax thus unburied lie?
Agamemnon. We are a king. *S.* A base plebeian I,
And ask no more. *A.* 'Twas just what we decreed;
But, if you think it an unrighteous deed,

Speak what you think. We here our rights resig^.
S. Greatest of monarchs, may the powers divine
A safe return permit you to enjoy,
With your victorious fleet from ruin'd Troy!
But may I ask and answer without fear ?
A. You may. *S.* Then wherefore rots great Ajax here,
For many a Grecian saved who well might claim
To brave Achilles the next place in fame ?
Is it that Priam, and the sires of Troy,
May view his carcass with malignant joy,
By whom their sons so oft destroy'd in fight
In their own country want the funeral rite ?
A. A thousand sheep the frantic kill'd and cried,
"Here both Atrides; there Ulysses died."
S. When your own child you to the altar led,
And pour'd the salted meal upon her head;
When you beheld the lovely victim slain,
Unnatural father! were you sound of brain?
A. Why not? *S.* Then what did frantic Ajax do,
When in his rage a thousand sheep he slew?
Nor on his wife or son he drew his sword,
On Atreus' sons alone his curses pour'd;
Nor on his brother turned the vengeful steel,
Nor did Ulysses his resentment feel.
A. But I, while adverse winds tempestuous roar,
To loose our fated navy from the shore
Wisely with blood the powers divine atone—
S. What! your own blood, you madman! *A.* Yes, my own;
But yet not mad. *S.* 'Tis a disorder'd head,
Which, by the passions in confusion led,
The images of right and wrong mistakes,
And rage or folly no great difference makes.
Was Ajax mad when those poor lambs he slew ?
And are your senses right, while you pursue
With such a crime an empty title's fame ?
Is the heart pure, high-swelling for a name?

Should a man take a lambkin in his chair,
With fondling names caress the spotless fair;
Clothes, maids, and gold, as for his child. provide,
And a stout husband for the lovely bride,
His civil rights the judge would take away,
And to trustees in guardianship convey.
Then sure you will not call him sound of brain,
By whom his daughter for a lamb was slain.
Folly and guilt are madness in th' extreme;
The impious and the mad eternally the same.
Blood-stain'd Bellona thunders round his head,
Who is by glassy fame a captive led.
Now try the sons of luxury, you'll find
Right reason proves them fools of madding kind.
A youth, upon his father's death, receives
A thousand talents, and his orders gives
That all the trades of elegance and taste,
All who with wit and humour joy a feast,
The impious crowd, that fills the Tuscan street,
Early next morning at his house should meet.
What then? They frequent his command obey'd,
And thus his speech the wily pander made.
"Whate'er these people have: whate'er is mine;
To-day, to-morrow send, be sure is thine."
Hear the just youth this generous answer make:
"In clumsy boots, dear hunter, for my sake,
You sleep in wild Lucania's snowy waste,
That I at night on a whole boar may feast.
For fish you boldly sweep the wintry seas,
That I, unworthy, may enjoy my ease.
Let each five hundred pounds, with pleasure, take,
To thee, dear pander, I a present make
Of twice a thousand, that with all her charms
Your wife at night may run into my arms."
An actor's son dissolved a wealthy pearl
(The precious ear-ring of his favourite girl)
In vinegar, and thus luxurious quaff'd
A thousand solid talents at a draught.

Had he not equally his wisdom shown,
Into the sink or river were it thrown?
  A noble pair of brothers, twins, in truth,
In all th' excesses, trifles, crimes of youth,
On nightingales of monstrous purchase dined;
What is their process? Are they sound of mind?
  Suppose, in childish architecture skill'd,
A bearded sage his castle-cottage build,
Play odd and even, ride his reedy cane,
And yoke his harness'd mice, 'tis madness plain.
But what if reason, powerful reason, prove
'Tis more than equal childishness to love?
If there's no difference, whether in the dust
You sport your infant works, or, high in lust,
A harlot's cruelty with tears deplore,
Will you, like much changed Polemon of yore,
Throw off the ensigns of the dear disease,
The arts of dress and earnestness to please?
For the gay youth, though high with liquor warm'd,
Was by the sober sage's doctrine charmed;
Chastised he listen'd to th' instructive lore,
And from his head the breathing garland tore.
  A peevish boy shall proffer'd fruit despise;
"Take it, dear puppy!" No, and yet he cries,
If you refuse it. Does not this discover
The froward soul of a discarded lover,
Thus reasoning with himself? What! when thus slighted,
Shall I return, return though uninvited!

354 Polemon was a young Athenian, who, running one day through the streets, inflamed with wine, had the curiosity to go into the school of Xenocrates to hear him. The philosopher dexterously turned his discourse on sobriety, and spoke with so much force, that Polemon from that moment renounced his intemperance, and pursued his studies with such application, as to succeed Xenocrates in his school. Thus, as Valerius Maximus remarks, being cured by the wholesome medicine of one oration, he became a celebrated philosopher from an infamous prodigal.

Yes, he shall sure return, and lingering wait
At the proud doors he now presumes to hate.
"Shall I not go if she submissive send,
Or here resolve my injuries shall end?
Expell'd, recall'd, shall I go back again?
No; let her kneel, for she shall kneel in vain."
When, lo! his wily servant well replied.
"Think not by rule and reason, sir, to guide
What ne'er by reason or by measure move,
For peace and war succeed by turns in love;
And while tempestuous these emotions roll,
And float with blind disorder in the soul,
Who strives to fix them by one certain rule,
May by right rule and reason play the fool.
When from the roof the darted pippins bound,
Does the glad omen prove your senses sound?
Or when with aged tongue you lisp your phrases,
Is he more mad, who that child-cottage raises?
Then add the murders of this fond desire,
And with the sword provoke the madding fire.
When jealous Marius late his mistress slew,
And from a precipice himself he threw,
Was he not mad, or can you by your rule
Condemn the murderer, and acquit the fool?
But though in civil phrase you change the name,
Madman and fool for ever are the same.
With hands clean washed, a sober, ancient wight
Ran praying through the streets at early light,
"Snatch me from death; grant me alone to live;
No mighty boon; with ease the gods can give!"
Sound were his senses; yet if he were sold,
His master sure this weakness must have told,
And if not fond a lawsuit to maintain,
Must have confess'd the slave unsound of brain.
This crowd is by the doctrine of our schools
Enroll'd in the large family of fools.
Her child beneath a quartan fever lies
For full five months, when the fond mother cries,

"Sickness and health are thine, all powerful Jove,
Then from my son this dire disease remove,
And when your priests thy solemn fast proclaim,
Naked the boy shall stand in Tiber's stream."
Should chance, or the physician's art upraise
Her infant from this desperate disease,
The frantic dame shall plunge her hapless boy,
Bring back the fever, and the child destroy.
Tell me what horrors thus have turn'd her head?
Of the good gods a superstitious dread.
D. These arms Stertinius gave me, our eighth sage,
That none unpunish'd may provoke my rage;
Who calls me mad, shall hear himself a fool,
And know he trails his mark of ridicule.
H. Great stoic, so may better bargains raise
Your ruined fortune, tell me, if you please,
Since follies are thus various in their kind,
To what dear madness am I most inclined?
For I, methinks, my reason well maintain—
D. What! did Agave then suspect her brain,
When by a bacchanalian phrensy led,
In her own hand she carried her son's head?
H. Since we must yield to truth, 'tis here confess'd,
I am a fool; with madness too possess'd;
But since my mind's distemper'd, if you please,
What seems the proper kind of my disease?
D. First that you build, and, scarce of two feet height,
Mimic the mighty stature of the great;
While you, forsooth, a dwarf in arms, deride
His haughty spirit and gigantic stride.
Yet are you less ridiculous, who dare,
Mere mimic, with Mæcenas to compare.
It chanced, a mother-frog had strolled abroad,
When a fell ox upon her young ones trod;
And only one escaped, who thus expressed
The doleful news—"Ah me! a monstrous beast
My brothers hath destroy'd." "How large?" she cries,
And swelling forth—"was this the monster's size?"

Then larger grows—"What! is he larger still?"
When more and more she strives her bulk to fill:
"Nay, though you burst, you ne'er shall be so great."
No idle image, Horace, of thy state.
Your verses too; that oil which feeds the flame;
If ever bard was wise, be thine the name.
That horrid rage of temper— *H.* Yet have done!
D. That vast expense— *H.* Good stoic, mind your
own.
D. Those thousand furious passions for the fair—
H. Thou mightier fool, inferior idiots spare!

SATIRE IV.

THE poet ridicules one Catius, who placed the summit of human felicity in the culinary art.

Horace. WHENCE comes my Catius? whither in such
haste?
Catius. I have no time in idle prate to waste.
I must away to treasure in my mind
A set of precepts, noble and refined;
Such as Pythagoras could never reach,
Nor Socrates, nor scienced Plato teach.
H. I ask your pardon, and confess my crime,
To interrupt you at so cross a time.
But yet, if aught escaped through strange neglect,
You shall with ease the wisdom recollect,
Whether you boast from nature or from art
This wondrous gift of holding things by heart.
C. I meant to store them total in my head,
The matter nice, and wrought of subtle thread.
H. But, prithee, Catius, what's your sage's name?
Is he a Roman, or of foreign fame?
C. His precepts I shall willingly reveal,
And sing his doctrines, but his name conceal.
Long be your eggs, far sweeter than the round,
Cock-eggs they are, nourishing and sound.

In thirsty fields a richer colewort grows
Than where the watery garden overflows.
If by an evening guest perchance surprised,
Lest the tough hen (I pray you be advised)
Should quarrel with his teeth, let her be drown'd
In lees of wine, and she'll be tender found.
Best flavour'd mushrooms meadow land supplies,
In other kinds a dangerous poison lies.
He shall with vigour bear the summer's heat,
Who after dinner shall be sure to eat
His mulberries, of blackest, ripest dies,
And gather'd ere the morning sun arise.
Aufidius first, most injudicious, quaff'd
Strong wine and honey for his morning draught.
With lenient beverage fill your empty veins,
And smoother mead shall better scour the reins.
Sorrel and white wine, if you costive prove,
And muscles, all obstructions shall remove.
In the new moon all shell-fish fill with juice;
But not all seas the richer sort produce;
The largest in the Lucrine lake we find,
But the Circæan are of sweeter kind.
Crayfish are best on the Misenian coasts,
And soft Tarentum broadest scollops boasts.
If not exact and elegant of taste,
Let none presume to understand a feast.
'Tis not enough to buy the precious fish,
But know what sauce gives flavour to the dish,
If stew'd or roasted it shall relish best,
And to the table rouse the languid guest.
If the half-tainted flesh of boars you hate,
Let the round dishes bend beneath the weight

33 Marcus Aufidius Lurco was a man extremely knowing in the science of good eating. Our doctor adventurer here hazards a decision with his usual spirit. Aufidius invented a morning draught of strong wine mixed with honey, to fortify the stomach and promote digestion Catius pleasantly steals the honour of this invention from him, and condemns the custom in Aufidius, even while he recommends it himself.

Of those with acorns fed; though fat, indeed,
The rest are vapid from the marshy reed.
The vine-fed goat's not always luscious fare;
Wise palates choose the wings of pregnant hare.
None before me so sapient to engage
To tell the various nature, or the age
Of fish and fowl; that secret was my own,
Till my judicious palate quite unknown.
In some new pastry that man's genius lies;
Yet in one art 'tis meanness to be wise.
For should we not be careful, lest our oil,
Though excellent our wine, the fish should spoil!
The sky serene, set out your Massic wine;
In the night air its foulness shall refine,
And lose the scent unfriendly to the nerves,
Through linen strain'd, no flavour it preserves.
He, who with art would pour a stronger wine
On smooth Falernian lees, should well refine
Th' incorporated mass with pigeons' eggs;
The falling yolk will carry down the dregs.
Stew'd shrimps and Afric cockles shall excite
A jaded drinker's languid appetite;
But lettuce after wine is cold and crude,
Yet ham or sausage is provoking food;
Perhaps he may prefer with higher zest
Whatever in a filthy tavern's dress'd.
Two sorts of sauce are worthy to be known;
Simple the first, and of sweet oil alone:
The other mix'd with rich and generous wine,
And the true pickle of Byzantian brine;
Let it with shredded herbs and saffron boil,
And when it cools pour in Venafran oil.
Picenian fruits with juicy flavour grow,
But Tibur's with superior beauty glow.
Some grapes have with success in pots been tried
The Alban better in the smoke are dried;
With them and apples and the lees of wine,
White pepper, common salt, and herring brine,

I first invented a delicious feast,
And gave a separate plate to every guest.
Monstrous, to spend a fortune on a dish,
Or crowd the table with a load of fish.
It strongly turns the stomach, when a slave
Shall on your cup the greasy tokens leave
Of what rich sauce the lucious caitiff stole;
Or when vile mould incrusts your antique bowl.
Brooms, mats and sawdust are so cheaply bought,
That not to have them is a shameless fault.
What! sweep with dirty broom a floor inlaid,
Or on foul couches Tyrian carpets spread?
H. Catius, by friendship, by the powers divine,
Take me to hear this learned sage of thine;
For though his rules you faithfully express,
This mere repeating makes the pleasure less.
Besides, what joy to view his air and mien!
Trifles to you, because full often seen.
Nor mean that ardour which my breast inflames,
To visit wisdom's even remoter streams,
And by your learned, friendly guidance led,
Quaff the pure precept at the fountain head.

SATIRE V.

In a humorous dialogue between Ulysses and Tiresias, our poet exposes the arts made by fortune-hunters to be appointed the heirs of rich old men.

Ulysses. Besides the precepts which you gave before,
Resolve this question, and I ask no more:
Say by what arts and methods I may straight
Repair the ruins of a lost estate.
How now, Tiresias? whence those leering smiles?
Tiresias. Already versed in double-dealing wiles,
Are you not satisfied to reach again
Your native land, and view your dear demain?

U. How poor and naked I return, behold,
Unerring prophet, as you first foretold.
The wooing tribe, in revellings employ'd,
My stores have lavish'd, and my herds destroy'd;
But high descent and meritorious deeds,
Unblessed with wealth, are viler than sea-weeds.
T. Since, to be brief, you shudder at the thought
Of want, attend how riches may be caught.
Suppose a thrush, or any dainty thing
Be sent to you, despatch it on the wing
To some rich dotard. What your garden yields,
The choicest honours of your cultured fields,
To him be sacrificed, and let him taste,
Before your gods, the vegetable feast.
Though he be perjured; though a low-born knave,
Stain'd with fraternal blood, a fugitive slave,
Yet wait upon him at his least command,
And always bid him take the upper hand.
U. What! shall Ulysses then obey the call
Of such a wretch, and give a slave the wall?
Not thus at Troy I proved my lofty mind,
Contending ever with the nobler kind.
T. Then poverty's your fate. *U.* And be it so.
Let me with soul undaunted undergo
This loathsome evil, since my valiant heart
In greater perils bore a manly part.
But instant tell me, prophet, how to scrape
Returning wealth, and pile the splendid heap.
T. I told, and tell you: you may safely catch
The wills of dotards, if you wisely watch;
And though one hunks or two perceive the cheat,
Avoid the hook, or nibble off the bait,
Lay not aside your golden hope of prey,
Or drop your art, though baffled in your play.
Should either great or less important suit
In court become the matter of dispute,
Espouse the man of prosperous affairs,
Pregnant with wealth, if indigent in heirs;

Though he should hamper with a wicked cause
The juster party, and insult the laws.
Despise the citizen of better life,
If clogg'd with children, or a fruitful wife.
Accost him thus, (for he with rapture hears
A title tingling in his tender ears,)
Quintus, or Publius, on my faith depend,
Your own deserts have render'd me your friend:
I know the mazy doubles of the laws,
Untie their knots, and plead with vast applause.
Had you a nut, the villain might as well
Pluck out my eyes, as rob you of the shell.
This is the business of my life profess'd,
That you lose nothing, or become a jest.
Bid him go home, of his sweet self take care;
Conduct his cause, proceed, and persevere,
Should the red dogstar infant statues split,
Or fat-paunch'd Furius in poetic fit
Bombastic howl; and, while the tempest blows,
Bespawl the wintry Alps with hoary snows.
 Some person then, who happens to be nigh,
Shall pull your client by the sleeve, and cry,
'See with what patience he pursues your ends!
Was ever man so active for his friends?"
Thus gudgeons daily shall swim in apace,
And stock your fish-ponds with a fresh increase.
 This lesson also well deserves your care,
If any man should have a sickly heir,
And large estate, lest you yourself betray
By making none but bachelors your prey,
With winning ease the pleasing bane instil,
In hopes to stand the second in his will;
Then if the boy by some disaster hurl'd,
Should take his journey to the nether world,

53 A slave was no sooner made free than he qualified himself with a surname, such as Marcus Quintus Publius, which carried a sort of dignity with it. The Romans saluted each other by their surnames.

Your name in full reversion may supply
The void, for seldom fails this lucky die.
If any one desires you to peruse
His will, be sure you modestly refuse,
And push it from you, but obliquely read
The second clause, and quick run o'er the deed;
Observing, whether, to reward your toil,
You claim the whole, or must divide the spoil.
A season'd scrivener, bred in office low,
Full often dupes, and mocks the gaping crow.
Thus foil'd, Nasica shall become the sport
Of old Coranus, while he pays his court.
U. What! are you mad, or purposed to propose
Obscure predictions, to deride my woes?
T. Oh son of great Laertes, every thing
Shall come to pass, or never, as I sing:
For Phœbus, monarch of the tuneful Nine,
Informs my soul, and gives me to divine.
U. But, good Tiresias, if you please, reveal
What means the sequel of that mystic tale.
T. What time a youth, who shall sublimely trace
From famed Æneas his heroic race,
The Parthian's dread, triumphant shall maintain
His boundless empire over land and main,
Nasica, loath to reimburse his coin,
His blooming daughter shall discreetly join
To stout Coranus, who shall slyly smoke
The harpy's aim, and turn it to a joke,
The son-in-law shall gravely give the sire
His witness'd will, and presently desire
That he would read it: coyly he complies,
And silent cons it with attentive eyes;
But finds, alas! to him and his forlorn
No legacy bequeath'd—except to mourn.
Add to these precepts, if a crafty lass,
Or freedman manage a delirious ass,
Be their ally; their faith applaud, that you
When absent, may receive as much in lieu;

'Tis good to take these outworks to his pelf,
But best to storm the citadel itself.
Writes he vile verses in a frantic vein?
Augment his madness, and approve the strain:
Loves he a lass? then, with cheerful glee
Give to his arms your own Penelope.
U. Can you suppose a dame so chaste, so pure,
Could e'er be tempted to the guilty lure,
Whom all the suitors amorously strove,
In vain, to stagger in her plighted love?
T. The youth too sparing of their presents came;
They loved the banquet rather than the dame;
And thus your prudent, honourable spouse,
It seems, was faithful to her nuptial vows.
But had she once indulged the dotard's glee
Smack'd her old cull, and shared the spoil with thee,
She never after could be terrified,
Sagacious beagle, from the reeking hide.
I'll tell a tale, well worthy to be told,
A fact that happen'd, and I then was old:
A hag at Thebes, a wicked one, no doubt,
Was thus, according to her will, lugg'd out,
Stiff to the pile. Upon his naked back
Her heir sustain'd the well anointed pack.
She, likely, took this crotchet in her head,
That she might slip, if possible, when dead,
From him, who trudging through a filthy road,
Had stuck too closely to the living load.
Be cautious, therefore, and advance with art,
Nor sink beneath, nor overact your part.
A noisy fellow must of course offend
The surly temper of a sullen friend:
Yet be not mute—like Davus in the play,
With head inclined, his awful nod obey,
Creep into favour: if a ruler gale
Assault his face, admonish him to veil
His precious pate. Oppose your shoulders, proud
To disengage him from the bustling crowd.

If he loves prating, hang an ear · should lust
Of empty glory be the blockhead's gust,
Indulge his eager appetite, and puff
The growing bladder with inspiring stuff,
Till he, with hands uplifted to the skies,
Enough! enough! in glutted rapture cries.
When he shall free you from your servile fear,
And tedious toil; when broad awake, you hear,
"To good Ulysses, my right trusty slave,
A fourth division of my lands I leave."
"Is then (as void of consolation, roar)
My dearest friend, my Dama now no more?
Where shall I find another man so just,
Firm in his love, and faithful to his trust?"
Squeeze out some tears: 'tis fit in such a case
To cloak our joys beneath a mournful face.
Though left to your discretionary care,
Erect a tomb magnificently fair,
And let your neighbours, to proclaim abroad
Your fame, the pompous funeral applaud.
If any vassal of the will-compeers,
With asthma gasping, and advanced in years,
Should be disposed to purchase house or land,
Tell him, that he may readily command
Whatever may to your proposition come,
And for the value, let him name the sum.—
But I am summon'd by the queen of hell
Back to the shades. Live artful, and farewell.

184 Had the dialogue continued any longer, Ulysses must either have refused to follow the prophet's advice, which would have been cold and unworthy of the spirit of satire, or he must have complied with it, in violation of his own character. Horace probably borrowed the very happy manner of breaking off the conversation from a passage in the Odyssey, where Proserpine bids the ghosts advance in order before Ulysses, and then commands them to retire.—*Dac.*

SATIRE VI.

HORACE opposes the conveniences of a country retirement to the troubles of a town life.

I OFTEN wish'd I had a farm,
A decent dwelling, snug and warm,
A garden, and a spring as pure
As crystal, running by my door;
Besides a little ancient grove,
Where at my leisure I might rove.
  The gracious gods, to crown my bliss,
Have granted this, and more than this;
I have enough in my possessing,
'Tis well: I ask no other blessing,
Oh Hermes! than remote from strife
To have and hold them for my life.
  If I was never known to raise
My fortune by dishonest ways;
Nor, like the spendthrifts of the times,
Shall ever sink it by my crimes:
If thus I neither pray nor ponder—
Oh! might I have that angle yonder,
Which disproportions now my field,
What satisfaction it would yield!
Oh that some lucky chance but threw
A pot of silver in my view,
As lately to the man, who bought
The very land in which he wrought!
If I am pleased with my condition,
Oh hear, and grant this last petition:
Indulgent, let my cattle batten;
Let all things, but my fancy, fatten;
And thou continue still to guard,
As thou art wont, thy suppliant bard!
  Whenever therefore I retreat
From Rome into my Sabine seat,

By mountains fenced on either side,
And in my castle fortified,
What can I write with greater pleasure
Than satires in familiar measure?
Nor mad ambition there destroys,
Nor sickly wind my health annoys;
Nor noxious autumn gives me pain,
The ruthless undertaker's gain.
  Whatever title please thine ear,
Father of mourning, Janus, hear,
Since mortal men by Heaven's decree,
Commence their toils, imploring thee,
Director of the busy throng,
Be thou the prelude of my song.
  At Rome, you press me. "Without fail;
A friend expects you for his bail;
Be nimble to perform your part,
Lest any rival get the start.
Though rapid Boreas sweep the ground,
Or winter in a narrower round
Contract the day, through storm and snow,
At all adventures you must go."
  When bound beyond equivocation,
Or any mental reservation,
By all the ties of legal traps,
And to my ruin too, perhaps,
I still must bustle through the crowd,
And press the tardy; when aloud
A foul-mouth'd fellow reimburses
This usage with a peal of curses.
"What madness hath possess'd thy pate
To justle folk at such a rate,
When puffing through the streets you scour
To meet Mæcenas at an hour!"
  This pleases me, to tell the truth,
And is as honey to my tooth.
Yet when I reach th' Esquilian hill,
(That dreadful scene, and gloomy still,)

A thousand busy cares surround me,
Distract my senses, and confound me.
"Roscius entreated you to meet
At court to-morrow before eight—
The secretaries have implored
Your presence at their council board—
Pray, take this patent, and prevail
Upon your friend to fix the seal—"
"Sir, I shall try"—replies the man,
More urgent; "if you please you can—"
'Tis more than seven years complete,
It hardly wants a month of eight,
Since great Mæcenas' favour graced me,
Since first among his friends he placed me,
Sometimes to carry in his chair,
A mile or two, to take the air;
And might intrust with idle chat,
Discoursing upon this or that,
As in a free familiar way,
"How, tell me, Horace, goes the day?
Think you the Thracian can engage
The Syrian Hector of the stage?
This morning air is very bad
For folks who are but thinly clad."
Our conversation chiefly dwells
On these, and such-like bagatelles,
As might the veriest prattler hear,
Or be reposed in leaky ear
Yet every day, and every hour,
I'm more enslaved to envy's power.
"Our son of fortune, proud and gay,
Sat with Mæcenas at the play,
Just by the stage: you might remark
They play'd together in the park."
Should any rumour, without head
Or tail, about the streets be spread,
Whoever meets me gravely nods,
And says, "As you approach the gods,

It is no mystery to you,
What do the Dacians mean to do?"
"Indeed, I know not—" "How you joke,
And love to sneer at simple folk!"
"Then vengeance seize this head of mine,
If I have heard, or can divine—"
"Yet, prithee, where are Cæsar's bands
Allotted their debenture lands?"
Although I swear, I know now more
Of that, than what they ask'd before,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
  Thus, in this giddy, busy maze,
I lose the sunshine of my days;
And oft, with fervent wish, repeat—
"When shall I see my sweet retreat?
Oh! when with books of sages deep,
Sequester'd ease, and gentle sleep,
In sweet oblivion, blissful balm!
The busy cares of life becalm!
Oh! when shall I enrich my veins,
Spite of Pythagoras, with beans?

110 The Dacians had engaged in Antony's army at the battle of Actium in 723, and Octavius had disobliged them by refusing some favours, which they demanded by their ambassadors. He was obliged to send Marcus Crassus against them the year following —*San*

115 Octavius promised the soldiers who had served under him in reducing Sicily to divide some of the conquered lands among them. But the war in which he was engaged against Antony obliged him to defer this division, and immediately after the battle of Actium the troops which he had sent to Brundusium mutinied on this occasion. He went himself to stop the beginning of a revolt, which might have been attended with most dangerous consequences This affair was all the news at Rome when our poet wrote the present satire

130 This expression is pleasant and satirical, in allusion to the metempsychosis of Pythagoras. Never did kindred and consanguinity extend so far as that of this philosopher. Every living creature was of his family, and as he found in a bean a

Or live luxurious in my cottage
On bacon-ham and savoury pottage?
O joyous nights! delicious feasts!
At which the gods might be my guests!"
My friends and I regaled, my slaves
Enjoy what their rich master leaves
There every guest may drink and fill
As much, or little, as he will,
Exempted from the bedlam rules
Of roaring prodigals and fools
Whether in merry mood or whim,
He fills his bumper to the brim,
Or, better pleased to let it pass,
Grows mellow with a moderate glass.
  Nor this man's house, nor that's estate
Becomes the subject of debate;
Nor whether Lepos, the buffoon
Can dance, or not, a rigadoon;
But that concerns us more, I trow,
And were a scandal not to know;
Whether our bliss consist in store
Of riches, or in virtue's lore:
Whether esteem, or private ends
Should guide us in the choice of friends:
Or what, if rightly understood,
Man's real bliss, and sovereign good.
  While thus we spend the social night,
Still mixing profit with delight,
My neighbour Cervius never fails
To club his part in pithy tales:
Suppose, Arellius, one should praise
Your anxious opulence: he says—
  A country mouse, as authors tell,
Of old invited to his cell

certain whimsical likeness of some parts of a human body, he fancied it contained a soul subjected to the vicissitudes of a transmigration, and therefore forbade his disciples to eat beans, lest they might eat some of their relations — *Heinsius*. *San.*

A city mouse, and with his best
Would entertain the courtly guest.
Thrifty he was, and full of cares
To make the most of his affairs,
Yet in the midst of his frugality
Would give a loose to hospitality.
In short, he goes, and freely fetches
Whole ears of hoarded oats and vetches,
Dry grapes and raisins cross his chaps,
And dainty bacon, but in scraps,
If delicacies could invite
My squeamish courtier's appetite,
Who turn'd his nose a every dish,
And saucy trifled, with a—pish!
  The master of the house reclined
On dawny chaff, more temperate dined
On wheat, and darnel from a manger,
And left the dainties for the stranger.
  The cit, displeased at his repast,
Address'd our simple host at last
"My friend, what pleasure can you find
To live this mountain's back behind?
Would you prefer the town, and men,
To this wild wood, and dreary den,
No longer moping, loiter here,
But go with me to better cheer.
  "Since animals but draw their breath,
And have no being after death;
Since nor the little, nor the great,
Can shut the rigour of their fate
At least be merry while you may,
The life of mice is but a day;
Come then, my friend, to pleasure give
The little life you have to live."
Encouraged thus, the country mouse,
Transported, sallies from his house:
They both set out, in hopes to crawl
At night beneath the city wall;

And now the night, elapsed eleven,
Possess'd the middle space of heaven,
When in a rich and splendid dome
They stopp'd, and found themselves at home,
Where ivory couches, overspread
With Tyrian carpets, glowing, fed
The dazzled eye. To lure the taste,
The fragments of a costly feast,
Remaining, dress'd but yesterday,
In baskets, piled on baskets, lay.
The courtier on a purple seat
Had placed his rustic friend in state,
Then bustled, like a busy host,
Supplying dishes boil'd and roast,
Nor yet omits the courtier's duty
Of tasting, ere he brings the booty.
The country mouse, with rapture strange,
Rejoices in his fair exchange,
And lolling, like an easy guest,
Enjoys the cheer, and cracks his jest,
When, on a sudden, opening gates,
Loud jarring, shook them from their seats.
They ran, affrighted, through the room,
And, apprehensive of their doom,
Now trembled more and more ; when, hark !
The mastiff dogs began to bark,
The dome, to raise the tumult more,
Resounded to the surly roar.
The bumpkin then concludes, " Adieu !
This life, perhaps, agrees with you :
My grove, and cave, secure from snares,
Shall comfort me with chaff and tares."

SATIRE VII.

One of Horace's slaves, making use of the freedom allowed at the Saturnalia, rates his master in a droll and severe manner.

Davus. I'll hear no more, and with impatience burn,
Slave as I am, to answer in my turn;
And yet I fear— *Horace.* What! Davus, is it you?
D. Yes. Davus, sir, the faithful and the true.
With wit enough no sudden death to fear—
H. Well, since this jovial season of the year
Permits it, and our ancestors ordain,
No more thy dear impertinence restrain.
D. Among mankind, while some with steady view
One constant course of darling vice pursue,
Most others float along the changing tide,
And now to virtue, now to vice they glide.
Lo! from three rings how Priscus plays the light;
Now shows his naked hand—the various wight
With every hour a different habit wears
Now in a palace haughtily appears,
Then hides him in some vile and filthy place,
Where a clean slave would blush to show his face.
Now rakes at home, and now to Athens flies;
Intensely studies with the learn'd and wise.
Sure all the gods, who rule this varying earth,
In deep despite presided at his birth.
Old Volanerius, once that man of joke,
When the just gout his crippled fingers broke,
Maintain'd a slave to gather up the dice,
So constant was he to his darling vice.
Yet less a wretch than he, who now maintains
A steady course, now drives with looser reins.
H. Tell me, thou tedious varlet, whither tends
This putrid stuff? *D.* At you direct it bends.
H. At me, you scoundrel? *D.* When with lavish praise
You vaunt the happiness of ancient days,

Suppose some god should take you at your word,
Would you not scorn the blessing you implored?
Whether not yet convinced, as you pretend,
Or weak the cause of virtue to defend;
While sinking in the mire you strive, in vain,
Too deeply plunged, to free your foot again.
When you're at Rome, the country has your sighs;
A rustic grown, you vaunt into the skies.
The absent town. Perchance, if uninvited
To sup abroad, oh! then you're so delighted
With your own homely meal, that one would think
That he who next engages you to drink,
Must tie you neck and heels; you seem so bless'd
When with no bumper-invitation press'd.
But should Mæcenas bid his poet wait,
(Great folks, like him, can never sup till late,)
Sputtering with idle rage the house you rend,
"Where is my essence? Rogues, what! none attend?"
While the buffoons, you promised to have treated,
Sneak off with curses—not to be repeated.
Fond of myself, too fond, perhaps, I seem;
I throw my nose up to a savoury steam:
Or folks may call me, careless, idle sot,
Or say I pledge too oft the other pot:
But shall the man of deeper vice like you,
With malice unprovoked my faults pursue,
Because with specious phrase, and terms of art,
You clothe, forsooth, the vices of your heart?
What if a greater fool your worship's found,
Than the poor slave you bought for twenty pound?
Think not to fright me with that threat'ning air,
Nay, keep your temper, sir, your fingers spare,
While I the maxims, sage and wise, repeat,
Taught me by Crispin's porter at his gate.
You take the yoke, and to the husband's rage
Your fortune, person, life, and fame engage.
Have you escaped? Methinks, your future care
Might wisely teach you to avoid the snare.

No, you with ardour to the danger run,
And dare a second time to be undone.
Repeated slave! What beast, that breaks his chain,
In love with bondage would return again?
  But you, it seems, ne'er touch the wedded dame—
Then, by the son of Jove, I here disclaim
The name of thief, when, though with backward eye
I wisely pass the silver goblet by.
But take the danger and the shame away,
And vagrant nature bounds upon her prey,
Spurning the reins. But say, shall you pretend
O'er me to lord it, who can vilely bend
To each proud master, to each changing hour
A very slave? Not even the pretor's power,
With thrice-repeated rites, thy fears control,
Or vindicate the freedom of thy soul.
  But as the slave, who lords it o'er the rest,
Is still a slave, a master slave at best,
So art thou, insolent, by me obey'd;
Thou thing of wood and wires, by others play'd.
  H. Who then is free? *D.* The wise, who well maintains
An empire o'er himself: whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire,
Who boldly answers to his warm desire,
Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise,
Firm in himself who on himself relies,
Polish'd and round, who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force.
  What is there here that you can justly claim,
Or call your own? When an imperious dame
Demands her price, with insults vile pursues thee;
Driven out of doors, with water well bedews thee,
Then calls you back; for shame, shake off her chain,
And boldly tell her you are free. In vain;
A tyrant-lord thy better will restrains,
And spurs thee hard, and breaks thee to his reins.
  If some famed piece the painter's art displays,
Transfix'd you stand, with admiration gaze;

But is your worship's folly less than mine,
When I with wonder view some rude design
In crayons or in charcoal, to invite
The crowd to see the gladiators fight?
Methinks, in very deed they mount the stage,
And seem in real combat to engage;
Now in strong attitude they dreadful bend;
Wounded they wound; they parry and defend:
Yet Davus is with rogue and rascal graced,
But you're a critic, and a man of taste.
  I am, forsooth, a good-for-nothing knave,
When by a smoking pasty made a slave.
In you it shows a soul erect and great,
If you refuse even one luxurious treat.
Why may not I, like you, my guts obey?
"My shoulders for the dear indulgence pay."
But should not you with heavier stripes be taught,
Who search for luxuries; how dearly bought!
For soon this endless, this repeated feast,
Its relish lost, shall pall upon the taste;
Then shall your trembling limbs refuse the weight
Of a vile carcass with disease replete.
  How seldom from the lash a slave escapes,
Who trucks some trifle, that he stole, for grapes?
And shall we not the servile glutton rate,
To please his throat who sells a good estate?
You cannot spend one vacant hour alone;
You cannot make that vacant hour your own.
A self-deserter from yourself you stray,
And now with wine, and now with sleep allay
Your cares; in vain: companions black as night,
Thy pressing cares, arrest thee in thy flight.
  H. Is there no stone? *D.* At whom, good sir, to
    throw it?
  H. Have I no dart? *D.* What mischief ails our
    poet?
He's mad, or making verses. *H.* Hence, you knave!
Or to my farm I'll send you—the ninth slave.

SATIRE VIII.

HORACE in this satire presents us with a humorous description of a miser's entertainment.

Horace. THEY told me, that you spent the jovial night
With Nasidienus, that same happy wight,
From early day, or you had been my guest;
But, prithee, tell me how you liked your feast.
Fundanius. Sure never better. *H.* Tell me, if you please,
How did you first your appetite appease?
F. First a Lucanian boar of tender kind,
Caught, says our host, in a soft. southern wind.
Around him lay whatever could excite,
With pungent force, the jaded appetite,
Rapes, lettuce, radishes, anchovy-brine,
With skerrets, and the lees of Coan wine.
This dish removed, a slave expert and able
With purple napkin wiped a maple table.
Another sweeps the fragments of the feast,
That nothing useless might offend the guest.
At Ceres' feast as Attic virgin walks
Solemn and slow, so black Hydaspes stalks
With right Cæcubian, and the wines of Greece—
Of foreign growth, that never cross'd the seas.
If Alban and Falernian please you more,
So says our host, you may have both good store;
Poor wealth indeed— *H.* But tell me, who were there,
Thus happy to enjoy such luscious fare?
F. On the first bed Thurinus lay between
Varius and me, if happily right I ween;
Servilius and Vibidius both were there,
Brought by Mæcenas, and with him they share
The middle bed. Our master of the feast
On the third couch, in seat of honour placed,
Porcius betwixt and Nomentanus lies;
Porcius, who archly swallows custard pies.

Whate'er of curious relish lay unknown
Is by Nomentane with his finger shown;
For we, poor folk, unknowing of our feast,
Eat fish and wild fowl—of no common taste.
But he, to prove how luscious was the treat,
With a broil'd flounder's entrails crowds my plate,
Then tells me apples are more ruddy bright
If gather'd by fair Luna's waning light.
He best can tell you where the difference lies—
But here Servilius to Vibidius cries,
"Sure to be poison'd unrevenged we die,
Unless we drink the wretched miser dry.
Slave, give us larger glasses." Struck with dread,
A fearful pale our landlord's face o'erspread;
Great were his terrors of such drinking folk,
Whether with too much bitterness they joke,
Or that hot wines, dishonouring his feast,
Deafen the subtle judgment of the taste.
When our two champions had their faces crown'd,
We did them justice, and the glass went round;
His parasites alone his anger fear'd,
And the full flask unwillingly they spared.
In a large dish an outstretch'd lamprey lies,
With shrimps all floating round: the master cries,
"This fish, Mæcenas, big with spawn was caught,
For after spawning-time its flesh is naught.
The sauce is mix'd with olive oil; the best,
And purest from the vats Venafran press'd,
And, as it boil'd, we pour'd in Spanish brine,
Nor less than five-year-old Italian wine.
A little Chian's better when 'tis boil'd,
By any other it is often spoil'd.
Then was white pepper o'er it gently pour'd,
And vinegar of Lesbian vintage sour'd.
"I first among the men of sapience knew
Roquets and herbs in cockle brine to stew,
Though in this same rich pickle, 'tis confess'd,
His unwash'd crayfish sage Curtillus dress'd."

But lo! the canopy, that o'er us spreads,
Tumbled, in hideous ruin, on our heads,
With dust, how black! not such the clouds arise
When o'er the plain a northern tempest flies.
Some horrors, yet more horrible, we dread,
But raise us, when we found the danger fled.
Poor Rufus droop'd his head, and sadly cried,
As if his only son untimely died.
Sure he had wept, till weeping ne'er had end,
But wise Nomentanus thus upraised his friend;
"Fortune, thou cruellest of powers divine,
To joke poor mortals is a joke of thine."
While Varius with a napkin scarce suppress'd
His laughter, Balatro, who loves a jest,
Cries, "Such the lot of life, nor must you claim,
For all your toils, a fair return of fame.
While you are tortured thus, and torn with pain,
A guest like me, polite to entertain
With bread well baked, with sauces season'd right,
And all your slaves most elegantly dight,
Down falls the canopy, a trick of fate,
Or a groom-footman stumbling breaks a plate.
Good fortune hides, adversity calls forth
A landlord's genius, and a general's worth."
To this mine host; "Thou ever gentle guest,
May all thy wishes by the gods be bless'd,
Thou best good man!" But when we saw him rise,
From bed to bed the spreading whisper flies.
H. Sure, never play so fine. But, prithee, say,
How afterward you laugh'd the time away.
F. "Slaves," cries Vibidius, "have you broke the cask?
How often must I call for t'other flask?"
With some pretended joke our laugh was dress'd,
Servilius ever seconding the jest,
When you, great host, return with alter'd face,
As if to mend with art your late disgrace.
The slaves behind in mighty charger bore
A crane in pieces torn, and powder'd o'er

With salt and flour; and a white gander's liver,
Stuff'd fat with figs, bespoke the curious giver;
Besides the wings of hares, for so, it seems,
No man of luxury the back esteems.
Then saw we blackbirds with o'er-roasted breast,
Laid on the board, and ringdoves rumpless dress'd!
Delicious fare! did not our host explain
Their various qualities in endless strain,
Their various natures; but we fled the feast,
Resolved in vengeance nothing more to taste,
As if Canidia, with empoison'd breath,
Worse than a serpent's, blasted it with death.

END OF VOL. I.